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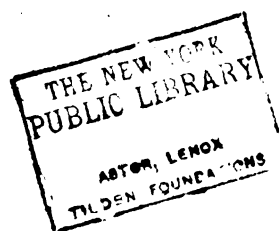
FOR MARYLAND'S HONOR

LLOYD T. EVERETT



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For Maryland's Honor

A Story of the War for Southern Independence

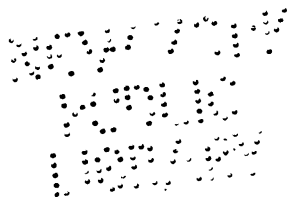
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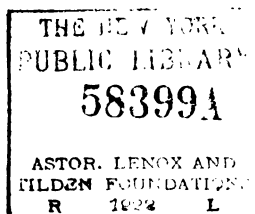
LLOYD T. EVERETT

Author of "Our Racial Heritage", "Anti-Slavery or Anti-Southern?", "Living Confederate Principles", "Davis, Lincoln and the Kaiser",
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The Christopher Publishing House
Boston, U. S. A.

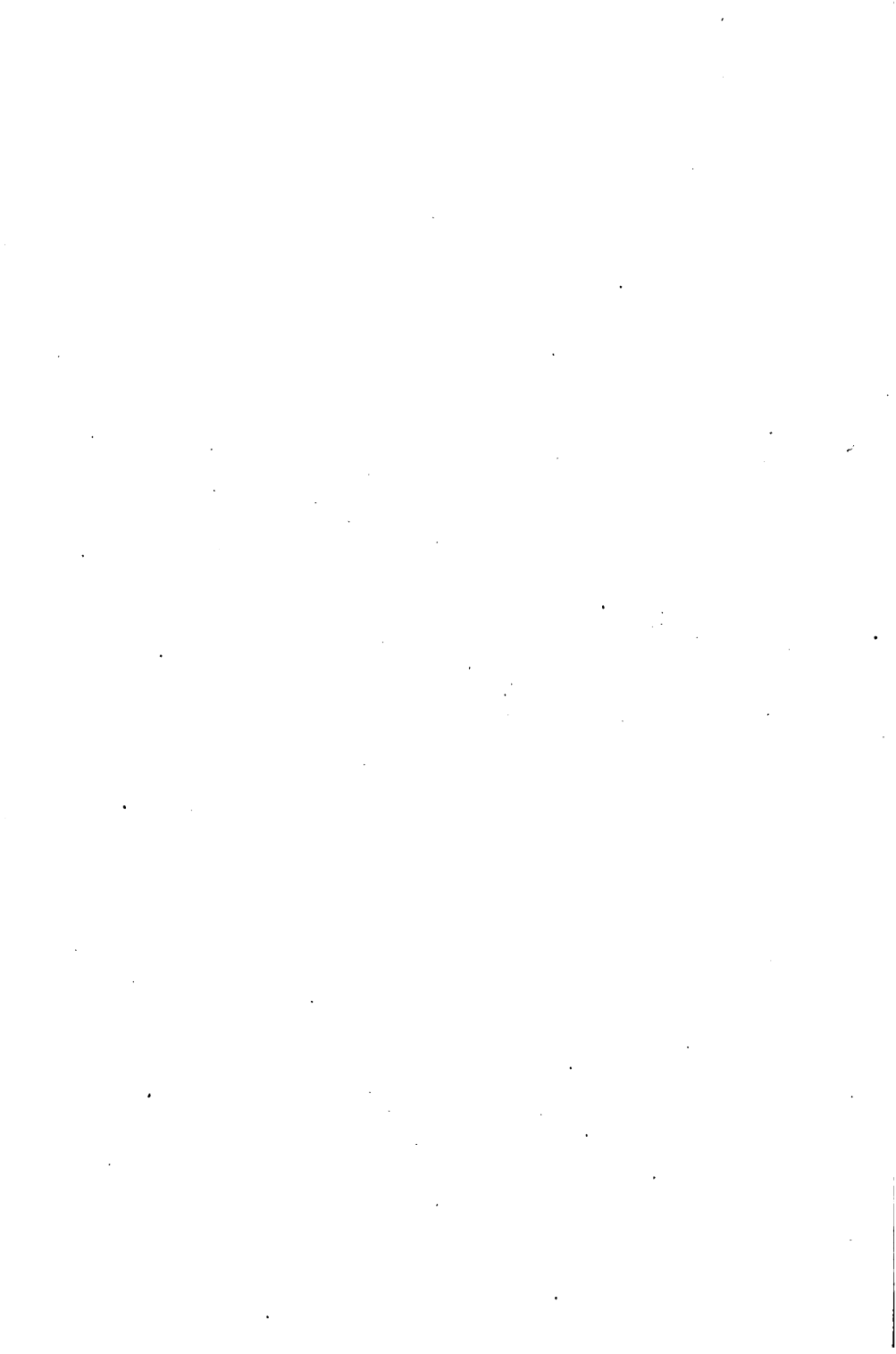




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*To my Father
Rev. Wm. B. Everett, M. D.,
a Confederate Veteran of the "Old Line State,"
and to Dixie's defenders everywhere,
this book,
FOR MARYLAND'S HONOR,
is affectionately Dedicated.
L. T. E.*



CONTENTS

Chapter	Page
I. At Charles and Baltimore	7
II. Mistaken Identity	14
III. A Young Man From Boston	20
IV. Oriole, or Raven?	25
V. Religion and Politics	28
VI. York and Lancaster	35
VII. Hotspurs in Curb	40
VIII. The Anniversary of Lexington	46
IX. For Maryland's Honor	51
X. Crucifixion of the Soul	55
XI. Through the Night	61
XII. The Red Dawn of the Day	67
XIII. An Exiled Son	73
XIV. An Unopened Letter	77
XV. Over the Hills of Frederick	86
XVI. Quiet Col. Jackson	89
XVII. Fury of a Woman Scorned	94
XVIII. Strategy Versus Strategy	101
XIX. "King" Maria Theresa II	106
XX. The Lost Pleiad	110
XXI. Jerry, the Shrewd	113
XXII. Sunset and Sunrise	118
XXIII. In the Orchard	127
XXIV. Hoofs and Holsters	134
XXV. The Despot's Heel	142
XXVI. Brother Against Brother	148
XXVII. Plots and Plans	152
XXVIII. Ringgold's Spirit	159
XXIX. Via the Eastern Shore Under-Ground	166
XXX. Distant Thunder Hum	170
XXXI. Baptism By Blood and Fire	173
XXXII. The Old Line's Bugle	177
XXXIII. Maryland, My Maryland!	184
XXXIV. Falling Scales	192
XXXV. A Breakfast Long Delayed	198
XXXVI. A Grateful Oasis	202
XXXVII. Crossing the River	207
XXXVIII. War's Grim Toll	212
XXXIX. After Many Days	216
XL. "General Lee to the Rear!"	220
XLI. How Sleep the Brave	228

FOR MARYLAND'S HONOR

A Story of the War for Southern Independence

CHAPTER I

AT CHARLES AND BALTIMORE

"Hullo, Phil Elliott! The fates are indeed propitious. You are the one man of all men that I desire to see just now. In other words, Phil, I am in a hole and want you to pull me out."

The two chums, schoolmates and stepbrothers had met unexpectedly at the corner of Charles and Baltimore streets, and the pre-occupied manner and contemplative frown of Chadman Prentiss, the speaker, instantly gave place to a genial smile and a look of genuine relief.

"And I am glad to see you, old man; hope I can be of the wished-for service to you. But I would like to know before giving my promise how deep and dark that hole is, and the general character of the surroundings." Elliott grasped the proffered hand of his comrade and drew him to one side, out of the way of the passing throng.

"Easily explained, Phil. You see, I have been elected president of the debating society, and our first public debate is scheduled for tomorrow evening at the lecture hall. There are to be two speakers on a side, and everything had been arranged and a good crowd promised. Then this morning Simpson, the heavyweight of the affirmative, has been so unfortunate as to get himself mixed up in a runaway and break his leg, thus leaving us in the lurch. It is incumbent on me, as grand sashem and master of ceremonies, to find a substitute on short notice. And I want a good man to take his place, as both the negatives are ready and experienced speakers, and little Haskins, Simpson's colleague, while a very good fellow and plenty bright, too, is new to the business. He may make up in enthusiasm what he lacks in practice, but this will be his maiden effort. I would have called on you in the first place, Phil, if I had known of your return from the Eastern Shore."

"I am back two days earlier than I had expected to be; Mr Meriweather is laid up with a bad foot, and I found that I could be of important service to him—hence, to myself—by coming over to Baltimore today and attending to some matters here. So I boarded the morning's boat. Anyway, I found game plentiful and had unexpectedly good luck the three days I was out, so I reckon it's just as well to lose no further time from the lectures. Old Blackstone knew what he was talking

about when he said the Law is a jealous mistress, and wrote that farewell ode to his literary muse. I burned enough midnight oil while at home to keep up with the assignments on Pleading, but that didn't altogether take the place of quiz and lecture by way of clinching the nails already driven home, and on the whole I am glad to get back at this time."

"Well," said Prentiss, "I am glad you had such good luck, and doubly glad to see you back. But you haven't told me yet whether you will help me out of my predicament."

"At the debate? Oh, yes; you may count on me, Chad; I know I can stand it if you and the audience can. By the way, it might be just as well to let me know—sometime between now and tomorrow night, say—what I am to orate about."

Prentiss laughed. "Oh, yes; I had forgotten to tell you that. Well, you know nothing but current politics goes in this year of grace, 1860, and here is a copy of the program, which I got from the printer this morning." He handed Elliott a sheet from the roll which he carried in his pocket, and Phil hastily scanned the following announcement:

DEBATE!

Lecture Hall, Saturday,

October 27, 1860,

8 P. M.

Being the first Public Debate of the season under the auspices
of the Roger Taney Debating Society

QUESTION:

Resolved, That the election of the Republican ticket would threaten the Integrity of the Union.

AFFIRMATIVE SPEAKERS:

Jno. H. Haskins, Kentucky.

Leonidas O. Simpson, S. Carolina.

NEGATIVE SPEAKERS:

Henry L. Butterworth, Massachusetts.

J. Clifford Smith, Indiana.

All students of the Law School and their friends
cordially invited.

"I guess you fellows ought to give us a lively talk on that subject," Prentiss remarked with a smile, as Elliott folded the paper and placed it in his pocket-book.

"No doubt about that, I reckon, in the present state of public feeling, and especially with the avowed aims and objects of the Republican party and candidates. And I am glad, since a vacancy had to occur in your team as originally select-

ed, that it was on the affirmative side. You see, I am yet amateur enough to do my best in a debate when speaking my real sentiments."

"Your real sentiments, Phil? You don't really mean that you are that much of an alarmist?"

"Alarmist? No." Elliott spoke with decision and emphasis. "I can show you good reasons for my position."

A quiet, but withal determined youth—this broad shouldered, square chinned Philip Elliott. And he had a way when aroused and deeply interested—as he now seemed about to become—of squaring those shoulders, looking directly at the person addressed with those earnest blue eyes of his and speaking with a force and feeling that carried conviction of his sincerity, if not of the correctness of his views.

Prentiss carefully regarded him for a moment, as if in some surprise. Then, with the air of one not wishing to pursue further a subject likely to develop widely divergent opinions: "Phil, old man, you are too much of a pessimist. But be that as it may, I am more than ever convinced that you are the right man for the place I have asked you to fill tomorrow evening, and that you will add to the interest of the debate and the success of the occasion. Well, I must hurry on to keep an appointment. By the way, some of our people from the North will be in town tomorrow, and expect to attend the debate. I want you to meet them."

The two friends shook hands and parted, to meet again the following evening at the debate. (They were temporarily at different boarding houses, and were in different classes at the law school—Elliott being a second-year man and Prentiss a freshman.)

* * * *

The "first public debate of the season under the auspices of the Roger Taney Debating Society" was a great event in the eyes of the students of the law school, and they were determined to make it a "howling success," as the president expressed it—a term which, by the way, in the case of an able or popular speaker, might very readily prove literally applicable. The star performers of the occasion, i. e., the debaters themselves, were early in their chairs on the platform, the observed of all observers, if not the envied of all the envious.

The usually sombre lecture hall, with its long rows of benches hacked and scarred by the busy penknives of generations of assiduous lawyers-to-be (anxious to lose no time in making their mark in the world) was transformed for the occasion. The walls no longer looked white and bare, adorned only with

two pictures—engravings of Chief Justices Marshall and Taney hung askew and gazing fixedly and sternly over the heads of their would-be successors. From end to end and from side to side of the room, the walls were adorned with the State and Federal flags, and embellished with graceful festoons of Maryland's colors, the historic Oriole combination of Black and Orange. The pleasing effect and general tastefulness of the decorations suggested that fairer hands than those of the mollers in the law had taken a part in their arrangement. This surmise might have been impressed on the observant visitor by the critical and satisfied air with which certain young ladies of the audience, evidently sisters and sweethearts of the students, viewed the trappings as they entered.

The student body was there almost to a man, with friends, and the speakers' friends, and their friends' friends, till the room was full to overflowing; the spick and span little ushers—four members of the first-year class—were hard put to it to find a sufficient number of chairs to place in the aisles and corners for the accommodation of late arrivals. Among the very latest of these was a party of three—an elderly gentleman, a lady of middle age, and a young girl. A number of chairs had just been brought in by the colored janitor and placed against the side wall to the right of the platform, and thither the trio were escorted by one of the ushers with a bow and a flourish. The last of the party to be seated was the young girl, and to her the attendant usher proffered programs for the occasion. These programs were duplicates of the one exhibited to Elliott by Prentiss the day before, except that a line had been drawn through the name, Leonidas O. Simpson, S. Carolina, and in its stead that of Philip B. Elliott, Maryland, was interlined. The party of three, however, were already supplied with programs, and the girl, indicating that fact and bowing her thanks to the thoughtful usher, straightway fell to scanning the sheet already held in her hand. She was a handsome young woman, with a most winning smile, and somehow Barrett, as he turned away to take his station by the door in waiting for further late arrivals, could not help wishing that these particular guests had not been so forehanded in the matter of the evening's programs.

A moment later he saw Prentiss hurriedly enter and, sweeping the room with his quick glance, proceed directly to the party of three that Barrett had just ushered to their seats. Prentiss greeted them cordially and, as the entrance door was but a few paces away, the waiting usher caught the words,

"Uncle John," "Aunt Annie," and "Cousin Marion," as he reflected pensively that Prentiss always was "a lucky dog."

"I am sorry your train was late," Prentiss was saying. "And but for the duties of my position here this evening, I would have met you at the station. But you got here in time to hear the opening, at any rate, I am glad to say."

Then, more particularly addressing "Cousin Marion": "I shall have the unexpected pleasure of presenting to you this evening Phil Elliott, who has been away on a gunning trip but returned to Baltimore earlier than he expected, and so will be here tonight. As he is to be with us at Prentiss Hall during the holidays, your acquaintance with him may as well begin right now. By the way, as you will see from the program—but, hullo! it lacks only a minute to eight, and I always like to be punctual with affairs I manage."

Then, without more ado, the president strode to the platform and greeted the four orators of the evening, who were seated, the two affirmative speakers to the right of the chair, the two negatives to the left. The three judges, members of the faculty, occupied special chairs in front of the audience and facing the speakers. Prentiss rapped with the little mahogany gavel on the table that stood before his chair, and in a few well chosen words bade welcome to the assembled guests of the Roger Taney Debating Society, announced the subject for debate, and introduced the first speaker, Mr. Haskins, of Kentucky.

As Chad had explained to Phil, this was the Kentuckian's maiden speech. But, though short on experience, he was long on fervor—launching forth into a vigorous effort characterized more by its vehemence of delivery than by its moderation or discretion of tone. He fiercely assailed, not only the extreme abolitionist agitators in particular, but the whole North in general, as he hammered home his arguments of the most pronounced States' Rights and Nullification brand. He was of the class of advocates, none too uncommon even in high official circles of later times, who cannot tolerate views conflicting the least bit with their own—with whom to differ means to disparage and impugn: of the kind that has but little use, in speaking, for other than the superlative degree, and who, by their very intemperateness of statement and consequent unfairness of argument, are apt to injure rather than aid any cause they may espouse. The audience was made up principally of Baltimoreans and Marylanders, was Southern in sentiment and on the whole disposed to a bias in favor of the affirmative; but these Marylanders were also strong Unionists—in the sense of

being sincere advocates of the continued union of the States so long as possibly compatible with the welfare of their several peoples. Being such, they were more or less alienated by the tone of Haskins' "tirade", as "Cousin Marion" contemptuously styled it; and it was with scanty applause he was greeted when he brought his really able peroration to a close and took his seat, flush faced and perspiring.

Butterworth followed, opening for the negative. He was a self-confident youth, but of the sort of confidence born more of self-knowledge than of conceit. He was more of the lecturer than the debater, and so made little or no effort by way of rebuttal, proceeding, in a calm, collected, deny-this-if-you-can sort of style, to state the views of those extremists who advocated a centralized Union at any cost, with a considerable sprinkling of rabid abolition sentiment, even looking with favor on the murderous and incendiary policies of a John Brown.

"Ah! he is from my State! I hope he will annihilate that little sessionist firebrand from Kentucky," commented the president's cousin, consulting her program and settling back in her chair prepared to listen with interest and approval. On the whole his views seemed to meet with her favor, judging from her low-toned expressions of assent several times during the course of his remarks, and by the vigor with which her little hands joined in the otherwise very scanty applause that was accorded his most telling points. The audience at large disapproved of Butterworth much more strongly than they had of his predecessor on the opposite side, and hisses were heard at his apparent condoning of the insurrectionist and assassin who had sought, but a short year before, to visit bloodshed and rapine upon the peaceful citizens of their sister State, Virginia.

Smith, of Indiana, who followed Butterworth and closed for the negative, proved to be by far the ablest speaker yet. Handsome, of a commanding presence, he attracted his audience—especially the feminine portion—from the start, his deep, resonant voice and easy self-possession reinforcing this good first impression. Logical and at times eloquent, he was also quick and shrewd; holding well to his own line of reasoning, yet at intervals he boldly assumed the offensive and made some telling hits at Haskins' arguments—evincing a positive genius for finding his opponent's weak spots, and following up the discovery with vicious assaults of solid argument, scathing ridicule or biting satire, as occasion presented or his choice dictated. His position was that of the conservative Constitutional Unionist, who deprecated extremists of either side. While not expressly committing himself on the question of ultimate

secession, he advocated the maintenance of the Union by means of any reasonable concession and compromise.

But this was more by way of introduction and premise; the burden of his argument was that no pressing danger would follow the success of the Republican ticket at the polls in the approaching election; that such event could only take place by reason of the divisions of the Republican party's opponents among themselves—resulting in an administration elected by a positive minority of the people—and that in any event the sober second thought of the North would assert itself and assure the South of her peace and security within the Union, alarmists and extremists of both sections to the contrary notwithstanding.

The applause that greeted Smith's remarks was both more frequent and more hearty than in the case of either Haskins or Butterworth, and when he had concluded with an eloquent burst of oratory, the cheering, clapping and stamping were prolonged and deafening—even "Cousin Marion" clapping her rosy palms and shouting "Bravo!" The gentleman from Indiana had evidently captured his hearers, who seemed to be with him both in personal sympathy and political sentiment.

CHAPTER II

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

"Who is the remaining speaker, dear?" Mrs. Bradley inquired, as Philip Elliott stepped to the front of the platform at the conclusion of Smith's oration.

She did not deem it necessary to put on her glasses for the purpose of consulting her own copy of the evening's program, with her niece beside her following the different "numbers," as she styled them, and keeping Mr. and Mrs. Bradley informed.

"Let me see: Mr. Leonidas O. Simpson. And as he hails from South Carolina, we shall now, of course, have to endure even a more rampant secesh and pro-slavery tirade than that of the Kentuckian." And the little lady's lips curled in fine scorn—from which it will be seen that Miss Marion Palmer, of Massachusetts, was strongly imbued with many of the political sentiments and prejudices of her section; and further, that she had obtained her copy of the evening's program before the change in speakers was made.

"But he is a fine looking fellow," she added under her breath. "I always did like square shoulders and a square chin on a man, and I venture he at least possesses the merit of having the courage of his convictions even if he is a Calhounite."

Elliott had marked closely the varying receptions accorded his three predecessors, and how the tide had set in strongly towards the last of them.

He fairly had his hearers' pulse, so to speak, and knew that, still under the spell of Smith's eloquence, super-added to their disapproval of the little Kentuckian's extreme utterances, he had to face, on the whole, a hostile audience. At the same time, he was among his own people, was thoroughly conversant with their sentiment and bias, and well knew that, with all their affection for the Union of their fathers—for which their State had done so much—theirs was not of the blind devotion that clings to a cherished ideal at any cost, that mistakes the means for the end. He knew that they were true Marylanders—hence patriotic Southerners—and were deeply resentful at the persistent crusade of aggression and abuse waged against their section. Knowing all this, and being, as he had told Chad, genuinely in sympathy with the affirmative of the discussion on the merits of the question, he threw himself heart and soul into the work before him. In his grim determination to win back his hearers to their real sentiments, and to the true

position, as he saw it, the mere question of overcoming with the judges the preponderance of argument now existing against him and winning the debate itself for his side, was well nigh forgotten.

Elliott strode forward as Smith took his seat, and stood, half defiant and wholly determined, waiting for the tribute of applause to his opponent to spend itself. As this at last subsided, he began to speak calmly and deliberately, his voice, strong and fairly deep, reaching the utmost parts of the room, and commanding—in conjunction with his resolute attitude and manner—the instant attention of his audience.

He quickly gained their fancy, if not their sympathy, by one or two humorous and well pointed references to particular parts of his predecessor's speech; then plunged into the subject of the debate, presenting historic facts rather than assumptions, and reasoning cogently from premises to conclusions. He put himself square with his hearers by assuming from the start the desirability of maintaining the Union. He sketched in brief but graphic outline the events of the Revolutionary War and the subsequent formation of the union of thirteen independent States, featuring strongly Maryland's glorious part therein. He emphasized the purposes for which the Union was evolved and the Constitution adopted—"to form a more perfect union," "to insure domestic tranquillity," and to "secure the blessings of liberty"—dwelling on the fact that the Constitution and the resulting Union (with all their thrilling history and glorious traditions) were yet but means to an end, and that end the preservation and guaranty of the rights, liberties and happiness of the peoples of the several constituent States of that Union. And these ends could only be accomplished by a strict observance of the articles of the compact, and of the rights inviolate, not only of the several States but also of the different sections.

Then, digressing, Elliott devoted a few minutes to the subject of slavery, deprecating its existence but showing how it was originally introduced through the cupidity of the European merchants and governments, and the stupidity of the colonists, South and North, who, though not entirely without protest, permitted this wholesale introduction, into their midst, of an alien and backward race, and even joined in the infamous traffic—particularly the pious but thrifty Puritan traders of New England; how, owing to climatic and industrial conditions, slavery came to be more and more confined to the warmer States of the South, where the white people (on the whole sincerely concerned for the Negro's as well as their own welfare) now had a condition rather than a theory to meet, and were themselves

better able to judge of the proper method of solving this problem than were the Northerners at a distance; how, finally, the foreign slave trade having been, since 1808, no longer permitted the existing Negro population alone was left to be dealt with, and how, as long since pointed out by Thomas Jefferson, it was to the advantage of Southern whites and blacks alike that this Negro population be allowed to scatter out as much as possible into the new territories of the West, where the South—under the Constitution and in common fairness—had an equal right with the North, despite the not unnatural opposition of the free labor of that section masquerading under the guise of religion, morality and philanthropy.

These self-evident facts were flagrantly ignored, Elliott declared; and by the violent and ill-advised agitation of the slavery question, by insolent threats against the South, a faction of the Northern people—a minority faction, he sincerely hoped—were both retarding a desirable solution of the race problem and imperilling the Union itself—that union which, with its original aims and objects, he would repeat, could only be preserved and subserved by fair and considerate dealing between State and State, between section and section. The professedly anti-slavery crusade, he pointed out, had begun to gain substantial headway, especially in New England, from the moment of the serious check to a high “protective” tariff effected by South Carolina’s resolute stand in the Nullification crisis of 1832-33.

Now a new party had arisen, a wholly sectional party for the first time in the history of the country; a party avowedly hostile to one section of the Union—to one portion of the people of these United States. Should that party triumph at the approaching election, though only by a plurality, not a majority vote (and because of its opponents’ dissensions and divisions among themselves), its victory would be due to the support of a majority of the North, and the South would thus be served with formal notice that a majority of the stronger section stood behind those who would deny to her an equal position and equal rights within that Union to the strength and glory of which she had contributed so noble a part.

Such being the case, it would be suicidal for the South longer to remain in an outward union, thus diverted from its original ends and within which true unity was impossible; but sorrowfully though determinedly, (whether in the exercise of the technical and historical right of secession, or that of the inalienable and inherent right of self-government resorted to by their Revolutionary sires) the Southern States must depart, like

Abraham from Lot, that each section might thereafter be left free to work out its own destiny in peace and safety.

Such, in brief, was Elliott's speech. Quiet and deliberate at the opening, he quickly warmed to his subject. He was a thoughtful, rather than an eloquent speaker, but once fairly started and enthused with his theme, withal an impressive one. Leading up gradually to the climax, he closed with an impassioned appeal to his fellow Marylanders to strive to the last for Union with honor by helping to defeat the Republican ticket, but in case of the triumph of that ticket to remember the glorious examples of their liberty-loving sires, and shape their course accordingly.

The respectful attention first accorded Elliott had quickly given place to sympathetic interest; several telling points in his speech were greeted with spontaneous and even vociferous applause; and his peroration was followed by a perfect storm of yells, cheers and clapping of hands, that lasted several minutes and showed plainly that he had done what he set out to do—that he had won over his more or less hostile audience.

To this there was at least one exception. Miss Marion Palmer, late of Massachusetts, now sojourning with relatives in the South, was a sturdy New England lass who carried her convictions and predilections with her on her travels. As Elliott progressed with his argument, point by point, and gained more and more evident favor with his hearers, Miss Palmer's proud little head, with its crown of sunny tresses, went up in the air with a defiant tilt, her brown eyes flashed, and the roses in her cheeks took on a deeper hue. She found that she had not guessed amiss in surmising that "the horrid South Carolinian," as she styled Elliott, had the courage of his convictions. But he was not of the class of fighter she had expected. The fiery dash and intemperate aggressiveness which she pictured to herself as being the invariable accompaniments of all Southern "fire-eaters" were largely lacking. If the truth were known, the lady was not so much angered by the success he had achieved with the audience, as she was disappointed and irritated at the way in which it was won—by coolness and deliberation, instead of the hurrah and denunciation of a Haskins: by such an exasperating adherence to facts and logic, rather than by appeal to prejudice and passion. In fact, Miss Palmer's attitude was somewhat that of the captive Austrian officer in one of Napoleon's Italian campaigns, who objected to the Corsican's original and unlooked-for method of winning victories.

Chad Prentiss rejoined his relatives after the debate was over, and stood with them on the sidewalk of the dimly lighted

street in front of the hall, awaiting their cab. He soon espied Elliott, who, at the conclusion of his speaking, had been captured by his admiring and enthusiastic classmates for an impromptu ovation. Elliott had escaped at the first opportunity, and—having donned his long overcoat and slouch hat—was stepping out into the street to walk to his boarding house a few squares away, when Chad accosted him.

"Come here, Phil," he called. "I was afraid we had missed you." And he introduced the young Marylander to his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. John Bradley, and to their niece and his cousin, Miss Palmer.

Elliott bowed and doffed his hat. He inwardly wished they had been nearer to a street lamp, so that he might have had a better idea of the appearance of Chad's relatives, with whom he was so soon to have a closer acquaintance. The older folks expressed their hopes of a further meeting at Prentiss Hall, during the approaching holidays, and Elliott assured them of the pleasure with which he was looking forward to the projected visit.

Miss Palmer warmly greeted her cousin's friend.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Elliott," she said cordially, and frankly extended to him her daintily gloved hand. "We shall be good friends, I know. I have heard so much of you from Chad, and he and I are such chums, you know. We shall have a royally good Christmas together, I hope, when you come up next month."

"I am glad to know you are to extend your sojourn among us, Miss Palmer. Chad tells me you are an ardent New Englander in the full sense of the term, and I shall be glad of the opportunity to extend to you, on behalf of Maryland, a more truly hospitable welcome than the sample we showed here to-night." Phil had in mind his friend's laughing warnings to him not to run counter to his cousin's pronounced and deep-seated political opinions, and now, reflecting that his recent utterances in the debate were, perforce, not in line with this advice, he wished to appear in a more conciliatory light to the fair visitor and guest from the North.

"Oh, I am sure you and your fellow Marylanders are polite enough—even if you did cheer that horrid South Carolina fire-eater to the echo. At any rate, you would never have made such a rabid speech as that Mr. Simpson did, would you, Mr. Elliott?"

Miss Palmer's mind was full of the events of the evening, and she took this opportunity to express her disapproval of the young Southerner who had carried the day.

Elliott, taken aback, stood a moment in puzzled silence.

Was this frank spoken young woman putting up some sort of a joke on him?

Marion, on her part, wondered at the young law student's slowness of tongue. Then Chad promptly came to their rescue.

"Oh, but this is a joke on you, Marion, my little cousin," he laughed. "And all owing to my stupidity, too. You see, you and Uncle John and Aunt Annie had those programs I mailed you two days ago, and so didn't know of the change that was made in the personnel of the team this evening. But if we had been a trifle nearer the street lamp you would have recognized in my friend Phil Elliott, even with his overcoat and hat, 'that horrid South Carolinian' of the debate."

CHAPTER III

A YOUNG MAN FROM BOSTON

Christmas of 1860 was a long remembered occasion at Prentiss Hall.

Judge Prentiss, well fixed in this world's goods, and hospitable, kept open house. Recently retired from the bench in New York State, and wedding in his declining years an attractive Maryland widow of middle age (Phil Elliott's mother), he had removed the past summer to the farm in western Maryland left him (for the period of Chad's minority), by his father's brother—determined to spend the rest of his days in well earned rest as a prosperous gentleman farmer. Now, with the approach of winter, the season of universal cheer and family gatherings, he had insisted that nothing would be so highly desirable as a good house-warming for himself and family in their new home: to which end he had invited his friends and relatives from far and near.

His oldest son, Chadman, had rejoiced the Judge's heart by choosing for himself his father's profession, and had matriculated at a law school in the neighboring city of Baltimore. Chad had spent several years in Maryland on the farm of his father's childless uncle, and his first meeting with Phil Elliott, which had proved the means of forming a close connection between them in the subsequent marriage of Judge Prentiss and Mrs. Elliott, had begun two years previous in the course of an extended ducking trip on the Eastern shore, in the vicinity of Phil's home. Phil, as heir to Ellerton, the estate of his father—the late Lieutenant Philip B. Elliott, U. S. N.—still had his home there, so that this was to be his first visit to his stepfather's manor.

Elliott had been obliged to spend Christmas day, and the succeeding one, in attending to some important matters with Mr. Meriwether, his overseer at Ellerton, and now, on an evening in the early part of Christmas week, having recrossed the Bay that morning, he was waiting at Camden station for the train to Frederick. Chad had left town for Prentiss Hall some days before. Strolling around the station, whiling away the waiting time as best he might, Phil ran across Mrs. Bradley and Miss Palmer, who had run over to Baltimore the evening before to attend a function at a friend's, and were now homeward bound. He had made their further acquaintance, after his first meeting with them on the occasion of the public debate,

during the course of a week's sojourn by them in town. He had discovered in Mrs. Bradley a warm friend and all that he had a right to expect in the aunt of his chum, Chad, and Miss Marion he had found a most entertaining young lady. The two young people had promptly laughed off the little episode of their first meeting and, avoiding protracted discussions of the uppermost topics of the times, had speedily become good friends, their common bond of sympathy being Poe and—horses! Miss Palmer claimed Poe as a Bostonian. "Hubbite and beaneater," Elliott said would be the appropriate designation, though on his part he laid claim to the great writer as a full fledged Oriole as well as a full fledged poet.

"At any rate, we will not fall out over disputed questions of literary biography," said Miss Marion. "He is big enough for both of our towns, and we won't raise any further hub-bub as to whether he is a hubbite, an oriole, an ordinary Maryland canvas-back or—a raven! We can read and discuss his works in peace and concord, and enjoy our horse-back rides together. You are correctly named, Mr. *Philip Elliott*."

Upon discovering himself to them in the waiting room, Elliott was cordially greeted by the two ladies. A moment later found all three on the Frederick train that just then pulled in, Elliott ensconced in a seat with Miss Palmer, immediately in front of the one occupied by Mrs. Bradley and a young army of satchels, handboxes, etc.—the invariable accompaniment of ladies on their travels, the young man reflected, be the journey long or short.

For several minutes the two young people chatted gaily, laying plans for the coming days of festivity at Prentiss Hall. Elliott inwardly congratulated himself on the pleasant company with which he was favored on his trip, and found himself looking forward with increased zest and pleasurable anticipation to the visit at his stepfather's. Presently the front door of the coach was opened, and they all looked up at the sudden rush of cold air and the increased roar of the cars.

A young man was just entering from the coach in front. He was a tall, athletic looking fellow, with dark curling hair and a remarkably handsome pair of black eyes of a frank, fearless expression. Those same dark eyes swept the car with a swift, comprehensive glance, and simultaneously were uttered the exclamations: "Merry Christmas, Marion, Cousin Annie"; and "Well, Guy, this is a pleasant surprise. We were not expecting to see you just yet."

Warm handshaking followed, and Phil was introduced by Miss Marion to "my friend, Mr. Hancock, of Boston, who is to spend the holidays with us at Uncle Herbert's." Phil could never recall exactly how it happened, or, as he expressed it to himself, "how it was managed, or who did it," but in a minute more a glass of water was suggested, one each was brought for the ladies by the two young men, and in the subsequent settling down he found himself seated beside Mrs. Bradley (the multitudinous impedimenta being re-arranged to accommodate him), while the newcomer, apparently very much at home and very well satisfied, shared the seat in front with Miss Palmer.

Elliott noted the term "friend" used by the young girl in introducing Hancock, instead of the "cousin" he had somehow expected, and the further fact that they frankly addressed each other as "Guy" and "Marion." "They seem to be very good friends," he mentally soliloquized. And, though friendship is no crime, the thought did not appear particularly welcome to him. He found himself following with an effort the really animated talk of Mrs. Bradley, and in some way the prospect of the approaching stay at Prentiss Hall seemed to have lost much of the roseate hue of a moment before.

They were met at the little country station by Chad in a buggy, and by Cephas, the colored coachman, with the family carriage. Mrs. Bradley, Marion and Hancock took the carriage, while Chad drove on ahead with Elliott. Chad was full of plans for giving his friend a royally good time during his visit, and had much to say of projected hunting trips, possible skating, and parties galore. Phil entered with spirit into his chum's plannings, as they were thoroughly congenial in their tastes—especially in all matters of horses, dogs and guns—but with it all he did not lose sight of the fact that he had just struck an apparent trail of his own, which he intended losing no time in investigating. So, before reaching their destination he managed to learn from Chad a few facts regarding Guy Hancock. Quite casually, as it were, he brought the young New Englander's name into the talk, and in a few minutes had gathered from Chad's remarks that Hancock, a distant relative of both Mrs. Bradley and Miss Palmer, was a jolly good fellow, a prime favorite with all at Prentiss Hall, and that Marion was as good as engaged to him.

"A splendid match, too," Chad wound up, "and the families of both are well pleased. They have grown up together and, while nothing positive is yet announced, I guess my little cousin will be Mrs. Hancock before you and I spend our next Christmas together."

Phil remarked that he should judge they would make a well-mated couple; then promptly turned the conversation and went on to inquire as to the abundance or scarcity of small game in the vicinity, and the general prospects from a hunter's standpoint.

It was well that Prentiss Hall was as spacious as its master's hospitality was comprehensive. When Chad drove up through the large front yard, turned the horse and buggy over to the charge of a young Negro in waiting, and was ascending the steps of the broad piazza with his friend, the door was thrown wide open, and through it came a belt of light with an outrush of hurrying feet and welcoming voices. Phil found himself in the midst of a deluge of the Judge's relatives and connections, now down from the North and doing their best to live up to his ideas of a genuine housewarming. Attracted by the sound of buggy wheels, they had supposed it was the Judge's sister and niece arriving, and rushed out to greet them upon their return from the city. Consequently Phil, before he could even greet his mother, was put through a wholesale introduction ere crossing the threshold—in the midst of which Cephas drove up, and all the arrivals and assembled guests entered the house together.

Half an hour later, a gay company assembled around the Squire's hospitable board, and long they tarried at the table discussing at one and the same time the viands before them and the happenings of former days "at home," cracking jokes along with the nuts at dessert. After supper they had music and games in the spacious double parlor. For the devotees of Terpsichore there were good old-fashioned dances (not the latter-day abominations imported from Europe which have come, alas, to so largely supplant them), and there was even a dash of the mistletoe—in case any of the company should prove disposed to follow up the merry traditions of the Yuletide. Phil was speedily made at home as one of the circle of Chad's young friends and relatives, but observed that by common consent Hancock and Marion were left rather to themselves; he noted also the novelty of the fact that he allowed such a discovery to concern him one way or the other, or, indeed, that he should remark it at all.

As the guests, at a late hour, were dispersing to their rooms, Phil—who had been turning the music for one of Chad's cousins, a dashing little brunette from New York city—was standing alone by the piano, apparently deeply absorbed in the sheet before him. A light touch fell on his arm, and a mocking voice sounded in his ear. He turned and looked into the

laughing eyes and half pouting countenance of Marion Palmer.

"Well, upon my word, Sir Knight of the Faraway Look," said she, "but you are wondrous serious and distraught this festal Yuletide evening. Faith, the gathering of merrymakers seems to have left you no time for pleasure or your old friends of former—weeks, I am constrained to say. Or was it one particular individual of raven tresses and midnight eyes who has so captivated your mind and heart that I might have never a word with you the livelong evening, and must, forsooth, seek you out—not you me—to bid you good-night?"

Phil was glad she had not confined herself to one terse question, immediately to the point, as was her wont. For he had to acknowledge to himself that her sudden appearance and mocking onset had disconcerted him to a marvelous degree. In the moment's time she allowed him he had pulled himself together, and now replied, easily, that he was the newcomer there, not she, and had fitted in wherever he could find a convenient opening; besides, that he was a modest sort of fellow, not disposed to forget that under some circumstances two were company, while three would be a crowd.

"And how tired we all get, sometimes, of company and company manners," she retorted. "and how we all enjoy crowds, on occasions!"

With that the lady tripped through the doorway and was gone, leaving Elliott staring stupidly after her and wondering, first, if he had been reprehensibly negligent and impolite during the course of the evening; second, what she meant by that last sentence, or whether she meant anything at all more than to have a little fun at his expense. He found this latter problem, at least, insolvable; and for that matter it may well be questioned whether the young lady herself could have given a straightout answer to the query, or one to which she would have adhered for more than a minute at a time. Women may know their minds—far be it from this pen to allege anything to the contrary—but methinks they would oftentimes be hard put to it to explain their assertions.

CHAPTER IV

ORIOLE, OR RAVEN?

The next two days were spent by Chad and Phil chiefly in gunning. The first day they set off early, taking their lunches with them and tramping over many miles of field and wood. As birds were particularly plentiful over on Holmead's hills, several miles to the west, thither they directed their steps—intending to take the homebound train, in the late afternoon, at the neighboring country station. Thanks to the flushing of an unusually large covey at about three o'clock, and to a run-down watch they missed the train by a hair's breadth. They walked home, and reached Prentiss Hall too late to get out of their hunting clothes and participate in the evening's program.

A larger hunting party started out the following morning for a round in the nearby tracts, and Guy Hancock was one of the number. The ladies put up lunches for them, and many were the admonitions they received to be back in time for supper—not under any circumstances to repeat the exploit of the previous day.

Miss Lottie Babcock, the little brunette, was disposed to twit the hunters on their luck of the day before, saying that rabbits and partridges were good enough in a way, but as for herself—if she were a great big man—nothing less than a bouncing fat turkey would satisfy her.

"Mr. Elliott, you are a native of these parts," she said, turning to Phil, who stood on the step below her, his gun on his shoulder; "I shall expect you to bring me a twenty-pounder for my tomorrow's dinner."

"I shall take great pleasure in doing so," was the quiet reply.

Phil, a born huntsman and—as Miss Babcock had expressed it—a "native," had struck a turkey trail the day before, which he had not then the opportunity to follow up. But early the next morning, long before the tardy winter's sun had shown his face, he had arisen from his short allotment of sleep after his late retirement the night before—leaving the sleepyheaded Chad to take another nap after excusing himself from accepting his chum's invitation to accompany him "if he really felt like it." He had headed for the likely roosting place of the noble fowl of the American forest, and in the early morning's light brought down two fine specimens, one a huge gobbler that tipped Mrs. Prentiss' steelyards at 22½ pounds. Phil got back to

the house in ample time for the late breakfast of the Judge's guests, telling no one but his mother and Chad of his haul, as he planned to have the big bird as a surprise for the morrow's dinner.

Only Chad, then, of the company on the piazza, understood the confidence of Elliott's promise to Miss Babcock, if indeed any of the others attached any special significance to the manner of his reply to her bantering request.

"And what shall I bring you, Miss Palmer?" Phil asked, turning to Marion with a sudden inspiration of boldness, and wondering a little how the question would be received by her and by her lover, who was standing by and who—himself a member of the hunting party—might naturally be looked upon as the one, if any, to lay at her feet the trophies of the chase.

Miss Alicia Pillsbury, Marion's aunt and self-constituted foster-parent—an estimable and well intentioned lady possessed of tact and discretion in inverse ratio to her kindness of heart—noted the question, and before the usually quick-tongued girl could reply she interposed:

"Oh, Mr. Elliott, your hands will be full, I fancy, providing that big turkey for Lottie. Mr. Hancock can be relied on to look after Marion's wishes."

"I am not so sure about that, Aunt Alicia," Marion promptly interposed, "unless Guy's marksmanship has improved wonderfully since his disastrous attempt in the Nimrod line at Uncle Henry's last Christmas. At any rate I think I shall, like Lottie, put my trust in a native. But I am more modest in my request, Mr. Elliott—rather, I shall expect her, for her own health's sake, to share your giant gobbler with me. I am at the present time devising in my fertile brain a new winter's hat, and think a pair of pheasant's wings would be just the thing I want."

"I shall be glad to furnish them, Miss Palmer, as I think I can," said Elliott. "But I told you once that I should like to extend you a typical Maryland welcome, and as a Marylander, if it were only the proper season, I would suggest to you the plumage of an oriole instead of a pheasant's."

If Guy Hancock had a moment before suffered at the young lady's hands—rather, tongue—it was now Phil Elliott's turn.

"Your answer to my request, preferred at your own suggestion, is wonderfully hedged about with conditions and qualifications, my gallant specimen of a Maryland host," was the tart rejoinder to Elliott. "You *think* you can meet my modest little request, and *if* it were a more seasonable time you would accord me in fitting style your gracious and far-famed Maryland hos-

pitality! I don't approve of shooting down a purely song bird, anyhow, merely to gratify a woman's vanity, as you men would say; so since, for this double reason, your oriole is out of the question, pray do not bother about the pheasant's wings, or any other souvenir of your prowess—yes you may, too. Since you are such an admirer of Poe and his raven, and it seems I am to have oriole or pheasant 'nevermore,' why, you might bring me a raven instead. I am partial to black, anyhow, so I shall go into mourning for these disarranged plans and hopes of mine, with a pair of crow's wings adorning my new headpiece as an appropriate symbol." Then, as the surprised Elliott was about to reply: "Now, don't think I am jesting. I shall expect you to bring me, without fail, just exactly one specimen of the genus *corvus*, no more, no less, and nothing else, as a memento of my sojourn in the land of the oriole and, as you claim, of the immortal Poe."

With a sweeping courtesy the lady disappeared within the hall door.

Chad regarded his friend's blank countenance, and laughed outright. "You can never tell one minute what that little cousin of mine is going to say or do the next," said he. "But, in any event, Phil, if you know what is good for you, you will not fail to do exactly as she says, and bring her those crow's wings this evening."

Phil, feeling very much like a fool, shot down the first luckless crow that crossed his path that day. He gravely presented it to Miss Palmer upon the return to Prentiss Hall, saying nothing of the fine brace of pheasants he had bagged in the course of the day's sport.

The turkey he also produced and handed over to Miss Babcock in Marion's presence. "I always keep my promises, ladies," he said. "I hope, Miss Babcock, you will find your fowl big enough to share with Miss Palmer, as she expressed a wish for you to do."

Marion accepted the crow with a neat little speech of thanks, but inwardly felt that Mr. Elliott had the best of the ludicrous situation, after all. She also accepted his offer to have the wings properly prepared for her, upon his return to the city.

The rest of the young people had their fun out of the episode, and, having recourse to the veteran crow-and-turkey fable, dubbed Marion "the Indian," and Miss Babcock "the Paleface," during the remainder of their stay at Prentiss Hall.

CHAPTER V

RELIGION AND POLITICS

The following day was Sunday, and most of the inmates of Prentiss Hall attended church in the neighboring town of Frederick. Leaving the breakfast table, Phil strode out to the front porch, anxious to be alone a minute or so to ponder over a question which required a speedy answer.

Of one or two things he was quite certain; of one or two other things he was very much in doubt. He knew that he was, on a bracing winter morning, as fond as ever of a brisk canter on a good mount, and was very mindful of the fact that he and Miss Palmer—herself an enthusiastic equestrienne—had, during the week they had spent together in Baltimore, planned for a jaunt or two together on Judge Prentiss' thoroughbreds in the course of the Christmas holidays that were now slipping away so rapidly. But he was also aware that things had taken—well, a peculiar turn, the past day or two, and he was very uncertain as to whether he had rather risk a snubbing by suggesting a horseback ride that morning, or lay himself open to a fresh charge of neglectfulness, or lack of proper gallantry, by appearing to forget these projected outings with Miss Palmer. And Phil had to acknowledge to himself that a ride to church and back in company with the young lady in question, seemed of all things just then the most to be desired.

To thrust himself in the breach and suggest the ride, or hold his peace—to suggest or not to suggest, aye, that was the question. What foolishness it was to be so deeply concerned and so completely at sea over such a trivial matter, he tried to tell himself, and yet—

"Confound it all!" he said, quite audibly and emphatically, and turned on his heel to—but it is much to be doubted if he himself knew just what his plan of further action (or inaction) was. He was not left, however, to ponder the matter alone.

"Alas and alack, but what a lugubrious countenance and surcharged language for a peaceful Sabbath morn!" was the remark, uttered in a serio-comic tone, that greeted him as he turned from his protracted scrutiny of the winter's landscape. The Indian and the Paleface were standing side by side in the doorway, evidently deriving their own amusement from Elliott's deep abstraction. Marion Palmer was the speaker, and in an instant Elliott had resolved on his course.

"I was just wondering, Miss Palmer," said he, "whether

you would care to put into execution this morning our plans of some weeks back, by favoring me with your company on a horse-back ride to Church. But I thought possibly your New England conscience would not regard favorably a jaunt of such kind on the Sabbath."

Sly Philip! his combined reply, question, and request, was ingenious rather than ingenuous.

"How charmingly considerate you are of another's possible religious scruples, Mr. Elliott," said Marion. "But I shall be delighted to take one of our much talked of rides this morning—especially since our goal is the meeting house," and she dropped her eyes very demurely, not to say devoutly. "I get so tired of carriage drives all the time. In this matter of esquestrianism, at least, I am a Southerner in my tastes. But Guy is like our New York friend here, and seems positively ill at ease in the saddle." (Phil could not quite see the necessity for bringing in Hancock's name in that connection, but was glad, at any rate, that the question which had occupied his thoughts all the morning had been settled, and so satisfactorily.)

The two young people enjoyed a brisk canter in the crisp winter atmosphere, Miss Marion attired in a tasty riding habit of dark colored material and a jaunty blue woolen hood that matched to perfection her blonde tresses while coquetting with the stiff breeze that was blowing, and with her fair complexion—now a pleasing combination of milk whiteness and ruddy pink in the bracing air. Guy Hancock the evening before had proposed a drive to Church with Marion the following morning, and had been met with a non-committal reply. Now, after seeing Marion mounted on her steed by Elliott, from his bended knee and proffered hand, who the next second sprang lightly into his saddle and fell in beside her at an easy lope down to the road gate, the New Englander drove at a more leisurely pace to Church with Miss Babcock by his side.

But if Hancock, still genial and smiling, apparently saw no occasion for jealousy in certain trivial happenings of the past few days, there was another of the guests at Prentiss Hall who did. Miss Alicia Pillsbury, zealous champion always of her handsome young kinsman, had remained behind that morning, engaged in piously reading her Bible and nursing her wrath until her niece's return. She opened up her guns on Marion at the first opportunity—which was just after dinner, when most of the guests had scattered to their rooms and the two in question found themselves alone in the library.

"Really, Marion," the good lady began, looking over her

glasses at the young woman before her, "really, you are carrying this thing too far."

"What thing, Aunt Alicia?" asked Marion innocently. "You have such a puzzling way of beginning in the middle of a subject and assuming that your hearer is a mind-reader!" On occasions like the present, Marion's "flippancy," as her aunt styled it, always served to irritate the usually placid Miss Alicia.

"You want to know to what I refer, Marion Palmer? Nothing else, then, than your shameful treatment of Guy, to be sure!" said Miss Alicia, severely.

"And what, pray, is my latest dire offense?" The young lady was evidently determined to let nothing be taken in advance as granted or confessed.

"Your continual snubbing of him in public, and silly flirtation with this forward young Marylander. Mark my words, Marion, you will carry this too far, some time. Guy is very forbearing and sweet-tempered, but there is a limit to all things—even to a constant and true-hearted lover's patience. Remember, he is a Hancock, and a Pillsbury also—through his maternal grandmother—and has his due share of pride and sensitiveness; and remember that yours is not the only pretty face that crosses his line of vision."

Marion had once declared, in confidence, that her dear aunt possessed in perfection the knack of arousing to the fullest her, Marion's, spirit of opposition and rebellion.

"Aunt Alicia"—she began, slowly and distinctly, but with an ominous flash in her brown eyes, and a tone of voice to which even Miss Pillsbury could take no possible exception on the ground of flippancy, "Aunt Alicia, you are laboring under two or three most serious delusions. In the first place, a pleasant word, or even a horseback ride with an agreeable young gentleman does not mean a flirtation on my part, nor anything more or less than merely good comradeship; and the bare fact that the young gentleman in question is not from your own section, Aunt Alicia, or is *persona non grata* with you, does not necessarily constitute him a 'forward' person. In the second place, I must again remind you that I have never yet given my promise to your chosen protege, and am in no wise accountable to him for my actions. Guy is a dear fellow, but both you and he are disposed to take entirely too much for granted. And, finally, Aunt Alicia, you should remember that I am a Palmer and also a Pillsbury, and threats of any kind—especially of the sort you seek to hold over my head—will have no possible effect upon me, unless it be directly opposite to that desired."

Having delivered herself of this speech, the young lady cut

short any further argument by abruptly leaving the room, to be followed a moment later by the perturbed Miss Alicia. And Philip Elliott, who had—before going with Chad to their room upon leaving the dinner table—stepped into the library for a moment's consultation of the Bible dictionary on a disputed question of Biblical biography that had arisen at the table during the general discussion of the minister's sermon of the morning, was an involuntary eavesdropper from his concealed position in an alcove. Or—was it entirely involuntary? He tried to be convinced that he really could not help himself, though he was not sure but that he should have made his presence known before the interview between Miss Alicia and her niece had proceeded so far as to make such a course positively embarrassing to all parties concerned.

But, at any rate, he reflected, it could not be helped now; and possibly an oft-quoted proverb as to all things being fair along certain lines of action occurred to his mind. He had, at least, become possessed of first-hand information regarding the exact status of affairs between Miss Palmer and Guy Hancock, and, incidentally, of how he himself stood in the eyes of Miss Pillsbury. It could be regarded, in all fairness, as an open field, he told himself—that is, for any who might care to enter it. And, somehow, the young man went up the stairway to his room in a very good humor, indeed. It had been a most enjoyable ride—the canter to church and back—that morning; just the thing, it might be argued (supplemented as it was by a good Sunday dinner) to make a fellow feel at peace with all mankind.

If religion had furnished a topic for general discussion at dinner, it was politics that held the centre of the stage at the evening meal. Lottie Babcock was the one who set the ball in motion.

"Don't you know," she remarked, during a lull in the talk, and addressing herself to no one in particular, "when Dr. Perkins prayed today for the President of the United States, and all others in authority, I couldn't help wondering how they were praying in the Episcopal churches down in South Carolina! I got a letter yesterday from my brother, who is in Charleston on business, and he described the enthusiasm of those fire-eaters down there over their separation from the Union. I guess they are offering their prayers today for the Governor of South Carolina—well, at any rate, I am sure he needs praying for!"

"Pardon me, Miss Lottie," said Dr. Gray, a middle-aged Vermonter, sitting next to Miss Babcock. "You mean their *so-called* separation from the Union. Their ordinance of secession, as they style it, is not worth the paper it is written on, as

they will very speedily find out to their sorrow—once the North gathers itself together to crush this viper of treason and rebellion in our midst.”

Phil Elliott was seated directly across the table from the speaker, and he now leaned forward and caught the Doctor's eye. Mrs. Prentiss, from her position at the head of the table, saw the turn affairs were taking, and called Phil's name. Poor woman: a Southerner and a Marylander herself, she knew her son's sentiments and temperament, as also those of her husband and his Northern relatives and guests, and had been dreading and seeking to avoid anything like a political discussion. If young Elliott heard her speak to him he did not heed.

“Dr. Gray,” said he, looking that gentleman in the eye, “when and under whose lead will the North attempt to establish this forcible union you speak of?”

“Why, as soon as practicable, to be sure. Very possibly we shall not be able to move under your figurehead of a Democratic President who holds things down in Washington just now, but only wait till after the fourth of March, when we Republicans shall have a President of our own. We will then make short work of your Palmetto cockades.”

The Doctor, a rather nervous little man, spoke rapidly and with considerable heat, and Elliott, according to his nature under such circumstances, grew proportionately cooler.

“Ah! Then you will have your party leader and President-to-be not only go back on the principles professed by your foremost and ablest organ, but eat his own words as well!”

“Go back on our professions? Eat our words?” sputtered the Doctor. “No, never! What do you mean by such charges, young man? I don't understand you at all.”

“Only this, Doctor: that the New York Tribune, Horace Greeley's own paper, in a recent issue (November 26th, I think it is) has declared that, should the Cotton States become satisfied that they can do better out of the Union than in it, it will insist on letting them go in peace and resist all coercive measures to keep them in. And Mr. Lincoln, at an earlier period in his career, has declared that any people, anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government and form a new one that suits them better: and that too whether they be the whole people of an existing government, or a portion only. That is the profession of your leading paper; those are the declarations of your party's and your section's leader; and indeed, they could not consistently speak otherwise, unless they first repudiate the Declaration of Independence and our fathers' rec-

ord of '76. How then, Doctor, do you reconcile these views of your party leaders with your proposed war of invasion and conquest against the South?"

The little Doctor was ready and anxious to retort, but at this juncture occurred a diversion. Judge Prentiss, mindful of his wife's appealing glances, now took a hand.

"Come, gentlemen," said the Judge, with a laugh, "our conversation began with religious topics as eminently appropriate to the day. If we get off into politics we shall frighten away such strict Sabbatarians in our midst as Cousin Alicia, here. And, anyhow, don't let us fight our battles before the lines are drawn. I am a staunch Unionist, myself, but in heart opposed to the idea of force in this connection; take my word for it, the vast majority of us Northerners are the same, and a peaceful way will yet be found out of the difficulty. The North will not attempt anything in the way of subjugation and conquest, or violation of the rights and interests of other sections, and the South Carolinians will soon find this out, cool down, come back, and we shall see our friends, Philip and Dr. Gray, again as peaceful and fraternal as the lion and lamb of Scripture."

The Judge was one of those good people who insist that what has been will continue to be, and refuse to see the shadows cast by approaching events.

"I don't suppose any of us want a Union pinned together by bayonets," Marion Palmer spoke up, evidently not classing herself with the Judge's timid Sabbatarians. "It is the question of slavery that concerns me, the infamous system that we of the North—" The young lady stopped short, suddenly remembering that her host, for all his Union sentiments and Northern sympathies, was even then deriving benefit from that system—as testified to by the snug cabins on the farm left him by his uncle.

"Then, Miss Palmer," said Elliott, "you have, at least, no quarrel with us of Maryland. We have no slavery or involuntary servitude here, you know." He paused just long enough to enjoy the looks of surprise and incredulity of those about him, before adding: "For, as my friend, lawyer Bradley Johnson, of Frederick, says, if any of our Maryland Negroes become dissatisfied with their position, they have only to walk across the line into Pennsylvania, to go where they please and as they please."

In the general laugh that followed, further acrimonious debate was dropped, as if by mutual consent. But the discussion, thus terminated at the table and among the general company,

was revived among the young people when they had gathered in the parlor after supper.

It was Miss Babcock who again led off. As already hinted, she was a lively young person who above all things hated enforced quiet for any length of time, and a long Sunday evening was her pet aversion. She had unwittingly started a heated controversy at the supper table, and she now saw an opportunity for further diversion of like sort.

Having seated herself at the piano as the young people first trooped into the room upon rising from the table, she dashed off two or three of the liveliest hymns she could think of. Then, wheeling suddenly on the piano stool, she faced Elliott standing near, a roguish gleam in her black eyes.

CHAPTER VI

YORK AND LANCASTER

"Really, Mr. Elliott," the young lady said, "I had no idea you Marylanders were such ardent secessionists. From your performance at supper I believe you are as bad as the South Carolinians, themselves. My! I thought you and Dr. Gray were going to fight out this whole question of slavery and rebellion, then and there, and leave nothing further to be settled by the country at large!"

Phil smiled. "Miss Babcock," said he, "you evidently want to stir me up again for your own amusement. I suppose it had been the wiser part if I had kept quiet at supper. Only," and he was smiling no longer, "here at home, in my own State, I found myself in a hostile company, as it were, and felt impelled to speak the real sentiments of my people. Your opinion of me has its counterpart in that entertained by Miss Palmer here, who not so long since referred to me as 'that horrid South Carolinian'. But I am willing to let it go at that, and take it as a compliment as well."

Phil was not anxious for a protracted and heated discussion from which no good results could be looked for, and accordingly made this second effort to divert the channel of talk by recourse to "lighter vein." In this he was not so successful as earlier in the evening.

"But you know I was then laboring under a peculiar misapprehension," Marion spoke up, addressing Phil. "From what I have seen of you since that occasion of our first meeting, and have heard you say, I don't believe you, as a Marylander, are near so rabid as those much discussed South Carolinians, nor really ready and anxious to back them up in the matter either of human slavery, or of disrupting the Union of our fathers."

"We Marylanders may or may not be rabid, Miss Palmer, according to the point of view. But we are always ready to stand by our comrades when assailed in their just rights, whether it be Massachusetts in 1775, when we sent our riflemen to your aid at double quick, with the watchword, 'The cause of Boston is the cause of all', or whether it be South Carolina in 1860—South Carolina, the tried and true friend-in-need of both Maryland and Massachusetts, and then as now a true exponent of that spirit, of freedom and fair play, of our fathers, which obtained long before the subsequent Union of our fathers had been thought of!"

"And you will go to the length of assisting in destroying that Union merely for the sake of standing by your old friend, as you call her?"

The young girl spoke quietly, but with a certain cool scorn in her tone and manner that cut Elliott to the quick.

"Yes: if you choose to put it that way," and his tones were as crisp and precise as hers. "Yes, just as we stood ready to break up the immemorial union with Britian under like circumstances. The cause of one of our sister States or colonies in peril or suffering, is the cause of ourselves—of Maryland. And aside from any personal sympathy or preferences of myself, in this connection, as goes my State, so go I."

"Yes, exactly; and merely to carry out your extreme doctrine of States' Rights, you would deliberately assist in destroying the Union!"

"No, not destroy: merely sever it as regards our own State or section, leaving it still subsisting among the remaining members, just as the independence of the colonies left the British empire still intact. Your own Quincy, early in this century, conceived that the interests of Massachusetts and New England were so jeopardized that it might become the duty of some, as it was the right of all, to withdraw from the Union—peaceably if they could, forcibly if they must. Again, your Massachusetts Legislature, so late as 1845, contemplated secession, should Texas be admitted to the aggrandizement of the South and the supposed detriment of New England.

Up to this point Guy Hancock had been a silent listener. Now he broke in, excitedly: "Mr. Elliott, you are as clever as the average advocate of treason and rebellion, in finding alleged precedents for your betrayal of your country."

Several of the company looked up in surprise; this violent assault was so different from the usual cool self-control and un-failing civility of the young New Englander. Marion, at least, was not of the number. She knew Guy's failing of old, and had remarked at the table how freely he partook of the Judge's sparkling wine, while Phil Elliott had kept his glass filled with water only. And now, she reflected with chagrin and annoyance, she had suffered Hancock to be drawn into this discussion. She could but contrast the flushed face and excited manner, not to say rudeness, of Hancock, with the self-possessed courtesy but quiet determination of the Marylander, as he replied:

"Mr. Hancock, I come of a race that has not flinched at the epithets, Traitor and Rebel, from the days of Hampden and Cromwell's Roundheads—though some of my ancestors were al-

so with the Cavaliers—down to the times of Washington and the Patriots of '76."

Marion Palmer cut short the forthcoming rejoinder of Hancock by requesting him to bring her a glass of water. By the time he re-entered the room she had started the conversation in another channel; and she saw to it that the dangerous topic was avoided for the rest of the evening.

Hancock, like the open, generous fellow he was, sought Phil out at the first opportunity the next morning, and asked his pardon for anything out of the way that he might have said "in the heat of debate" the evening before. Elliott heartily assured him that no apology was necessary, and expressed the hope that there had been no transgression on his own part. As to Miss Palmer, Phil was not quite sure, but it seemed to him that she was rather distant toward both himself and Hancock.

* * * *

The holiday season was fast waning. Some of the guests had already departed from Prentiss Hall, and those who remained, of the young people, were assembled in the parlor and library to pass the time as only young folks can when the storm is raging without on a winter's evening.

Miss Lottie Babcock had entertained the company with a number of piano selections, and was now ready for a change. At her suggestion, a "War of the Roses" was started—a game apparently of her own invention, and a sort of variation of, or improvement on, the familiar parlor pastime of "stealing partners." The young people divided into two sides or companies, the members of one of which were provided with a white rose each, from Mrs. Prentiss' conservatory, while red roses were carried by those of the opposing side.

It so happened that at the windup Elliott had Miss Palmer as his captive partner, and they found themselves seated in a corner of the room, rather apart from the others. The young lady had apparently "thawed out," as Phil mentally styled it, toward both himself and the New Englander, and was now engaging him in frank and friendly conversation, quite like the Miss Palmer of that week in Baltimore. She had become somewhat heated from her exertions in the game, and Phil was fanning her—noting the while, with delight, her childlike pleasure and enthusiasm in the revels of the hour, and the rich red color that had supplanted the usual delicate pink of her cheeks.

"Lottie Babcock is a genius," Marion pronounced, positively; "and we always do have fun when she takes the helm. But I am all out of breath just now, and if you did take and keep me

prisoner," (pouting) "I am glad that the game is over— rather, that a truce has been declared—so that we may take a rest. Aren't you?"

Elliott was contrasting her former frank friendliness and cordiality with her recent coolness on a number of occasions, and wondering wistfully how long her present gracious mood would continue. And now, since her remark seemed to call for a reply, he spoke out his thoughts without premeditation—all but mechanically.

"Yes, Miss Palmer, I am glad that a truce has come for you and me. But—must it be only a truce?"

It was the tone and manner, as much as the words themselves, that caused the girl to turn and regard thoughtfully his serious countenance.

"Oh, dear me," she said, after a moment's silence. "It isn't as bad as that—I mean, we haven't really become bad friends lately, have we? We used to be such good friends, you know," (she spoke as if their acquaintance was a matter of years, not of weeks) "and I fear we *have* let stupid questions of politics creep in to disturb us. Yes, we will both hope that, instead of a *truce* it is a *lasting peace* between the houses of York and Lancaster; that the 'War of the Roses' is over for good. For it can't be that this 'horde of Northern barbarians', (as Chad styles them) that has descended upon Prentiss Hall, has really separated two such good, congenial friends as you and I, who could formerly agree not to agree on certain questions, and let it go at that."

And she held out her little hand with an engaging smile. Phil grasped it cordially but, strangely enough, not without a half second's hesitation. Somehow, her repeated use of the word "friends," and the very frankness of her overture, did not altogether please him.

A minute or so they sat in rather awkward silence. Then Elliott unpinned the red rose from his lapel and handed it to her. "Just a token," he said, half smiling, but withal right earnestly, "that the War of the Roses is really at an end!"

Marion took the proffered flower and toyed with it a moment, her eyes downcast and apparently enraptured with the gorgeousness of the really royal beauty he had given her. Then, looking up quickly: "Roses, red and white!" she said. "Our respective sides should have been transposed; you would then have given me a white rose, fit token of peace. Red is war's own hue!"

Her right hand held the rose; her left all but rested on his

coat sleeve. Phil Elliott, leaning forward, took this in both of his own and looked deep into her eyes.

"A token of peace between us means much, Marion, very much to me. But these flowers signify even more. In the words of the poet, The red rose doth my love disclose, the white, thy purity."

For two seconds Marion Palmer's eyes met those of the young man beside her. Then she dropped them before the steady intensity of his gaze—but she did not draw away her hand. Elliott parted his lips to speak again, when the voice of Miss Alicia Pillsbury broke in upon them, calling to Marion from the doorway that it was nearly midnight, and they must take the early train in the morning for that visit to Philadelphia. Then Phil and Marion awoke to the fact that a general exodus of the young people had taken place, and they had been left the sole remaining participants on the field of the late fiercely waged War of the Roses. How long that had happened before Miss Alicia's appearance, neither could have told. What they both were very much aware of was that Miss Alicia was now much in evidence, and insistent that her niece retire at once. With a hasty "Goodnight," Marion was gone. A moment later Phil followed into the hall and mounted the stairs.

Reaching his room he recalled that Marion had left the rose he had given her lying on the carpet, where she had dropped it at the sound of her aunt's voice. He wondered at himself for having taken this in at the time with his eye, but not with his brain, and after a moment's thought he descended to the parlor again.

The lamp was still burning in the deserted room, but the red rose, left lying at his feet a short two minutes before, was gone.

After a thorough but fruitless search Phil put out the light and repaired a second time, puzzled and with mixed emotions, to his room.

"Can it be that the horde of Northern barbarians has separated such good friends as you and I?" he repeated, with a curious smile, as he recalled her words. And afterward, recurring to this, he wondered whether her query had not been in the nature of a prophecy.

CHAPTER VII

HOTSPURS IN CURB

Marion and her aunt had their breakfast by candle light the next morning, and long before sunrise were off in the carriage for the station.

They were going on a visit of several weeks' duration to a relative's in the Quaker City, and Guy Hancock, returning to Boston, was to accompany them as far as their destination. The three had a special breakfast in company with Mrs. Prentiss, but the rest of the Judge's family and the other guests were down in time to see them off—except one guest, who did not appear. Marion missed Elliott's smile and hearty hand-clasp, as the last goodbyes were said and the carriage rolled away for the station. She found herself listening with an effort to Miss Alicia's voluble anticipations of the stay in Philadelphia, and to her nervous and oft repeated inquiries as to the safety of the baggage. And Hancock found his young companion disposed to respond to his remarks—when she responded at all—in monosyllables.

As they drew up before the station, the carriage door was opened by—Phil Elliott! Together he and the Bostonian, one on each side of the step, helped the ladies to alight. The morning was chilly, but Miss Pillsbury's acknowledgement of Phil's cheery greeting was far chillier. She saw to it that Hancock was by Marion's side to assist her up the station steps, at the same time requesting the young Marylander to assist her (Miss Alicia) with her handbag. (Said handbag, by the way, weighed, with its contents, possibly two and one half pounds—but then *something had to be done*, and Cephas had already taken charge of the rest of the luggage.)

But Phil found the opportunity for a minute aside with Marion while Miss Pillsbury was engaged in giving final directions to Hancock concerning the purchase of the tickets.

"You know, I am partial to horse-back riding before breakfast, Miss Palmer, even in winter time," said Philip, with shameless gravity; adding, after a half second's pause, "especially since the carriage was full, and walking would have delayed me. I wanted to bid you goodbye, and to ask you a question. You generally carry your jokes through to the end, I understand: when you return from the North, shall I send you those wings for your winter's hat, or—shall I *bring* them?"

The train was approaching, and so was Aunt Alicia.

Marion steadily looked the young fellow in the eye as she said simply, "Bring them!"

Miss Pillsbury prided herself on her strategy: but there was another Richmond in the field that morning, and it was Elliott who helped Marion up the steps of the car as the conductor shouted, "All aboard;" it was Elliott who accompanied her to her seat inside and who bent over her a moment, with his broad shoulders concealing the girl from the older lady's view; it was Elliott who, known only to Marion, lifted the small white hand an instant to his lips as he took it in that hearty grasp she had missed on leaving Prentiss Hall a half hour before. He had shaken hands with Miss Alicia and Hancock on the station porch, as the train pulled in, and now, as the cars, already started, were rapidly gaining headway, he bowed collectively to the three and hurried out to the platform. He swung off lightly from the moving train, and, throwing himself into the saddle, went in a sweeping gallop up the road toward Prentiss Hall. He was mounted on Chad's riding horse, Spitfire—a large, spirited black—and, as the noble animal bore him swiftly over the ground, Phil found himself wondering at his stupidity in failing to ask the girl's permission to write. (Since this is supposed to be a faithful chronicle of events, it may be mentioned that Marion Palmer at that identical moment was wondering at the same thing.)

Two days later Phil and Chad returned to Baltimore and their studies.

* * *

Judge Prentiss, at Christmas, had expressed the hope and belief that a peaceful solution would be speedily found for the questions then convulsing the several States. If a close observer of events he could hardly have seen much to sustain his optimism in the occurrences, following rapidly one on another, of the ensuing weeks.

The spirit of '76 was abroad in the sunny Southland. With Abraham Lincoln about to be inaugurated President of the United States, elected such by a sectional vote on a sectional platform (the first occurrence of the kind in history), a platform directly inimical to the South, the Southern Patriots felt that the time for debate was past and the time for action had come.

South Carolina had led off in the movement for Southern independence on December 20, 1860. Before the new year was ten days old Mississippi had followed her example, and then the five remaining Cotton States, wheeling into line, came in quick succession. A new union or confederacy was formed, and on

February 9th that gallant soldier and ripened statesman, Jefferson Davis, was chosen President of the young republic.

But States of the North began drilling their militia.

There were those, however, who even yet hoped against hope and refused to see the handwriting on the wall—refused to acknowledge that the union of the fathers (a union of consent, not of force) was a thing of the past as regarded the diverse sections. Compromises were offered in Congress, peace conferences were held, various attempts were made to turn back the onward sweep of events. The Border States of the South, patriotic but sanguine, yet held off from the new Union, as if by common consent awaiting the action of Virginia—the “Mother of States and of Presidents.” Virginia had given her Washington as the first President of the old Union, and out of her own wide borders she had donated an empire to that Union, from which empire great and wealthy communities had grown.

Virginia was loath to part from that Union for which she had done so much. Just as she had long striven, in the first struggle for independence, both to obtain her just rights and to sustain the union with the British crown, so she now made a last and futile effort to save the Union of the fathers. And so it was that her sovereign Convention, which met on the 13th of February, had a majority of Union delegates who would not at that time take the irrevocable step of secession, but awaited the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, the actual workings of the policy of the new administration, and the outcome of the Peace Conference called at Virginia's instance.

Noble Virginia! She strove to her utmost to stem the advancing tide of revolution and war, for, as has been well said, when the die was once cast and she drew her sword, she would throw the scabbard away. Noble and patriotic Virginia! But she could, perhaps, afford yet a little further delay, pending one last forlorn effort for Union with honor. *Maryland could not.* And yet Maryland, her heart with the rest of the South and Southern rights, was forced, through the policy of those in authority within her borders (if not from her geographical position), to wait until Virginia acted.

From ocean to mountains, Virginia's fair form stretched between her and the rest of Dixie. And even from Virginia was Maryland separated, save at her extreme eastern and western confines, by the great natural barrier of Potomac's flowing tide and Chesapeake's rolling billows. Maryland was quick to note the approaching storm, and the State which in the first revolution had sent twenty thousand of her stalwart sons beyond her borders against the common foe (which sons during the course

of that seven years' struggle for independence and local self-government, scarcely set foot upon her soil) now pulsed in heartfelt sympathy with her Southern sisters.

In the same month of February in which Virginia's State Convention opened, the Southern party of Maryland, with zealous young Patriots at the helm, called a conference to assemble in Baltimore and consider the proper steps to be taken for Maryland and for Maryland's honor. In vain this conference urged Governor Hicks to call the Legislature together. Governor Hicks (who, after a course of dalliance and delay, was eventually to go over body and soul to the Northern invaders) met this sensible request with the statement that he was corresponding with the executives of the other Border States, and devising with them ways and means for the preservation of peace and of the Union.

The conference adjourned, to meet again on the 12th of March after the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln and his virtual declaration of a war of conquest on the new republic—by his threat to retake the forts and other former property of the United States, situated within the borders of the seceded States and taken possession of by them. Verily, the storm clouds were rolling dark and high, but the conservative element, composed largely of the older men—and relying, perhaps, on the widespread reluctance still prevailing in the North to repudiate the record of '76 and resort to King George's principles and practices—still clung to the fatuous dream of Union and peace. In the face of this element, vain were the efforts of the vigorous younger Patriots to look facts in the face and shape their course accordingly. In vain they reported a ringing resolution to the effect that any "attempt by the Federal government to retake, reoccupy or repossess the forts, arsenals and dockyards now controlled by the Southern States, would be an act of war by the Federal government on the States, would operate *ipso facto* as a dissolution of the Union, and would remit to each State its original sovereign right to provide for its own safety and welfare in any manner it decided to pursue."

Philip Elliott was a member of this conference (a counterpart to the voluntary "committees of safety" of the first revolution), where he was an enthusiastic follower and supporter of the head of the aggressive pro-Confederates, Bradley T. Johnson, the able and fiery young attorney of Frederick.

This energetic leader, foiled but not daunted, departed from the conference in disappointment and disgust, to return home and, by his works, show the faith that was in him—at once going to work organizing a military company for defense against

the threatened invasion from the North. Johnson went home to prepare for the career of a soldier; Elliott returned to his studies for the time being, to resume his preparation for the career of a lawyer.

So another month of precious time rolled by. The representatives sent by Maryland's conference to Richmond, there to learn from the State Convention what action Virginia would take, could ascertain nothing. Virginia was still waiting, hoping against hope. Maryland's conservatives were resting in the fond delusion that all would yet be well, and her progressive element—not more patriotic, perhaps, but clearer sighted—were forced to remain impatient, impassioned, yet impotent. Then came the thunderbolt needed to clarify the surcharged atmosphere.

On April 12th, 1861, Fort Sumter was fired on, capitulating on the 13th. All overtures on the part of the young Confederacy—for a peaceful adjustment of affairs—had failed, and Mr Seward had successfully maneuvered so that the South should fire the first shot and thus be placed in the light of the aggressor. But for that matter, the South had already—early in the year, and while Mr. Buchanan was still in the White House—shown her spirit of grim earnestness by warning off with a cannon shot the steamer, *Star of the West*, approaching with supplies for the United States garrison in Charleston harbor.

The result of Sumter's reduction was a furore of excitement in South and North alike. But the procedure was very different in the two sections.

In the South one after another of the Border States—as with the Cotton States a little earlier—called Conventions of the sovereign people to deliberate and determine on their political destiny, just as had been done, in the South and North alike, seventy-odd years before, when State by State, each State for itself, acceded to the federal Constitution of 1787-9 and the resultant federal Union thereunder. In the North no such recourse was had to the fountain-head of the political and governmental authority. The people's servants in office presumed to act with plenary power and to decide for the people the momentous and awful question confronting them at the parting of the ways—a choice between peace and war, between the confederate republic of the Constitutional fathers, on the one hand, and an imperialized nation on the other. And the chief executive, appearing strangely jealous or suspicious of the legislative, co-ordinate, branch of the government, took his own measures

in the crisis and deferred the assembling of Congress for months.

More and more of the Northern masses now found ready to hand an excuse for casting aside their lingering scruples against waging a war of invasion and conquest on their brethren. On April 15th Mr. Lincoln issued a call for 75,000 militia from the various United States, to use against the Confederacy. The response at the North was hearty and unmistakable. So was that of Virginia. She utterly refused to become a party to this attack on her Southern sisters, and on April 17th her Convention passed the long-delayed ordinance of secession.

Just across the Potomac, Maryland was afire with patriotism. On April 18th a detachment of United States artillery and of unarmed Pennsylvanian militia passed through Baltimore on their way to Washington, and were hooted and jeered by the populace—who cheered for “Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy,” and displayed secession flags.

That night Chad Prentiss, fresh from a flying visit home, burst in on Phil Elliott, sitting at his table and poring over his Greenleaf.

“Phil, old man,” he cried, rushing up to his chum and grabbing him by both shoulders, “your neighbors, the Virginians, have turned in and emulated John Brown!”

Phil tore himself loose and faced Chad.

“I am prepared for stirring news from Virginia, Chad, since her secession, and, please God, I am prepared to help *make* stirring news in Maryland. But what twist have you given affairs to say that the Virginians are following John Brown’s example?”

“Why, only that they, like Brown, have taken possession of Harper’s Ferry. And in addition they have saved a part of the arms there from the destruction attempted by the United States garrison. And your friend Bradley Johnson, with a force of Marylanders, was there to help them do it.”

CHAPTER VIII*

THE ANNIVERSARY OF LEXINGTON

"Hurrah for Maryland and Bradley Johnson!" cried the usually self-possessed Phil, springing to his feet and waving his hands high above his head.

"Though—it is only what I have expected," he added. "But see here, Chad, old man; I forgot myself: you are Judge Prentiss' son and a New Yorker, and I shouldn't so presume on your kindness in bringing me this news that you thought would interest me as a Marylander."

Chad took a turn or two about the room without speaking. Then, coming close up to his comrade, who had resumed his seat, he laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Phil," he said very quietly, "I brought you that news, not only because I knew it would be of interest and gratification to you, but also because it is of special interest to me. I was a New Yorker; I am a Marylander, by adoption. As a citizen of Maryland, and one entitled to her protection, her interests are my interests, her fight is my fight—however much I regret the necessity for that fight. Henceforth, old man, remember, your State is also mine, your people are my people."

And he held out his right hand, as if to seal the covenant. Phil Elliott did not take it. Instead, he arose to his feet and regarded his stepbrother with serious gaze. Chad was three years his junior, and had not yet become of age.

"Chad," Phil demanded, almost sternly, "when did you reach this decision? Have you told the Judge? You know his politics, and I fear he will charge this up to my account. But, before Heaven, though I may have been overly free in expressing my sentiments in your presence on two or three occasions, I never intentionally uttered one word with a view to influencing your opinions, or weaning you from your father and your father's people."

"Don't borrow trouble, Phil. While I have not yet told my father just what my course shall be if the worst come—as come it will, I now fear—I have let him know that I regard myself as thoroughly identified with the State and people of my adoption, and, further, that you have never sought to—pros-

**In the purely historical parts of this and other chapters, careful recourse has been had to the authorities.—L. T. E.*

elyte me, as he might term it. And now, Phil, will you take my hand?"

Chad smiled, half teasingly, into Phil's sombre countenance, though the next second—as their hands met in a long, hearty clasp—his own face was set, and stern, and white. It is not a light thing to contemplate separating oneself from one's family and people, for the sake of conscience and of patriotism though it be in a time that tries men's souls and tests their hearts.

It was Chad who next broke the silence, and with further news, but of an entirely different nature—as if he would change the subject and relieve the situation, both on his own account and that of Phil.

"By the way, Phil, Marion and Cousin Alicia arrived this morning. They are both looking well, and sent their kind regards to you."

Phil felt sure that the messages were sent only in response to some suggestions on the part of the unsuspecting Chadman on the eve of his departure for the city; and somehow he found himself wondering if his acknowledgement of the bit of information was sufficiently natural. The visit of the two ladies to their relative in Philadelphia had been protracted far beyond the originally planned two or three weeks, on account of a severe illness that had overtaken Miss Alicia, and this was their first return to Prentiss Hall since the morning of their parting from Phil at the Frederick station.

That night was one of excitement in Baltimore. On the heels of the disagreeable events of the day in the city itself, had come the stirring news from Harper's Ferry; and now came reports, thick and fast, of fresh bodies of troops approaching from the North and West, on the way to Washington. Hourly there grew in volume and intensity a burning resentment by the populace, that Baltimore and Maryland's soil should be used as an avenue of invasion of the South.

Morning brought no alleviation of the situation, or abatement of the prevailing excitement and unrest. It was the 19th of April. "The anniversary of Lexington!" remarked more than one Patriot in Baltimore, grimly and pointedly. Eighty-six years before, to the very day, the armed and more or less disciplined Patriots at Lexington had fired the shot that was heard around the world, in resisting the British invasion. Today a similar scene was to be enacted, with some aspects, too, of "the Boston Massacre" of 1770. The first Southern blood of the great war was to "fleck the streets of Baltimore." But this time Massachusetts furnished the invaders—

not the resisting Patriots as on that other occasion more than four score years before.

The occurrences of the previous day seemed to have served to crystalize public opinion in the Monumental City. Rival sets of clubs had been flying their respective emblems from their several headquarters, the States' Rights clubs exhibiting the secession flags of the Stars and Bars and the Palmetto, and the Union Clubs showing the Stars and Stripes. But the preliminary brush between the irate populace and the regulars and Pennsylvanian militia had wrought a great change—had unified sentiment to a wonderful extent, and in the afternoon of the 18th, the Union clubs had substituted for the United States flag the glorious Black and Gold of Maryland's ensign. On all hands the Oriole colors were greeted with applause and even with tears.

Such was the situation in the historic old town of Baltimore when the morning broke—the morning of April 19th, 1861; and with it came, hourly nearer, the approach of the Massachusetts and Pennsylvanian invaders. At eleven o'clock the troops arrived at the President street station—eleven companies of Massachusetts volunteers, and an unarmed and ununiformed force of Pennsylvanians. From this point, according to the custom, they were to be transported across the city—a distance of a mile or more—to Camden station, in cars hauled over an improvised track laid through the streets. In the face of growing impatience by a crowd of hostile citizens, seven companies were gotten through to Camden station. Then the limit of endurance and self-restraint was reached, and the storm broke. Stones began to fly, car windows to crack, and the street-car drivers hastened back to the President street station for the Pennsylvanians and the remainder of the Massachusetts troops.

By this time the temporary track had been torn up by the angry mob, and the second detachment of soldiers moved out in column of fours to march to Camden station. At their head, curiously enough, waved a Confederate flag, borne in the midst of a group of citizens who had declared that the Northern troops must march behind it in their passage of Baltimore. The crowd was growing in volume and hostility and the troops had to force their way through the seething, jeering mass. The chivalrous George William Brown, Mayor of the city, marched by the side of the captain of the leading company, and so long as the Mayor was in sight the crowd gave way from their respect and love for him. But there was only one Brown, and the column of Northerners farther to the rear soon found themselves assailed with stones, while the air was filled with taunts and jeers for them

and cheers for the Southern Confederacy. The officers quickened the men's pace, but soon one soldier was struck down under the shower of missiles, to be followed by a second; a pistol report sounded out, followed by that of a musket and that by another, and another. Citizens fell and died in their tracks, and others of them were wounded; their fellows, infuriated, pressed the attack all the closer. Fifty policemen under Marshal Kane came to the aid of the hard pressed troops, forming in their rear across the street so as to halt their pursuers. With this assistance of Marshal Kane and Mayor Brown the harassed and more or less rattled soldiers at last reached the cars at Camden station, and succeeded in pulling out for Washington. But several had fallen on both sides, and now from a window of the moving train a soldier fired a shot that killed the well known citizen and merchant Mr. Robert W. Davis, who had taken no part in the affray.

In this crowd of justly exasperated citizens of Maryland's metropolis were included, not merely the professional tough and street fighter, but the very best and most law-abiding of citizens, drawn out and drawn together by an irresistible impulse of indignant protest. Among these was a young lawyer, Frank Ware, who fearlessly tore a flag out of the hands of the color bearer and away from the lance supporting it, but was severely wounded the next moment, though living to perform subsequent gallant service as adjutant of the First Maryland regiment, C. S. A.

Among these was not the young law student, Philip Elliott. He was a spectator, not a participant, as the melee raged between the two mobs—the unorganized mob of exasperated and outraged Maryland citizens, the half organized and speedily disorganized mob of newly recruited soldiers. It was not the fault of him or of those like him that Maryland and Baltimore had not by now been put in a position to effectually turn this tide of invasion and transit, or at least to meet it in organized and authoritative form at the threshold. But since this might not be, and though still burning with the shame of Maryland's plight (incurred partly through the over caution and conservatism or worse of certain of her rulers) he was ready to range himself with Mayor Brown and Marshall Kane in preserving the peace, if possible, and then to take immediate and effectual steps against a repetition of any such galling necessity.

Lieutenant Guy Hancock, of the 6th Massachusetts, was one of the wounded on the side of the invaders. Just as the crack of firearms had begun to mingle with the rattle of stones thrown by the citizens, he was struck between the shoulders by a missile

as he was endeavoring, sword in hand, at once to keep the crowd at bay and to restrain, yet encourage his men. He staggered forward and to one side a few paces, then sank heavily to the ground. Two of his men attempted to reach him, but were pressed back by the surging crowd, and Hancock, dazed but conscious, found himself liable to be trodden under foot, if not killed outright. A little later a burly fellow, crazed by the death of his brother who was shot down at his side by the invaders, saw the young officer struggling to his feet by the curbstone, and made at him with a horrid oath and club upraised.

A young man in civilian's garb came upon the scene and, springing forward, confronted the infuriated fellow, empty handed but determined.

"Don't you dare to touch him," he thundered. "He is my prisoner, and I shall guard his life as my own."

"And who's to vouch for you, you young spy?" was the surly rejoinder. The fellow, a giant in stature, took a step forward, brandishing his cudgel and with an ugly gleam in his eye.

"I am Phil Elliott, of the Maryland Southern Conference convention, and I shall answer to Mayor Brown for myself and prisoner, as shall you also, if you touch as much as a hair of his head!"

The words came sharp and ringing, each like the crack of a whip lash. The young fellow displayed a black and orange rosette on his lapel, as also the Stars and Bars in miniature, and his clear blue eyes, now flashing fire, looked straight and unflinching into those of the towering creature before him.

CHAPTER IX

FOR MARYLAND'S HONOR

A moment's silence ensued.

Along with the decreasing sounds of the conflict most of the throng had passed on down the street. But four or five men, apparently of a kind with Phil's antagonist, lingered near, while Hancock, weak and helpless, leaned for support against a shade tree, with only the unarmed Elliott between him and the angry giant. No policeman was in sight. The fellow took all this in with a swift glance and, still burning for vengeance on those who had shed his brother's blood, seemed disposed to disregard Elliott's threats and promises, and to press his apparent advantage.

"You are flying the right colors, young man," he said, indicating Elliott's lapel decorations, "but I don't like your actions, nor the company you keep, neither. Come on, boys; let's lay them both low—this Yankee lieutenant and his Southern guard-ian. There's too many spies runnin' round here loose these days, and we kin do a little answering to Mayor Brown, ourselves."

The giant took a half step forward and brandished his club menacingly, yet hesitated before the resolute attitude and unflinching gaze of the young student, who gave not an inch before him, though the youth's square shoulders and sturdy athletic figure—with its five feet, ten of height—seemed to fairly dwindle in the presence of the huge form confronting him.

Phil had his right fist tightly clenched at his side, ready for instant action. His experienced eye measured the distance to the massive chin and heavy jaw of his antagonist, where he would land his knockout blow should it become necessary to follow diplomacy with force. At the same time he took watchful note of the cudgel grasped firmly in the man's right hand, and of the possible necessity for eluding a blow at the moment of delivering one. He was mindful, too, of the fellow's reinforcements standing by. With the preponderance of bulk and brute force against him, he knew he must be wary with his tactics, and was determined that but one blow should be struck—that one to be his own.

"I have told you who I am and that I shall hold myself responsible for this, my prisoner," he said, speaking deliberately. "My name is well known in Patriot circles, here. We have parleyed enough. If my assurances are not sufficient for you, then come on and do your worst."

"The name of Phil Elliott is all right, too," was the surly rejoinder, accompanied by a vile oath, "but that's not saying that you are the right chap to carry it—not by a jugful. And seeing you are so powerful anxious for me to come on, well and good. But I must say you are too brave a lad for me to take any unfair advantage of. 'High Hiram' allus b'lieves in totin' fair."

There was something of rude chivalry about the fellow, and, dropping his weapon, it was his naked fist that he raised for a murderous blow.

But that blow never descended. This was the exact moment for which Elliott had been waiting. Like a veritable catapult his right shot out and upward, catching his huge assailant squarely on the chin, and the man went down like a log. Two of his companions, seeing him fall, started forward with oaths and cries of rage, and Elliott, seizing the stick dropped a moment before by the now prostrate giant, awaited their onslaught.

A strong, hearty voice rang out behind him: "Jim Simpkins, Theo Blanchard, go slow; this Mr. Elliott is a friend of mine, and when you aim a blow at him, you will have to reckon with 'Yours truly', as well. You fellows had better look out for your pard, High Hiram, and me and Mr. Elliott will look after this lieutenant."

A brawny young fellow with sleeves rolled up to the elbow, and wearing a mechanic's apron, had come around the corner and, sizing up the situation at a glance, had planted himself beside Elliott and uttered this determined warning. Phil recognized in this timely reinforcement one Steve Meriwether, son of his overseer and withal a sturdy friend, who had left the farm the summer before to learn his trade in the city.

He was apparently well known to the two men confronting Elliott. One of these laughed good naturedly.

"All right, Steve," he said, "I reckon we have had enough fighting for one day, anyhow. Big Hi allus was a little speedy, and he was all worked up over the death of Tim, who was shot down by the Yankees before his face. I am sorry we got into this trouble with your friend. But," he added, dryly, "he seems well enough able to take keer of hisself!"

The speaker and his friend proceeded to look after the now reviving Hiram, while Phil and Steve procured an ambulance and soon had Hancock fixed as comfortably as possible at the hospital.

The young lieutenant, still weak, but improving, grasped Phil's hand as the latter was leaving.

"You have saved my life at the risk of your own," he said, simply. "I shall not forget it. I heard your pledge to our assailants, and shall hold myself in all good faith your prisoner, sir."

The Marylander made as light of it as he could.

"I can't really say how much danger either of us was in," he said. "I am glad we pulled through together, thanks to the timely arrival of my friend, Mr. Meriwether, who has already taken his departure. I hope you will be all right again in a day or two, Lieutenant. And you need not regard yourself *my* prisoner, only for the next sixty minutes. I shall turn you over to Mayor Brown, immediately upon leaving here."

Phil was as good as his word, and it may be added that, after several days' sojourn at the Baltimore hospital, Lieutenant Hancock rejoined his command at Washington.

Marshal Kane had done his duty like a man in assisting Mayor Brown to protect the Northern troops in their passage through the mass of infuriated citizens. But he had no desire for a repetition of that disagreeable duty, and that evening Bradley Johnson, at Frederick, received by wire this stirring appeal from Kane:

"Streets red with Maryland blood. Send expresses over the mountains of Maryland and Virginia for the riflemen to come without delay. Fresh hordes will be down on us tomorrow. We will fight them, and whip them or die."

And with it came this telegram from Phil Elliott, Johnson's faithful watcher in the City of Monuments:

"The spirit of 'Seventy-six is abroad against the invaders. Now, if ever, is the time to strike for Baltimore's deliverance and for Maryland's honor. The people are aroused, but we need your help and leadership."

Bradley T. Johnson was nothing if not a man of action. Since his return from the futile March conference in Baltimore, he had been busy preparing for the inevitable by organizing companies of minute men, prepared to resist by every practicable means the impending tide of invasion. Now he was prompt to respond to the call from Maryland's queen city. Early on the morning of April 20th his Frederick company was assembled and, taking possession of a train on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, by eleven o'clock the men were marching down Baltimore street for Monument Square, the first of the reinforcements pouring in from the adjacent counties—some by water from the Eastern Shore.

On this same day an appropriation of five hundred thousand dollars voted by the council for the defense of the city,

to be used at the discretion of the Mayor, was furnished by the banks within three hours' time. The several city companies of militia were under arms, and hourly came news of yet additional reinforcements from over the State, hastening to the aid of Baltimore. A call was issued by the Mayor for the citizens to enroll themselves for military service, and over 15,000 responded in time for enrollment and partial organization before that memorable Saturday had passed. That night the railroad bridges to the north of the city were destroyed or damaged by detachments of police and of the Maryland Guard, acting, it is said, under the orders of Governor Hicks. Hicks was in the city at the time of the riot: he seemed for the moment to catch the general spirit of patriotic ardor pervading the people, and to be disposed to act with them against the common foe.

With Sunday, the 21st, came more bodies of troops from the counties. The quiet of the springtime Sabbath morning was also disturbed by reports of fresh forces of the invaders approaching from the North; so the Churches dismissed their congregations at the tidings, and their steeples sent forth quivering warnings of danger. Over 2,000 Pennsylvanians, partly armed, had been stopped at Cockeysville, twenty miles from Baltimore, by the burnt railroad bridges; so that the vigorous measures of the day before had been none too promptly taken.

At last the old State seemed thoroughly aroused to her danger, and bent, at all hazards, upon rolling back at her threshold the tide of invasion. The hearts of such ardent young patriots as Bradley Johnson and Philip Elliott, too long discouraged by the doubt and delay of those in high authority, now beat high with renewed hope.

CHAPTER X

CRUCIFIXION OF THE SOUL

But, alas! the spirit of tardiness and deliberation, of conciliation and negotiation, again ruled the day, at a time when every minute was precious.

Baltimore, indeed, had taken steps to insure herself against further passage by Northern troops, and an understanding to this effect was actually reached at a conference in Washington between Mayor Brown and President Lincoln. But Baltimore, though its metropolis, did not constitute the state of Maryland, and contingents of troops from the North (under Butler of Massachusetts) passed down the Bay and landed at Annapolis—the State's capital city, and no less a part of her sacred soil to be jealously guarded from the tread of the invader. The Governor, at this late hour, called an extra session of the Legislature to meet at Annapolis on the 26th, which place of meeting was afterwards changed, "for obvious reasons," to Frederick. But the Legislature, on convening, promptly proceeded to issue an address disclaiming all intention of moving for secession, and appointed commissioners to confer with Mr. Lincoln as to the best means to be adopted to preserve the peace of the State!

Meantime, Butler, at Annapolis, continued to receive reinforcements, and to push out so as to threaten Baltimore. Still the Legislature deliberated and delayed. On the night of May 13th Butler entered the city with a strong force, seized and fortified Federal Hill—commanding the town—and Baltimore was at the mercy of her enemies. On that very day the Legislature, by an overwhelming vote in both houses, passed a series of resolutions expressing sympathy with Virginia and the Southern Confederacy, and vigorously protesting against the war of conquest being inaugurated against them by the government at Washington, as also against that government's military occupation of their own State of Maryland. It was also resolved that under existing circumstances it was inexpedient to call a sovereign Convention of the State at that time, or to take any measures for the immediate organization and arming of the State militia.

Yes, it was "inexpedient," because *too late*. Only prompt and vigorous action on the part of the State authorities earlier in the spring could have overcome the obstacles presented by the grand old commonwealth's peculiar geographical position. Now,

Maryland was a helpless victim to this position and to her own and Virginia's delay while they both had yet hoped against hope for a continued union with the North in peace and honor. And thus was brought about Maryland's "crucifixion of the soul," mournfully sung by her exiled son, the immortal Randall: for as the graphic Johnson truthfully expressed it, her heart was with the new Confederacy, while her body was bound and manacled to the old Union. At the beginning of the war Baltimore was said to be more Southern in sentiment than Richmond itself.

This same Bradley Johnson had returned to Frederick with his minute men, when he found he could be of no further service in Baltimore. At Frederick he remained for a time during the sessions of the Legislature there, to watch proceedings and give moral support to the Patriot members against the threats of the Unionists. And to join Johnson there went Phil Elliott, embryo soldier now, student no longer.

On the day of his departure he learned through Chad that Marion Palmer and her aunt Alicia were visiting at the home of a friend in the city—the same Northern relative at whose house Marion had stayed during Phil's first week's acquaintance with her the fall before. Thither he repaired, ere setting out for Frederick.

Miss Alicia Pillsbury, frigidly civil, came down the stairs and into the parlor in answer to Elliott's card. Miss Palmer, she informed him, was dressing, as she was going out for the evening. If he cared to wait, she would be in to see him a moment before leaving.

He said he would wait. Nearly a half hour passed, during which Phil sat, a magazine in his hand, his unseeing gaze fixed upon the engravings on the wall opposite, his thoughts—well, anywhere but in that particular room. Then he heard the rustle of skirts on the stairs, and Marion Palmer entered.

Yes, it was Marion Palmer—and yet, how different from the Marion he had last seen on the departing train that morning of nearly four months ago! Miss Alicia had been cold; that was her usual manner toward Phil: her niece was colder still, and seemed half disposed, Phil noticed, to ignore his proffered hand as she acknowledged his greeting with a slight bow and a perfunctory "Good evening, Mr. Elliott."

For a few minutes the conversation, sustained mainly by Elliott and directed along indifferent lines, was painfully forced and difficult.

Then, as was his wont to proceed directly to the heart of things, the young man sought an explanation of the, to him,

inexplicable change in Marion's demeanor and, manlike, blundered most woefully at the very outset.

"Miss Marion," he said, looking straight at the girl, as he arose and took a step toward her, "I fear I have offended you in some way. If I may have appeared somewhat capricious, and my actions not to accord with my words some months ago, I can only say that I have been calling myself a fool ever since your departure for Philadelphia, for having failed to ask permission to write while you were away."

"Really, you are very kind, Mr. Elliott; but pray do not give yourself any further distress on that account. The omission has not offended me, possibly because I have not given it the consideration you seem to have done."

Her words and tones stung, and stung deeply. Phil flushed to his temples, but his gaze never wavered.

"I ask your pardon," he said, courteously. "That was a very foolish speech for me to make. But will you overlook its apparent conceit and presumption, and tell me wherein I have offended? I may be very obtuse, but I am entirely unconscious of fault; and yet—I must have offended grievously, to change you so."

His voice was full of gentleness, almost humility. Marion looked at him, half incredulously.

"You must be obtuse, indeed, Mr. Elliott," she said, pointedly. "Do you suppose that I can any longer regard you as a friend, after all you and your townspeople have done to the soldiers from my native State, wounding and murdering them in their peaceful passage of your streets? Upon my word, after such outrages I wonder how you dare come here tonight, knowing what my sentiments must surely be."

"Ah—I see!"

It was thus that Elliott broke the half minute's silence following Marion Palmer's reply. "Of course, if *that* is my offense, Miss Palmer, it is useless to say anything further, or to remind you that your soldiers came here on a mission hostile to my people. I can only say, in explanation of my call this evening, that I leave tonight for Frederick. There I may or may not tarry before going on to Virginia, where I shall most likely be sent. So, since when we parted last you told me I should bring, not send you these, I have taken the first opportunity to do so."

Unwrapping a small package which he produced from the stand in the corner, he displayed a glossy pair of raven's wings. Marion sprang to her feet with a gesture of rejection. Then, with a swift change of mind, she took the shiny pinions and

turned on Phil a face of scorn. Secretly, she had more than halfway hoped that Phil might offer some explanation in his own individual case that could at least partially mend matters; and then—to have him act as if the offense were no offense!

"Yes, I did tell you to bring them," she cried, in a blaze of wrath, "when you boasted of your famed Maryland hospitality and chivalry, and sought to call me friend, hoping to see me don your much wanted Maryland colors, and thus make of myself a sort of adopted Oriole, as you would call it.

"Massachusetts has experienced to the utmost your Maryland friendship, chivalry and hospitality, and found it marvelously lacking. I accept with thanks, Mr. Elliott, your present, the fitting symbol of the 'Nevermore' that from this time forth closes between us."

"You are both unjust and unreasonable," said Phil. And there was now no trace of humility in his tones. "What hospitality do you think you of Massachusetts would have shown us Marylanders, had we come against you on such an errand as your troops have come? How did Massachusetts meet the British invaders in 1776 and before?—But I realize that talk like this is futile. You have determined to utterly condemn me and banish me from your friendship, and I must respect your decision."

The girl regarded him a moment with a gaze in which anger seemed not unmixed with sorrow.

"It is not for the dastardly action of a rabble of your fellow Baltimoreans and Marylanders that I condemn you," she said. "But you, *you* have been a ringleader in it all. And you cannot claim even the pitiful shred of an excuse that you are bound to follow your State. Maryland has not seceded. Yet you, with all your former protestations of love for the Union, have done your uttermost—in the cause of your slave-holding compatriots—to stir up and keep alive the spirit of violence, not to say of rebellion and treason to the flag.

"Yes," as Phil raised his head proudly, "I haven't a doubt that you glory in it, that you are proud of your activity in fomenting strife—even in your personal participation, as I suppose, in the shameful street riot here, in which not only the people of my own State were murderously assailed, but my own cousin, Guy Hancock, as I see from the papers, was wounded and nearly lost his life. I suppose you revel in your share of dispensing such wonderful and characteristic Maryland hospitality!"

Phil faced her unflinchingly, a strange smile hovering on his lips.

"Miss Palmer," he said, "I shall certainly not attempt, at this time, to discuss or argue with you the reasons why Maryland has not passed an ordinance of secession. But you are right in saying that I have taken an active part; even, perhaps, in a modest way, have helped to lead.

"In simple justice to myself and the memory of my fathers," his head lifted higher yet, and a thrilling note of pride ringing through his voice, "I could do no less. The Elliotts and the Tildens have ever been foremost to stand for imperilled liberty—have ever been prompt to act and lead in times of public stress and emergency, when right and country called them.

"Regarding Lieutenant Hancock, I could tell you—but, no!" proudly, "you shall hear that, if it at all, from other lips than mine. I have kept you too long already: your aunt is doubtless growing impatient, and I shall detain you but a moment more."

He hesitated, drawing a deep breath. The flush died from his face, leaving it stern and white.

"This may readily be the last time we shall ever meet, and I must tell you what I had come tonight prepared to tell you at all hazards, but which I hoped to be able to tell you under far different and happier circumstances: that during these weeks and months I had grown to love you, Marion—love you with all my heart and, even as you said, had hoped to induce you to wear the glorious Black and Orange—to wear them as my wife and the adopted daughter of Maryland, while never renouncing your own mother State, Massachusetts.

"I thank you for hearing me out. And now—Good-night and good-bye. Kindly take my regards to Miss Pillsbury."

He looked long and steadily into her face, bowed gravely, and a moment later the street door closed after him as he passed out into the night with never a backward glance.

Half an hour later a solitary horseman, at a speed that threatened police interference, was passing through the suburbs of Baltimore headed for the road to the west. That morning Phil had had his own little riding mare, Southern Lassie, brought over on the boat from Ellerton, and now she was carrying her master off and away to Frederick town and to Johnson. Very erect in the saddle sat this born and trained horseman, Philip Elliott—his saddle bags behind him, his holster buckled at his side, his cap pulled low over his brow, his gaze fixed straight ahead. As he ascended a hill that in another minute would shut out from sight the lights of the city, he turned in the saddle without checking his steed, and looked back.

"Fare you well, Baltimore, at least for the present," he murmured, softly, but between clenched teeth, and with cold

Meantime, Northern bayonets gleaming in ever increasing numbers over the State, *Habeas Corpus* was given a back seat, and many of the resolvers and protest-ants soon found themselves in Northern dungeons, there to remain at the sweet will of their captors. Maryland found the despot's heel indeed upon her shore, and it was with truthful realism that throughout the South, in patriotic tableaux representing the several Southern States, Maryland was pictured as a beautiful maiden bound in chains.

And now, with nothing further possible to be accomplished for their beloved State by staying at home, the Maryland volunteers and minute men sadly turned their faces and steps toward old Virginia and the southern shore of the Potomac. Among these was Phil Elliott, after a brief sojourn at Frederick watching the proceedings of the Legislature at that place and taking an active part in the councils of the party of action. But—during his stay there he did not put up at Prentiss Hall!

It was a mild clear night in the mid-spring, that of his departure from Baltimore and—Marion Palmer. As he left the sights and sounds of the busy city behind him, and reached the country—"God's country," he remembered his mother often called it, in contradistinction to the man-made city—spring was indeed in the air, the atmosphere was sweet and fresh and redolent with budding foliage and smiling flowers. Phil Elliott loved the country, and he had within him in bountiful measure that spontaneous response to the glad springtime that finds a home in every human breast be it that of old or young, civilized or savage. He loved, too, at times, to be alone in the solemn night, with only Nature and his own thoughts for company—unless it was a tried and trusty friend in favorite horse or dog, that could enter into the spirit of the occasion and yet not call for conversation.

Ah, how companionable can one of the brute creation be, at times! And such a friend he had with him now; dainty "Southern Lassie," as he affectionately called her, the fleet-footed, gentle-eyed little sorrel that he had raised as a colt, after the death of her mother in a runaway accident when Lassie was but two months old. With his own hands he had nurtured her, and she was well content to follow him around like a dog, though the hand of the friend was also that of the master, and most thoroughly had he "broken her" under the saddle. But in harness, even the lightest, she had never been.

Lassie was full of the joy of living, of the gladness of springtime, of the pleasure of her master's company once more, and was prepared to enjoy to the utmost this nocturnal outing. Her

master had met her at the boat that brought her over from the Eastern Shore that morning, and he had seen to it that she was promptly taken to the best livery stable in town to be well fed and groomed. The grooming he had attended to with his own zealous hands, much to the scandal of the colored stable man, who couldn't understand "what done got in de haid ob dat young white gem'man, nohow. Reckon he thinks I don't know none ob de quality's ridin' stock, jes' like I ain't been knowed as de best hos'ler in Baltimo' fo' de last twenty years, ef I does sesso myse'f." But the irate Negro found the shining dollar which Phil slipped into his hand, upon taking Lassie away that evening, just as acceptable, his ivories gleamed just as brightly, as if the donor had acted like the rest of the "quality" and rested content with the stable hand's attention to his pet riding mare.

They had passed at a dangerously smart pace, from the standpoint of police regulations, through the city streets; but now, the open country once gained, with a delighted whinny the blooded filly broke into a run and sped like a bird along the white highway. For a half hour Phil let her "turn herself loose," as he expressed it, and sat like a centaur, the rein held lightly but firmly in his left hand, while the trees and houses kept up a mad race for the city behind him. At the end of that thirty minutes' spurt Lassie was as fresh as at the start, but Phil, scanning a sign-post as he passed, slowed her down to an easy lope.

"Seven miles and more, little gal: that's good! But take it more quietly now; there are some forty more of them to be covered, all lying just ahead."

He patted the arched, glossy neck of the mare, and she whinnied contentedly. Yet something seemed wrong with her master's voice or manner, and when, a minute later, he dismounted and adjusted the girth, she turned her head and laid a sympathetic muzzle against his cheek, while Phil gently stroked the intelligent creature's nose.

"Yes, you are right, Lassie," he said, as if addressing a child, "I am out of sorts this beautiful spring night. And I have a lot of thinking to do, too, before reaching our journey's end. But don't let that bother you, little one; enjoy to the full our outing. I know you would help me if you could."

With another caress he was in the saddle again, but this time he held the mare down to a walk.

Yes, it was a beautiful, balmy April night. But it was only in a very absent, secondary way that Phil Elliott was conscious of it: as he had confided to Lassie he had a good deal

to think of ere reaching his destination. And through the night he rode, often in a walk, since there was, after all, some limit to his thoroughbred's powers of endurance, and he had time and to spare in which to reach Prentiss Hall by sunrise; again it was in a brish rack or canter; once in a while in a dead run again: all the while thinking, thinking, thinking, not alone of the girl he loved and had just left (perhaps forever) in mutual sorrow and anger. His thoughts were also concerned with the scenes and events just ahead.

He was bound for Frederick and the busy and stirring events to transpire there in the coming days. Being so bound he had, as a matter of course, intended stopping at Prentiss Hall while there; and yet, on second thought—should he? Perhaps there were reasons more than one for the question, but—"Would it be considerate of Judge Prentiss?" he asked himself. True, he was the son of the Judge's wife, but Prentiss Hall was the Judge's property, not hers; the Judge was a New Yorker, with all the political bias of his State and section, and he, Philip Elliott, was going to Frederick with just one purpose in view—as one of the younger and subordinate leaders of the Maryland Southern party, yet one of the most ardent and active. Should he bring possible embarrassment upon the Judge by seeking to stay under his roof while acting in such capacity?

"Well, that is settled!"

Phil spoke the words aloud, distinctly, and with emphasis, and struck the pommel of the saddle a resounding blow with his fist. And Lassie, half dozing in the midst of the slow walk to which her master had brought her a quarter of an hour before, pricked up her ears and broke into a gallop.

Whatever Phil's decision on the particular point, it was final (his decisions, once reached, were usually final), and the subject occupied his mind no longer. But his thoughts were not idle—not for a single moment. Back to Baltimore they reverted—to Baltimore and Marion Palmer, and the parting of a few hours before. Hours, or—was it aeons? Whichever it was, it was in the past, the black, black past, between which and the present a mighty chasm, an impassable abyss, seemed yawning. And was he thinking out a decision on this score, too? If so, he was much longer reaching it than in the other instance. Long, long he rode in absolute silence, without so much as a word of control to Lassie, his head bowed and his unseeing gaze fixed on the roadbed ten paces in front of the mare's nose.

A faint grey light began to steal over the landscape, and the twitter of the waking birds in the overhanging boughs told of the approach of another glad spring morning. The young

man straightened up in the saddle, his eyes no longer unseeing, but shining with a new light, almost a smile showing about the yet tightly compressed lips, the clear cut chin no more dropped thoughtfully on his breast, but held proudly up and out.

"I shall do my duty, and do it to the best of my ability! And in spite of it—or, because of it—I shall command her respect and win her love—yes, please God, *I will do both!*"

He spoke the words under his breath and, turning as he surmounted a slight rise in the road, he looked back, towards Baltimore and her. Red and yellow gleamed the eastern sky as he looked, in all the splendor of a cloudless springtime morning, and—pulsing and quivering in the midst of the sea of rich color—there was one large, brilliant, silver star.

"The darkest hour before the dawn, and the star of hope as the harbinger of coming light and triumph!" he murmured, half smiling to himself at the conceit.

But, somehow, a load seemed lifted from his mind and heart: the joy and beauty of Nature and the springtime he now drank in to the full, and joined—in spirit, at least—with the feathered songsters about him in their joyous psalm of praise.

Descending the next slope a stream was reached, flowing across the highway. Here Phil dropped the rein, and Lassie drank gratefully. Dismounting, her master also partook of the sparkling water, first laving his eyes and wrists.

"Prentiss Hall is just ahead, Lassie," he said, rising to his feet and patting her neck. "But it is too early in the morning for callers on the Judge. We will rest a little while first, even if we don't feel any particular need of it!"

He laughed lightly, yet with a tinge of sadness, then led the mare up stream into a sheltered glade of green grass and budding trees. The ground was swampy in places, once the beaten highway was departed from, and the little sorrel followed gingerly, picking up her trim white-stockinged feet like a kitten afraid of the wet, yet anon cropping a mouthful of the new, succulent grass here and there as she went.

"And now for a taste of soldier life, Lassie! We shall likely have more than a taste of it, you and I, in the months—or, the years—just ahead."

Selecting a particularly grassy spot, Elliott unbuckled the girth and placed the saddle on the ground. With this as a pillow and the saddle cloth as a pallet, he flung himself down full length, one arm slipped through the bridle rein, leaving Lassie free to browse at will.

She eagerly took two or three mouthfuls, then stopped short, regarding the recumbent body of her master with an in-

quiring look. Coming up to him softly, she was about to rub her dainty little white nose against his cheek, as if again to assure him of her sympathy in case everything were not yet just right with him. But already the young fellow, so much awake and active a moment before, was fast asleep—his head resting on one arm thrown over the saddle, his breath coming with the long, deep regularity of a slumbering child, all trace of doubt and perplexity gone from his face, and a smile parting his lips just enough to show the two rows of even white teeth. A half minute, out of intelligent, loving eyes, Lassie regarded her unconscious master, then resumed her grazing. But never by any chance was the bridle rein, through which the sleeping man's arm was thrown, drawn taut so as to awaken or disturb him.

CHAPTER XII

THE RED DAWN OF THE DAY

An hour later Elliott opened his eyes and lay still a moment, regarding the pretty picture presented by the grassy glade in the early morning sunlight, with the grazing horse in the midst. Then he arose, and—again bathing his head and hands in the rippling stream—saddled and mounted Lassie, and proceeded at a lope up the road that led to Prentiss Hall.

At the broad gate before the Judge's mansion he dismounted and flung bridle rein over a post. Booted and spurred, Phil Elliott strode up the gravel walk winding among the trees of the grassy lawn of his stepfather's residence and, mounting the steps of the broad, columned piazza, sounded the brass knocker on the hall door.

Presently the door was opened, and Jerry, one of the young Negroes brought by Mrs. Prentiss from Ellerton the summer before, stared in open-mouthed amazement at his young master.

"Well, Jerry," Phil remarked, good humoredly, "I certainly hope you will know me the next time you see me! Tell Judge Prentiss I am here and wish to see him."

"Yassir; I'll tell him, Marse Phil. But fo' de lan's sake, whar you done drap from? An' bless dis nigger ef dar ain't Lassie at de gate! Why didn't you bring her up to de do', Marse Phil? You want me to take 'er roun' to de stable, I s'pose?"

"No, never mind the mare, Jerry. Just do as I tell you. I shall take a seat here on the piazza—where I can keep an eye on Lassie. And you may also ask Miss Louise" ('twas thus Mrs. Prentiss was known to the servants at Ellerton) "to step out here."

He spoke not unkindly, but in a tone that Jerry knew full well of old brooked no argument, but called for instantaneous obedience: so the boy turned and went into the house, wondering to himself: "Hi! What in de name er goodness done come ober Marse Phil, anyhow? He take an' drap down h'yuh in de early mornin' like Gabriel wid de las' trump, an' insult Lassie by leabin' huh outside he ma's own gate, an' pears 'terminated like not to set he foot inside de house do'. Marse Phil sut'nly got sump'n on he min', dat's one thing fo' sho'!"

The next minute Mrs. Prentiss appeared in the doorway. Her quick mother-ear had caught the sound of the young man's voice, and she needed no summons from Jerry. She was a come-

ly little matron of forty-five, with soft brown eyes. She hardly came up to Phil's shoulder, and the strapping fellow bent low to kiss her.

"I have been expecting to see you here, Philip," she said; "though I hardly looked for your arrival at this hour of the day! Did you ride from the city?" noting his costume. "Where did you spend the night, and where is your horse?"

"My! Mother, you are as good at rapid-fire questioning as was Napoleon himself. Yes, ma'am, I rode, and Lassie is hitched at the gate, and as I didn't leave Baltimore till nearly nine last night, you can answer your own question as to where I rested!"

"Oh, Philip, you and Lassie must both be tired, after your all-night traveling! You must eat a hot breakfast—it will be ready in a few minutes, now—and then take a good nap."

"Thank you, little Mother: but I took an hour's snooze down the road a while ago, and feel as fresh and bright as this splendid spring morning itself. I have no doubt I shall enjoy my breakfast when I get around to it, but—the first thing, I must see the Judge. I have sent word by Jerry that I am waiting out here for him."

"Well, I hear him coming. I will go and see about preparations for breakfast." And Mrs. Prentiss hurried away.

She was a wise little woman, and knew full well the peculiar circumstances in which her husband and her son now found themselves as to each other; also, that the latter was a young man who could seldom be accused of not knowing his own mind, when once made up, so that, whatever course of action he had decided upon, in the present instance, would be carried out in any event. So she left them to have their interview alone.

Judge Prentiss and his stepson had always been good friends, and it was with a cheery, "Well, Philip, my boy, it has been a long while since you last favored Prentiss Hall with your presence," that the Judge stepped out onto the piazza and gave the young man a warm handshake. Yet to Phil's quick, perhaps suspicious eye, there was a trace of embarrassed constraint in the Judge's manner.

Phil drove at once to the point.

"Yes, Judge, it is quite a while since I visited you here. And, from present prospects, it is likely to be even longer ere I do so again. Urgent business has brought me to Frederick, and it was natural that I should wish to see my mother.

"But I fully realize, sir, that in the existing state of public affairs it might be anything but agreeable to you to have me stopping under your roof. There are busy times just ahead

here and, as you know, Judge, I shall not play an idle part: you also know what that part will be. I wished to do you the courtesy of seeing you and letting you know that I appreciate your position, sir, before proceeding to take up quarters in the town."

"Philip, you always were a thoughtful boy!" (Phil thought he detected a note of relief in the Judge's voice.) "But you can at least take breakfast with us and have your horse fed before going on to Frederick. You know you can safely do that much, from the standpoints of both of us: you have not yet joined the fray just opening up over in the village."

And the older man laughed, a trifle nervously.

"Thank you, Judge; but it is only a matter of a couple of miles farther, and there are matters I should see to without delay. After all, sir, if I proceed at once there will be no possible excuse hereafter for a charge against you of having sheltered one of the 'Rebel ringleaders.' As I reminded you a moment ago, my position and projected course are well known to you: it is no great distance to Washington, and you are well known in high circles there."

"Philip, my boy, I hope you are not hurt."

The Judge took a turn about the piazza, his hands clasped under his coat-tails, and appeared ill at ease.

"Really, my boy, aren't you making a mistake? You are young, Philip—very young—and can well afford to leave the shaping of these matters to older heads; your position is a purely voluntary, unofficial one, you know. That would not prevent your adopting what course you think best, when the issue is once made up, so to speak. Meantime, there could be no impropriety in my having you stay here as my wife's son, as well as a private citizen. In any event, you know this State is right under the guns of Washington; so, with a view to the practical side of the question, considering your own material interests as a property owner of Maryland, would it not be just as well for you to go a little slow just at present?"

"Still," the Judge hastily added, marking the young man's contracting brow and flashing eye, "I suppose your mind is fully made up, and any attempt at argument or persuasion is useless, even on the part of an old man like myself!"

"Quite right, Judge; utterly useless. My determination is as firmly fixed as is yours and, stand or fall, I am irrevocably identified with Maryland and the South. I thank you for your present interest in me, sir, and for all your past kindness to me. But I shall bid you good day as soon as I see my mother for a minute again."

The Judge went to summon his wife, and appeared not to find it necessary to return with her to the piazza. Possibly he regarded the proud young fellow's closing remark as a dismissal. As she came out on the porch the second time, Mrs. Prentiss regarded her son solicitously.

"You will stay with us, Philip, at least today, will you not?" she asked, as if divining the trend of his interview with the Judge.

"No, Mother dearest; not another hour. It is best thus. I cannot say how long my stay in Frederick will be, nor where I shall go when I leave there. The future of both myself and my State is just now full of doubt and uncertainty. I surely hope to be able to see you again soon, but all that is most uncertain, and I shall bid you goodbye, Mother, here and now!"

"Oh, Philip, my son, my son! To what terrible end are events shaping?"

And the little mother buried her face on his breast as she burst into tears.

Hers was, indeed, a trying position: her only living and dearly loved son shut out from free access to her home, through force of circumstances and his own deliberate choice; her husband, from birth and tradition, siding against her people and her State; herself the victim and chief sufferer in a divided household!

"There, there, Mother; as you used to teach me when a little child, we are in the hands of our Father above, and all things are in His protecting care!"

A minute or two he stood, supporting his mother's form in his strong, tender clasp, and soothing her with loving caresses. Then, as she became more composed, he led her over to one of the benches ranged at each end of the broad piazza, and seated himself beside her. He allowed himself fifteen minutes' further talk, including in part some necessary instructions as to the management of things at Ellerton in case he should be unable to give them any future attention. Then, as Lassie's impatient remonstrant neigh sounded from the road, he arose to go.

"And one thing more, Mother," he said, holding tight her hand but strangely enough looking off over the Judge's broad, rolling fields—not down into her brown eyes with his blue ones as before. "You will see that Miss Pillsbury and—and Marion Palmer, in Baltimore, are informed that I am not staying at Prentiss Hall, and shall not?"

Mrs. Prentiss was both wise and discreet; she was, moreover, a woman. Whatever she may have known of the state of affairs between the Northern beauty and her son, she had not

learned from Phil's lips. Now she answered simply, "I will see that they know."

Another fond embrace and lingering kiss; another "Goodbye, Mother dear," and Mrs. Prentiss, with a fervent "Goodbye, God bless and preserve you, my son," smiled bravely up into the young man's sternly set face—just as many and many a noble mother was doing daily throughout the length and breadth of the Southland, keeping up a brave expression at the dread moment of parting, but shedding many a tear of anguish, alone, when the last goodbye had been said. It was these same noble women of the South who, in many cases, literally buckled the sword in place as they bade the defenders of their homes God-speed in going forth to meet the invader. A similar tribute might well have been rendered the Southern women generally to that paid by the great Stonewall Jackson to the patriotic daughters of the Valley of Virginia: "God bless the women of the Valley; they are worth fighting for!"

Phil's actions were as much in disfavor with Lassie as with the scandalized Jerry. She knew it was breakfast time, and past, and after the jaunt of the night before she was full ready for a good feed of hay and oats.

Yet here was her master, after leaving her tied outside the gate of this prosperous looking Maryland farm house for a half hour or more, deliberately proceeding to mount and ride on, she knew not how much farther, as if on this fresh April morning there were no such things as hungry horses in the world. She tossed her mane, champed the bit, and half turned her pretty head to look around at her rider with inquiring, reproachful eyes: then—concluding that this was a small matter, after all, for good friends to fall out over, and responding readily to Phil's signal—she broke into a smart lope down the road to Frederick town, two miles away.

"Yes, I know you are tired and hungry, little gal, and have well earned your breakfast: you shall have it, too, before you are thirty minutes older," and Phil patted the mare's neck as he spoke.

"But you see, Lassie," he confided, "I really could not embarrass the Judge by asking him to keep two such arrant 'Rebels' (he would phrase it) as you and I. Of course, I suppose we might have accepted his Honor's invitation to breakfast with him, and I may have appeared a bit churlish in refusing same: still, there is no time like the present to begin, when you have a line of action mapped out. And then, too, Lassie," very confidentially, "such complete and early severance of diplomatic relations will serve all the more strongly, when it reaches milady's

ears (as reach them it speedily shall), to convince her that I am really and truly out of the way at Prentiss Hall, and she will have the less hesitancy in carrying out her original plan of coming thither from Baltimore again. Whatever else she may think of me, she shall have no occasion to look upon me as a cad, ready to take an unfair advantage of circumstances, or needlessly to embarrass a lady. She will find in Phil Elliott a good hard fighter to the end of the chapter, but, at all events, one who will fight fair. And fighting there is, a-plenty, in store for both of us, I am thinking, little gal, for—already the day of battle has dawned!"

Half cheerily, half sadly was this soliloquy delivered, to be followed by a long silence as Lassie cantered along the well traveled highway, her master sitting erect and rigid in the saddle, his thoughts busy with Baltimore and the very recent past—with Frederick and the immediate future.

CHAPTER XIII

AN EXILED SON

As he approached the outskirts of the historic old town, Phil spoke again, but this time entirely under his breath:

"The die is cast, Phil Elliott; the Rubicon is passed! Your own home—heritage from your fathers—is beyond the Chesapeake, at the mercy of the enemy even in the event of the most favorable turn of affairs in the field. You are and must remain a stranger to your mother's—no, your stepfather's—threshold. Your home is now where you lie down to sleep; your playground is to be the field—the field of campaign and battle, and that too, alas, in all likelihood far to the south, beyond the frontiers of your own Maryland. Not only must you turn your back on your own home, but you must, all too probably, fight the battles of your State *away* from your State. Service for and loyalty to her, means exile for you. So be it, till we gather the serried cohorts of Dixie, roll back the tide of invasion, and liberate manacled Maryland—to rise in all her ancient majesty again!"

Straight to the nearest hostelry in the town he rode, and ordered a "good square meal" for man and beast. After seeing that Lassie was provided with the best to be had in the way of a breakfast, he strode into the hotel dining room and attacked the ample and substantial fare set before him as only a healthy, hungry horseman can do.

Frederick was turned, for the nonce, into the capital of the State, and Phil found the little town all agog with rumors of what the special session of the Legislature, in the present emergency, was or was not going to do. He met several personal friends and acquaintances at the inn—some, members of the Legislature; others, like himself, unofficial but active onlookers.

His breakfast over, he was stepping out the door to see to it that his directions for a careful rubbing down for Lassie were not neglected, when he met a broad-shouldered young fellow coming in.

"Why, hello, Steve;" "Well, is this you, Phil?" they cried in a breath, and shook hands warmly.

It was Steve Meriwether—his ally and friend-in-need on the occasion of the Baltimore riot—whom Phil thus met at the door of the Frederick inn.

"You are down here keeping an eye on the proceedings, I suppose?" said the young mechanic, as they seated themselves on a bench by the door, for a chat.

"Yes; and you, Steve—are you on the same errand?"

"Well, pretty much, I reckon. I am not so directly concerned in the proceedings of the Legislature as you—rather, haven't the voice in high councils that you have." This a little wistfully. "But," proudly, "I was one of the fifteen thousand that enrolled under Trimble on the 20th, and—I never turn back! Baltimore is now doomed, and I am here to march with Bradley Johnson when and where he leads."

"Good!" and the young planter brought his hand down with a thump on the shoulder of the sturdy yeoman beside him. "And from present prospects, Steve, we shall soon have need of as many like you as can be had."

"And they will be forthcoming, depend on that!" returned Meriwether, confidently. "I suppose you are putting up at Judge Prentiss', while here?"

"No," said Phil, slowly, "I am not. The fact is, Steve, the Judge is from the North, you know, and to save him any possible embarrassment, I let him know that I should stop here in the town. I expect to put up at this hotel."

Steve nodded, comprehendingly.

"I see," he murmured; "I never thought of that. But, such being the case, Phil, and with this hotel crowded as it is, I should be very glad to place at your disposal what accommodations I may, and have you for my guest as long as you find occasion to remain in Frederick. I am staying at my uncle's here, and shall be only too glad to have you and Lassie—that is, if agreeable to you."

He spoke cordially, but not without some hesitancy. They had always been the best of friends, this young gentleman farmer and the son of his overseer; and yet—would Phil be altogether pleased at the idea of stopping as guest under his, Steve Meriwether's, humble roof?

Phil Elliott quickly set his doubts at rest. "Thank you, Steve, I shall be most glad to accept your kind invitation," he said, promptly; "provided, only, the arrangement is entirely agreeable to your uncle."

"Make yourself easy on that point, Phil; my friend is a friend of my uncle John," said Steve.

He did not add, what Phil was soon to find out, that he was not only the nephew of Mr. John Meriwether, grocer, who could thus promise in advance his uncle's hospitality, but was also the accepted lover of pretty Jennie Truesdell, his uncle's ward and distant relative, and the darling of the old man's heart, and that, being such, he was doubly in a position to speak with authority as he had just done.

So, instead of putting up at the hotel, it was at the bluff old grocer's that Phil Elliott stayed during his sojourn in Frederick, only first making sure that his doing so would cause no embarrassment to his worthy host, on the score of politics. Minding well that morning's interview with Judge Prentiss, Phil broached the subject promptly upon Steve's introduction of him to his uncle.

The jolly grocer laughed till his sides shook.

"Known as one of the young Rebel ringleaders, are you? Thought mebbe I'd be afraid that it might git me into trouble with our Yankee friends? Don't bother your head another second on that point, Mr. Elliott. John Meriwether is old enough and big enough" (Mr. Meriwether tipped the scales at 280) "to take care of himself. Everybody knows where John stands, and if they don't like what John says, or does, or thinks, why, they know where they can find him to tell him so. He has one nephew here now, about to shoulder a gun for Maryland and Dixie, and two sons down Wicomico Way that he will disown if they don't do the same, once the ball has opened up. He only wishes he had a few years off his age and a few pounds off his frame, so he could join the fray himself. But the old man had his share of the fun, when a mere lad, with Jackson at New Orleans, and he will have to rest content with that, I reckon."

Phil lost no time in looking up Bradley Johnson. He found that aggressive lawyer, politician and soldier daily becoming more and more disgusted at the fruitless deliberations of the Assembly in this time of pressing emergency.

"They will do nothing!" he declared, on the occasion of one of Phil's visits to his quarters. "They deliberate, they resolve, they protest; they waste golden moments in viewing with alarm the gathering storm that they will not meet and from which they cannot fly. Our chance of outright secession and formal union with the new Confederacy is gone for the present; our hopes for an efficient militia under a competent Committee of Safety are vanishing into thin air.

"They will not do what even yet may be done. Let them talk on till they find themselves in Northern prisons; we, Elliott, who can act as well as talk, will place ourselves in Southern camps. And, by my word, there *shall be a Maryland Line* in the armies of the Confederacy! We may not have our representatives in the Southern Congress, but the State that gave us Gist and Howard, that flashed her sword in the forefront at Long Island and at the Cowpens in behalf of liberty, must and shall have her representatives, under her own name, in the Southern legions."

And the fiery Johnson, with eyes flashing, brought his clenched fist down on the table before him with a force that set the window panes of the room a-jingle.

"I have arranged with Commissioner Mason, of Virginia," he continued, "for the reception of the Maryland troops, as such, into the armies of the Confederate States. I have opened communication with Colonel Jackson, commanding the Virginian forces at Harper's Ferry, looking to a rendezvous for our men in his vicinity. Phil Elliott, you know my plans and are in hearty sympathy with them. The time for parley is over; we must set our faces toward Virginia and the front. I want you to take a message from me to Col. Jackson, and shall ask you to go at once, the first thing in the morning."

And go Phil did, he and Southern Lassie! Johnson was no quicker to plan than was his subordinate to execute.

CHAPTER XIV

AN UNOPENED LETTER

Judge Prentiss was not only the cousin of Marion Palmer: he was also the guardian of this orphan relative, and it had been decided, during her Christmas visit, that Prentiss Hall was to be her permanent home—the young lady still lacking nearly two years of her majority: it may be added, incidentally, that this meant it would also be the home of her aunt, Miss Pillsbury.

And it was with frankly expressed satisfaction that this same estimable Miss Pillsbury, in Baltimore, learned from Mrs. Prentiss' letter that Philip Elliott would not be, even temporarily, an inmate of the Judge's home.

"Thank fortune, Marion," she said, addressing her niece, when she had read aloud the communication from Phil's mother, "you and I can now proceed to our destination in peace of mind." You will not be further annoyed by the attentions of that irrepressible young Southern adventurer!" Miss Alicia Pillsbury was not very happily accurate in the choice of her epithets. "Your sensible treatment of him the other evening *ought*, of course, to be sufficient to put him forever out of the way; still, with his unbounded effrontery, our being under the same roof with him at the Judge's might have led him to renew his efforts to thrust himself upon your company. At all events, it would have been an awkward and unpleasant situation."

Miss Pillsbury, highly elated at the turn affairs had taken within the past few weeks, congratulated herself that whatever unaccountable fancy her niece might once have entertained for Elliott (if it really amounted to so much), had been removed by his activity in "Rebel" councils of late, and especially by the events of the 19th of April: so the good lady lost no opportunity to refresh Marion's memory, or to disparage the object of her own displeasure.

If perseverance and iteration are qualities of success, then Miss Alicia deserved, to the fullest, to succeed in her efforts to utterly alienate her niece from any feeling even of tolerance for the young Marylander. The lady certainly possessed perseverance; moreover, she was like history—very prone to repeat herself.

If she had been less intent on what she was saying, and more observant of Marion, Miss Alicia would have noticed that

the girl—with cheeks a brighter hue than usual, and an ominous flash in her brown eyes—seemed on the point, two or three times, of interrupting. As if on second thought, however, she heard her aunt through to the end. She then assented, quietly and briefly: "It will be more agreeable to all concerned, I am sure!"

"Yes, indeed, dear," Miss Alicia continued, briskly. "And we may as well carry out your original plan, and terminate our visit here tomorrow. The country air is just the thing we both need, this warm spring weather."

"Yes, Aunt Alicia," with more alacrity than before. "You are not entirely well, yet, and this enervating season has put me quite out of sorts. I shall be glad to get away from the continual social rounds of the city, and," with emphasis, "devoutly hope that we two shall be the only visitors at Prentiss Hall for a long time to come."

Miss Pillsbury smiled to herself. She had her own plans as to what the program was to be after their arrival at Cousin Herbert's. She believed in striking while the iron was hot, did Miss Alicia. "That impudent young Elliott" had been, at last, disposed of: that was one great forward step. The next in order was to clinch the long pending affair between her niece and Guy Hancock. Marion was not as favorably disposed toward her handsome young cousin as Miss Alicia could wish, else all had been well long since. But lately, and especially since the news of Guy's peril at the hands of the Baltimore mob, her aunt had noted a change for the better in this regard: Marion had manifested the greatest concern when the tidings of the outbreak reached them, and had shown all the resentment against the assailants of Guy and his comrades that even Miss Alicia could have desired.

Now, with Marion back at Prentiss Hall, and Lieutenant Hancock stationed at Washington—well, young officers could obtain furloughs and leaves of absence on occasions, and a visit from Guy at this time, properly managed, should effect important results. It would be properly managed—for would not Miss Alicia herself be on the ground to see to that?

Marion's profession of relief at Phil's absence from Prentiss Hall was sincere. It certainly would be more agreeable to all concerned, as she had expressed it to Aunt Alicia. She was thoroughly angry with him and with all like him in his State, for their political course in general, and for what she regarded as their unprovoked and cold-blooded assault on the troops from her own beloved New England, in particular. She was glad he was out of the way, once for all, she told herself, and that she had had the opportunity to dismiss and crush him

as she had. Yes, and on second thought she was disposed to agree with Aunt Alicia in that lady's estimate of him as an insufferably impudent and irrepressible young man. His deliberate avowal to her on that last night, at the very moment of her emphatic dismissal of him, was maddening in its exasperating coolness and audacity: she now stamped her little foot in pure vexation at the bare recollection of it.

Yet on one point she was not comfortable. Quick, passionate, resentful and autocratic—Marion Palmer undoubtedly was: but she also had a keen sense of justice, and with all her grievances (as she regarded it) against Phil Elliott, she had unwittingly been unjust to him. She had charged him with a large share of responsibility for the assault upon, and imminent peril of Guy Hancock when—as she now knew from Hancock himself—it was to Phil's pluck and heroism that the Lieutenant owed his life. She would—yes, she would like the opportunity to make amends to him on this one point.

Was it with a vague hope of a chance meeting with him here, if only for a moment, that she glanced around her as she alighted at the station?—that same station whither he had ridden that cold winter morning to bid her goodbye. If so, her hope was doomed to disappointment, and her searching glance was fruitless.

But, after all—she asked herself—why bother? Her injustice, as she had been disposed to term it, was natural—born of ignorance: he knew this and could himself have set her right, had he chosen: she now comprehended that he had so hinted to her at the time. Yes, it was only his own obstinacy or foolish pride that was to blame, so she certainly would give herself no further concern over the matter. And yet—could she blame him, under the circumstances, for his proud silence? Did she not, in fact, admire him for it? If so, did she not, more than ever, desire an opportunity to tell him that she now knew, and to thank him for what he had done? Was she not now in a position to make this amend, as she could not help regarding it, without being misconstrued? Could she not, indeed, turn this incident to account in the way of yet more firmly and irrevocably, if possible, fixing the breach between them? She could make her explanation (Marion would not even to herself call it an *apology*, and give him her thanks on the ground of her special interest in Guy Hancock, her generally acknowledged suitor!

It was a very lively Marion who appeared at the Judge's supper table that evening, chatting gaily of her recent visits, and narrating amusing adventures and incidents. Miss Alicia Pillsbury, from her watchtower of sleepless scrutiny of her

niece's moods and fancies, smiled a knowing smile to herself, and that very night wrote a letter to Guy Hancock, at Washington, ready to send it off in the morning's mail. But it was a very abstracted and meditative Marion who, an hour later, sat in her room and summoned her maid, Eliza, preparatory to retiring.

Eliza was a sprightly young colored girl, one of the goodly number of Negroes formerly belonging to Judge Prentiss' uncle, and left at his death to the Judge and Chad, along with Prentiss Hall. She had been brought up as one of the house servants, and proved admirably fitted for the position of lady's maid. The Judge had offered her as a birthday present to his ward, but Miss Marion, true in practice as well as theory to her anti-slavery tenets, had declined to become, even to that extent, a slaveholder. She was impressed with the young Negress' intelligence and deftness as an attendant, however, and made the proposition to her guardian that she buy Eliza from him, with the purpose of making out papers of manumission and retaining her as her hired servant. Whereupon the Judge, who, although a Northerner, was not troubled by any such scruples as those of his young kinswoman (as evidenced by his acceptance of his uncle's bequests to him, Negroes and all), made a counter proposition to Marion. He would become a convert to her views he said, to the extent of the voluntary emancipation of this particular one of his Negroes, and his ward might make what arrangements she pleased with the girl. This was accordingly done, and Eliza, retained by Marion as her maid at a stipulated remuneration, had accompanied her upon her visit to the North.

Eliza was a bright girl, who used her eyes and ears to advantage. She had been in daily attendance on Marion, now, for the past six months, was devoted to her kind young mistress, and quick to note her every change of mood or manner. She knew that something had gone wrong these past few days, and had her own notions as to the nature and cause of the trouble.

She had spent the evening down in the kitchen with her former co-servants, and there formed the centre of an admiring group, eager listeners to this traveled friend and her graphic accounts of her sojourn in the Northern cities. She had also picked up from them a vast amount of home news and gossip. In the midst of her triumphant reception came the summons from Marion, who wished to prepare for retiring earlier than usual this particular evening.

"Well, Eliza, I suppose you are glad to get back to Prentiss Hall? I hope all your people are well."

Eliza was occupied in brushing Miss Palmer's hair, and

Marion, resting languidly in an easy chair, seemed by an effort to arouse herself from a fit of deep abstraction and to make the remark more than anything else for the sake of saying something and evincing a kindly interest in her maid and her affairs.

"Oh yes, Miss Marion; they's all quite well, thank you."

"No doubt they were all rejoiced to see you back again, and to hear you recount your adventures in 'them Northern furrin parts,' as Jerry used to say. By the way, speaking of Jerry, you found him as devoted as ever, I suppose? Or has he proven fickle during your long absence?"

Marion, recalling the attachment that had long existed between the two, asked the question with a motive. If it had thus proved lasting, she would try to arrange for the purchase of Jerry from Mrs. Prentiss, and give him at one and the same time his freedom and his heart's desire. Her freed maid should not have a slave husband: of that she was determined, if it were merely a question of providing means for his manumission.

"Jerry!" said Eliza, with a fine show of indifference: "I ain't hardly set eyes on that nigger since—"

"Eliza!" reprovingly.

Miss Palmer had, during the past few months, taken her maid in hand and set to work diligently to inculcate new conceptions in her mind both of the true and rightful position of her race, as the lady saw it, and its relations to the Caucasian, as well as of proper modes of expression in general, and was ever watchful to see that Eliza's language conformed to this new order of things.

"Yes, Miss Marion," hurriedly. "As I was saying, I have scarcely seen that young man since I reached here. The fact is, Miss Marion, the white folks—Mrs. Prentiss, I mean—had sent him into Frederick this afternoon, and he just got back when you sent for me."

"To Frederick?" repeated Marion, absently, as the girl came to a pause.

"Yes'm. He say the Missus done sent him thar to tote some things in to Marse Phil—to carry some washing to Mr. Elliott." Eliza prided herself on the progress she had made under Miss Palmer's tuition, but after the meeting with her former associates down stairs she found it difficult not to relapse into the old forms of expression.

A minute's silence followed, Eliza standing behind Miss Marion's chair and braiding her hair for the night—the luxuriant tresses falling like a flood of golden light over her neck and shoulders. But the girl's eyes were no less busy than her nimble fingers, and—Marion's countenance was reflected in

the mirror opposite which she sat. It was a very flushed countenance just now, and her eyelids had suddenly dropped at the mention of Phil Elliott's name.

"It 'pears like Jerry ain't bothered 'bout me, nor no other gals, neither, jes' now, and good riddance, too," Eliza resumed, carelessly, but with her glance still on the mirror. "He's jes' naturally all took up wid Marse Phil," and she did not correct the slip this time, nor did her mistress seem to note it. "He think a sight of Marse Phil, that nigger do, an' he ain't seed him since Chris'mus till he come by t'other day on de way to Frederick. He say Marse Phil's so busy wid all dem other gen'lmen an' their meetin's thar that he 'bleeged to stop in Frederick 'stid ob here; that Prentiss Hall is too fur away, an' he don' 'spec' to hab no time to run over here an' see he ma."

Eliza vouchsafed all this just as if she did not have a pretty clear idea that it was no news to her mistress—in fact, she shrewdly guessed that Miss Marion Palmer could, if so inclined, tell somewhat of the why and the wherefore of the state of affairs that she, Eliza, had just recounted.

"But Jerry say Missus send him in wid sump'n er nuther to Marse Phil ev'y day," Eliza resumed, after another long silence which her mistress did not seem disposed to break. "He say Marse Phil been talkin' 'bout goin' to Furginny, soon, an' Jerry's goin' tomorrer mornin' to take him in some socks he ma been knittin' foh him."

Marion evinced no further interest in the girl's flow of gossip, and in a short while told Eliza she might go.

"You say Jerry had come in before I called for you?" she said. "He ought to be given the same opportunity as the others to hear you recite your experiences and adventures. And Eliza—" as the girl was closing the door after her.

"Yes, Miss Marion."

"You say Jerry is going to Frederick the first thing in the morning?"

"Yes'm. He say he goin' to start befo' breakfas'."

"Well, I have several letters I wish to go off in the mornin's mail to the city. Tell Jerry I shall want to see him before he leaves."

"Yes, Miss Marion, I'll tell him that fer sho."

And to herself she added, as she descended the back stairs: "Yes, Missus, I 'spec' you does want to see Jerry befo' he start fer Frederick in de mornin'! You 'pear to pay powerful little 'tention to what dis nigger been tellin' you 'bout Marse Phil stayin' in Frederick 'stid er under he own ma's roof, but you can't fool me, playin' possum: I know dat las' what I tol' you 'bout Marse Phil talkin' 'bout lightin' out fer Furginny

goin' fetch you! No, sirree; you can't fool dis chile; she got a pair ob eyes in huh haid, she is!"

From which it will be seen that Eliza counted herself a diplomat; also, that when once out of the presence of her mistress, her native idiom was apt to resume full sway of her restless tongue.

Left alone, Marion Palmer sat long before the open fireplace, where a bright wood fire (kindled to dispel the dampness of a cloudy May evening) blazed and crackled cheerily.

She made a pretty picture, with the lights and shadows chasing each other over her loose flowing, bright colored wrapper, and playing hide and seek in her rich, sunny tresses. Not more ruddy were the embers glowing between the andirons than the deep color that had surged into her cheeks; not more bright the leaping flames than the sparkle of her brown eyes; not more dark the flickering shadows than the soft, vervety depths of those same wonderful eyes—eyes at once laughing and dreamy, deeply dark as the midnight heavens, yet as brilliant as the brightest star of which those heavens might boast. Her small white hands and beautifully rounded arms, bared to the elbow in their loosely flowing sleeves, lay listless in her lap; her cherry-red lips showed a pensive droop, while a frown of perplexity knitted her rather low, finely moulded forehead and arched eyebrows. Her long, dark lashes curtained her glance as she looked dreamily into the fire; yet her little head, thrown back and resting upon the cushioned chair, assumed something of a haughty tilt, bringing into prominence her piquant little nose, and exposing to view a beautiful, plump throat of snowy whiteness above the folds of the soft, clinging wrapper, unfastened at the neck.

A half hour had elapsed since the door closed upon the receding figure of Eliza, and still Marion sat in deep thought, motionless save for the occasional clasping and unclasping of her fingers and the nervous tapping of a slippered foot upon the hearth. Then, with a deepdrawn sigh, and still gazing into the now dying fire, she spoke slowly and under her breath, but with an air of decision:

"Yes, that is what I shall do. He shall never have cause to accuse me of wilful injustice. I shall so phrase it that my motive cannot possibly be misconstrued and—and—anyway, he is too thoroughly a gentleman to presume upon it!"

Opening her desk and adding the light of two shaded candles to that of the unshaded one that had been flickering faintly on the bureau, Marion got out her writing paper and took the dainty little gold pen between her fingers. Several times did she write half way down a page, or more, then tear the paper into bits and fling them upon the smouldering embers. But

when, well on toward midnight, she put out the light and sought her couch she left, neatly folded on her desk, a missive that read as follows:

Dear Mr. Elliott:

From facts that have only recently come to my knowledge, I am constrained to write and express my heartfelt thanks for your kind and courageous service to my cousin, Lieut. Hancock. From what he tells me, he owes his life to you. For his sake and my own I feel that I cannot rest without voicing my gratitude to you, and, asking your pardon for any injustice I may have unwittingly done you by charging you with part responsibility for Guy's peril on the occasion in question—a responsibility which, if once existing, has been fully atoned for and wiped out by your subsequent heroic action.

You will, I am sure, respect the motive that impels me to write you this, and not deem it necessary to make reply, by letter or otherwise. Again thanking you for the great kindness to my friend, and hence to myself, I am,

Sincerely

MARION PALMER

This note she read over yet again the following morning, pondered a minute as if irresolute, then sealed and directed it preparatory to delivering to Jerry with the letters for the morning's mail.

Jerry, cap in hand, awaited on the back porch Miss Marion's appearance. She handed him the three or four letters, with instructions to take them to the postoffice in time for the outgoing mail. She gave him a dollar for the requisite postage, and told him he might keep the change for himself.

"Thank you, thank you, Miss Maryun," and Jerry, with his ivory in full evidence, was about to take his departure.

"And Jerry—" a little hesitantly.

"Yes'm." The sable mercury was all attention.

"You have some things to take from Mrs. Prentiss to Mr. Elliott, I believe?"

"Yes'm. Miss Louisa tell me to be sho to git them thar safe de fus' thing."

"Then take this," handing Jerry a missive directed to "Mr. Philip Elliott, By Messenger," and speaking hurriedly. "Give this to Mr. Elliott—himself, mind you; not to someone else for him. Give it to him the last thing before you leave, and be sure you tell him that no answer is to be sent. I have always taken you to be a man that could be relied upon to do just as you are told. This note is for Mr. Elliott's eyes alone, mind you, and see that you mention this to no one—not even to

Eliza. Here, take this," and thrusting into the boy's palm a shining half eagle, she turned and went into the house.

The grinning Jerry took his departure for Frederick, soliloquizing the while: "Kin she trus' me? 'Spec' dis nigger knows whar he corn pone's buttered de thickes'. Don' tell even 'Liza? Hi! reckon dat sassy, frowsey haid nigger needn' put on so many airs nohow; Missus know who to trus' huh consequential bus'ness wid! Trus Jerry? 'Cose she kin! He gwine do prezac'ly what he tol' to do, he is. Marse Phil, you gits de letter; Jerry, he gits he five dollars and Miss Maryun's 'ternal confidence, an' dat stuckup, no 'count 'Liza, she git lef'!"

Jerry chuckled, not loud, but deep, and fingered his gold piece lovingly.

But it was a very solemn, not to say woe-begone Jerry that returned to Prentiss Hall some hours later, and at the first opportunity sent through Eliza a request to see Miss Marion.

Eliza returned and ushered Jerry into the library, where Marion was sitting, sewing.

"Well, Jerry; what is it?"

"Missus, here de change," Jerry replied, hesitatingly, with an appealing glance at Miss Palmer and a significant rolling of his optics toward Eliza, standing just inside the door.

Marion's surprise at his answer was instantly followed by comprehension of the cause. "Eliza, I will call when I need you," she said, and the curious but well-trained Eliza withdrew.

"No, Jerry; I told you you might keep the change for your own use. Is there anything else?"

"Yes'm, Miss Maryun: but I 'membered what you done tol' me dis mornin', an' knowed you didn' want dat weasel-eyed 'Liza pesterin' roun'. I done bring you back yo' letter," and he held out to her the envelope directed to Philip Elliott. The seals thereon were unbroken.

So he had refused to read her letter! She would not have thought that of him. And yet, she asked herself, could she altogether blame him?

Mechanically she took the dainty missive from Jerry's black fingers.

"What did he say?" she asked, quietly.

"Who; Marse Phil? Why, he didn't say nothin', Missus; Marse Phil done gone. Mistuh Meriwether, de gen'lman whar he boad's, he say dat Marse Phil lef' dis mornin' at sunup. He rid away on Lassie, Mistuh Meriwether didn' know whar; but I 'spec' it was to Furginny. An' he took he saddle bags wid him, an' say he mought come back in a day or two, an' agin, he moughtn' come back no mo' 't all."

CHAPTER XV

OVER THE HILLS OF FREDERICK

Phil's conference with Captain Johnson was held late in the evening, after a *busy*, but what two impatient young Patriots were disposed to regard as a worse than *fruitless* day on the part of the Legislature.

In accordance with the decision arrived at between them, Phil returned to Mr. Meriwether's and packed his saddle bags before retiring. He told Steve he would have to make an early start on an important mission in the morning, and asked that a cold breakfast be set out on the table for him that night.

It was characteristic of the two young men and warm friends that the one should say nothing of the nature of his mission, nor mention his destination, and that the other should take it as a matter of course not to learn anything of his comrade's plans. In their political and military operations and preparations, Captain Johnson and his trusty lieutenant, Philip Elliott, believed in not letting their left hand know what their right hand did till after it was done and a thing of the past. And Steve Meriwether, the grandson and nephew of soldiers, and a prospective soldier himself, was imbued with the true soldier spirit of minding his own affairs and leaving others to mind theirs—be those others even his own bosom friends and compatriots. But when Phil made mention of the cold breakfast, his host smiled to himself and said nothing.

With the first streak of the May dawn, Phil was astir. Lassie must have a good feed and a thorough currying before anything else was thought of. As on many prior occasions, Phil proceeded to attend to this in person, clad in roustabout and overalls. Half an hour later, with a final pat of Lassie's neck he left the little mare contentedly munching her generous feed of hay, her sides sleek and glossy.

As Phil approached the kitchen he heard voices, as of two persons in conversation, and entering, he found Miss Jennie Truesdell engaged in putting on the table a smoking breakfast for one; and the obedient Steve was assisting.

Phil looked reproachfully at his friend. "So that is what you call a cold snack, is it, for a fellow who gets up and hies away at an unconscionable hour in the morning?"

"No," interposed the flushed and smiling Jennie; "it is what we call a hot breakfast, gladly prepared for our guest who is obliged to take an early departure in the service of our

Cause and our country. Steve asked me to see that you had a good, warm meal before leaving. If he had said nothing to me about it, and let you go off on a cold lunch as you requested—well, I would have made it hot enough for *him*." And she doubled up her little first and shook it warningly at the big fellow beside her.

And Steve—"Stephen the Silent," Phil had long since dubbed him—smiled and said nothing. His uncle John sometimes declared that when Steve appeared on the scene and captured the black-eyed, vivacious village belle before the very eyes of her circle of suitors of long standing, he had had an eye to a mate who would do the talking for both.

Phil, fresh from his exercise as groom to Lassie, did full justice to Miss Jennie's good breakfast, and was more firmly convinced than ever that his friend Steve had made no mistake in his choice. Ah, Phil, my boy! you are like the rest of masculine humanity—there is no shorter or surer route to your heart than that via your palate.

Steve and Jennie, from the barnyard gate, watched Phil mount and ride off.

"Steve, say goodbye for me to your uncle, in case I don't see him again. But quite likely I shall be back shortly, for a day or so at least, though that is somewhat uncertain. Miss Jennie, many thanks and—goodbye."

"Yes, Phil, you and I shall meet again soon, somewhere or other. When Captain Johnson gives the word, I am off!" called Steve, as Lassie caracoled down the street and the first long, golden lances of the sun shot athwart the barnyard.

Together Steve Meriwether and his affianced watched the receding figure of the stalwart young cavalier till, rising in the stirrups and with a backward glance, he doffed his slouch hat and, turning into a cross street, disappeared from view.

A full minute they stood silent, leaning on the low board fence, their gaze in the direction of their no longer visible friend. Jennie was the first to speak.

"Oh, Steve," she said, clasping both hands about her lover's arm and speaking with a little break in her voice that caused Steve to turn and regard her solicitously: "Oh, Steve, this—this is the beginning of war! I realize it as I have not done up to this moment. He yet has on only civilian's clothes, but he is really a soldier departing for the front, and somehow I feel—I feel that he will never return to this house well and strong as he went! And—and—you, too, will be going soon; then when, if ever, shall we meet again? I would not keep you back if I could, and yet—and yet—!"

And Phil Elliott also was asking, as he cantered down the

road that led to Colonel Jackson and Virginia, "When, oh when, shall we meet again?"

But his thoughts were not of those good friends from whom he had just parted: they were of another—of the girl he had left in Baltimore. Was she still in Baltimore? he wondered; or was she even now at Prentiss Hall, that lay over yonder, barely out of sight beyond the intervening woods and hills? A short distance out from Frederick he reached an elevation in the road from which the roof and chimneys of the Judge's mansion were visible and, reining up Lassie, he turned in the saddle and cast a lingering look behind. Then, with his thoughts of the brave little mother he had left under that roof a few days before, and of that other one, he took off his hat and sat with head bowed upon his breast. 'Twas only a minute thus; then, with a word to Lassie, he was off on his mission.

Over the hills and dales of Frederick county Lassie carried him as only Lassie could: the day was yet young when the ride of twenty-five miles or so was over and Phil drew rein at his destination—the headquarters of Col. Jackson, commanding the Virginian forces at Harper's Ferry and vicinity.

As Bradley Johnson had informed Phil the evening before, he had already communicated with the Virginian commander in regard to the assembling of Maryland volunteers in the neighborhood of his command, and had found him favorably disposed toward the proposition. In fact, Col. Jackson occupied a position of both military and political responsibility at Harper's Ferry, and one of the matters engaging his attention was the establishment of as friendly and cordial relations as possible with the people and authorities of Maryland. Phil Elliott's mission was to arrange with Jackson certain details as to the exact point of rendezvous for the Marylanders on the Virginian side, and the manner of providing for their needs, which were quickly settled. The next day, May 8th, he met Johnson and his Frederick company on the march; with them he crossed the Potomac and reported to Captain Turner Ashby, the gallant Virginian cavalier who was posted with his cavalry on the Virginian side, opposite the Point of Rocks. Ashby, for the time being, was to provide the Maryland contingent with rations.

CHAPTER XVI

QUIET COL. JACKSON

Col. Jackson held an important post of command, and occupied a strategic position geographically.

Harper's Ferry, the place chosen by John Brown for his first onslaught on Virginia, is at the northern or "lower" entrance to the Shenandoah Valley, and Jackson was posted here to watch and thwart the threatened tide of invasion on the part of Brown's successors. It also commanded the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, connecting the cities of Baltimore and Washington with the coal fields of the west. Here, too, the old government had established an arsenal and manufactories of small arms, and so important was the place deemed that within a very few hours after the passage of Virginia's ordinance of secession on April 17th, her Governor had ordered the neighboring commands of State troops thither; they seized the place on the following day, saving from the destruction attempted by the United States commander a portion of the arms stored there, and so sorely needed by Virginia and the South. And Bradley Johnson and his Maryland volunteers were there to help, as Chad had related to Phil.

A place of surpassing beauty and grandeur is this locality, where the waters of the Potomac and the Shenandoah join forces and, breaking through the barrier of the majestic Blue Ridge, go singing on to the sea. Loudoun Heights and Maryland Heights, the former on the Virginian, the latter on the Maryland side of the Potomac, frown down upon the little town, completely dominating its position, and, unless the defending forces were large enough to occupy and hold against the invader these elevations, this Thermopylae of Virginia would be converted into either an untenable position, or a veritable death trap for its gallant defenders. Whether such a sufficient force could be collected there in time for defense against the Northern invaders, remained to be seen; but at all events Col. Jackson was determined to hold on and make a brave showing against the threatening hosts under Patterson then assembling at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania.

Jackson's own idea seems to have been to strengthen as much as possible the Southern forces and position at Harpers Ferry, and there to make a determined stand against the invader at the very threshold of his beloved State: if need be to make of Harper's Ferry a second Thermopylae in very truth—at once to hearten Virginia and the South in their fight for home and

hearthstone, and at the outset to warn the invader of the desperately determined spirit of the people whom he would conquer.

A peculiar individual was this quiet Col. Jackson, still under forty years of age; a pious member of the Presbyterian Church, and lately a professor in the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington. Reserved and taciturn, he seemed to be principally known for his eccentricities, including among these his reluctance to express his opinions, and his tenacious, dogged adherence to these opinions when once they were expressed. He proved himself a man of thought and action, rather than of words. He was also a man of prayer; his implicit, child-like trust in a personal Providence became the wonder and laughing-stock of the heedless, as it was the marvel and admiration of the thoughtful. Kind and gentle, he ever thought of the comfort of others, seeking to conform even his conversation to their tastes and preferences. Once he arose in the middle of the night to look after the welfare of a sick child in the house where he was a guest.

As a patriot, however, he was stern and relentless, so that he stood ready, both on grounds of principle and expediency, to raise the black flag in "this our second war for Independence," as he called it, against the invaders. He held that they deserved no better fate than that of their forerunner, the assassin John Brown, whose memory they delighted to honor; that, as they deliberately inaugurated a war of invasion and conquest, they should neither ask for nor receive quarter in a contest of such causeless aggression and bloodthirstiness. He believed, in short, that the nature of the North's attack upon the South put the conflict altogether into a different class from that of the average warfare between nations; that some point of honor or ambition is usually involved, rather than a mere desire to deliberately murder a nation. He held that the would-be assassins of his Government were not entitled to be dealt with according to the prevailing rules of civilized warfare.

Yet, when those in authority above him decided upon the opposite course, he readily acquiesced and did his part to carry out the scrupulously humane policy of the Confederacy which, throughout that long, bloody struggle, put to shame a thousand times over the unprincipled and barbarous tactics of those claiming to fight to uphold the "honor and integrity" of "the best and most enlightening government in the world."*

**See how Roosevelt and other Northerners sought to shame German barbarities in the World War by contrasting such with Lee's humane actions in Pennsylvania and Semmes' on the sea—not with Sherman in Georgia, Sheridan in the Valley, or Butler in New Orleans.—L. T. E.*

This quiet and unobtrusive gentleman was to many merely a good, eccentric, iron-willed individual, of no special talents or attainments: to a few he was the embodiment of a reserve force of tremendous and terrific potentiality. He had attained some reputation as a stark fighter in his capacity as a gallant young officer of artillery in the Mexican war; when Virginia had taken the plunge of secession in the face of the approaching storm, and was preparing in grim earnestness for the fray, he was one of the experienced soldiers from among her valiant sons that she called to her aid. It was first determined by the Executive War Council of the State to employ him in the Engineering department, with the rank of Major—a position of routine and comparative unimportance. A fit commander for the important position of Harper's Ferry was at the time being sought for, and some of Jackson's friends, indignant at what they regarded as the slight which had been shown him, suggested his name for the place. To the credit of the Council, influenced as it was by the voice of Virginia's great War Governor, John Letcher, they revoked their first appointment and commissioned Jackson Colonel to take command at the gateway of the Valley.

"Who is this Major Jackson to whom we are asked to commit so responsible a post?" was asked in the Convention, when this appointment came up in that body for confirmation.

"He is one," came the ringing response of the member from Jackson's residence county of Rockbridge, "who, if you order him to hold a post, will never leave it alive to be occupied by the enemy!"

The gentleman from Rockbridge might have added that Major Jackson was as good at inducing the enemy to evacuate his positions as he was at holding his own; that, if he was a "stone wall" in defensive warfare, he was a veritable *thunderbolt* when the aggressive was assumed.

So the newly commissioned Virginian colonel was sent by the Governor to assume command at Harper's Ferry, and he promptly expressed his gratitude to Providence for giving him a post which he preferred above all others, and for allowing him an independent command; the quiet teacher from Lexington, though he knew how to obey implicitly those in authority above him, far preferred a position where the orders should be given by himself.

He believed in finding out the enemy's plans to the fullest possible extent, did Col. Jackson, while keeping his own plans close from even his own trusted lieutenants. (He once remarked that if his own coat knew his plans, he would burn it.) This characteristic of the man was illustrated on the occasion

of a visit from a committee of the Maryland Legislature, shortly after his assumption of command at Harper's Ferry. Among other things he was asked the number of his troops. He had no wish to offend the representatives of the sister State of Maryland, whose help and co-operation Virginia desired and invited. Neither did he have the slightest intention of furnishing the gentlemen the information asked for.

"I should be glad if Lincoln thought I had fifteen thousand," came the prompt and eminently satisfactory (?) reply of Col. Jackson, soldier and diplomatist.

As a matter of fact, he had under him, at about the time of his arrival at Harper's Ferry, some 2,500 troops, subsequently increased to 4,500. Poorly armed and half disciplined he found his little army, but he set to work with characteristic promptness and energy to establish proper discipline and acquire as fast as possible the necessary supplies and accoutrements—to transform the conglomerate aggregation of raw recruits and scattered militia into a compact, efficient body of troops.

A tall, muscular, soldierly man was Col. Jackson, with a broad, white forehead, Roman nose; a firm, expressive mouth which was not too much concealed by his brown beard. Ruddy cheeks he had, and eyes of blue, usually as calm as the cloudless summer sky, but capable of flashing fire, like the lightning that at times darts from that sky, when some luckless young officer seemed disposed to cross his commander's will. But this did not often happen; the iron determination of the silent commander was not long in becoming generally known and, perforce, respected.

Such was the unobtrusive, we might say obscure, Scotch-Irish "blue-light elder" assigned to the command of the important post of Harper's Ferry in the spring of 'sixty-one.

He was a good horseman, this Col. Jackson, if not, perhaps, the most graceful of riders. He had a quick eye for a good steed, as Phil Elliott discovered to his delight on the occasion of his first meeting with the Virginian commander. Phil had delivered Captain Johnson's note and received Col. Jackson's directions by way of answer, concerning the disposition to be made of the Maryland volunteers upon their arrival. His mission executed, the young Marylander saluted and turned to depart; but the Colonel stopped him with a restraining gesture.

"When will Capt. Johnson be ready to start with his command, sir?" asked Jackson, in his precise, almost curt, but not unkindly tone.

"By tomorrow, at latest, Colonel."

"Good," crumpling up Johnson's letter in his large, brawny

hand, as was his wont. "And are there other commands from Maryland ready to follow?"

"Oh yes, Colonel; companies, or parts of companies, and individual volunteers by the hundred and the thousand."

Jackson looked keenly at the young man, who returned his gaze respectfully but fearlessly.

"You speak with confidence, sir."

"Yes, Colonel; I have been in close touch with all parts of the State for three months past, and know that the young men are eager to get to the front and enlist under the flag of Liberty and Independence."

"Good; very good," crisply. "And will they bring with them many such mounts as that yonder?" indicating Southern Lassie, hitched near by.

Phil Elliott flushed with very joy.

"If every man of them brings a horse with him," he was surprised to find himself saying, proudly, "you may find, possibly, a few—certainly not many—to equal her, but none to surpass: and Maryland does not lack for good horses!"

"I am ready to believe you, sir. You no doubt will find a place where both you and your mare can do good service. But should you ever, for any reason, have occasion to part with her, I should like to have the refusal of her, sir," and Col. Jackson smiled one of those rare, sweet smiles that at times completely transformed his stern countenance and filled the beholder with gladness, not unmixed with awe.

"You shall have it, Colonel," Phil answered, heartily—"should such an occasion ever arise," he added, after a half second's pause.

He smiled as he said it, with a proud, loving look at the little sorrel. Possibly the smile was in answer to that of the Colonel, and from that moment Phil Elliott was ready, if need be, to die for him.

"I have just parted from one of the future great generals, perhaps Presidents, of the Confederacy," he mused. "And, Lassie," aloud and joyously, "he can see a thing or two with those blue eyes of his, and knows a specimen of good Maryland horseflesh when it crosses his path, doesn't he little girl?"

Whereupon Lassie tossed her patrician head and neighed proudly.

CHAPTER XVII

FURY OF A WOMAN SCORNE

If Miss Alicia Pillsbury was vastly gratified that Marion Palmer and her retinue had returned, and were securely ensconced at Judge Prentiss', there was at least one other person at Prentiss Hall who was not a whit less so. Jerry—Black Jerry, he was generally called—had his own reasons for satisfaction at the arrangement by which Miss Palmer was to remain indefinitely at her guardian's home. For that meant "that gingerbread gal" would remain there too.

Jerry's longstanding and devoted attachment for the elusive Eliza had seemed at last about to be rewarded by a definite acceptance of him on her part; but her manumission by Miss Palmer, and the latter's retention of the young Negress as her personal attendant, followed by the departure of mistress and maid on their long visit to the Northern cities, had given a most unwelcome turn to affairs.

The very fact of Eliza's emancipation seemed to open a breach between them from the start; the dusky belle had begun at once to "put on airs," so it seemed to her lover, and to treat him to even more than his accustomed allowance of snubs. Then, when she left for the trip North, and the projected visit of weeks was protracted into months, Jerry's apprehensions ripened into despondency, which in turn gave way to despair; his vague fears took definite shape, and he was sure "dat jelly-brained vixen gwine git huh haid turned foh sho by some ob dem yallah face, free nigger bucks up No'th dat ain' no mo' 'count dan she is!" At parting he had obtained a half promise of correspondence from her "ef I git de time an' feel like it, an' you don't pester me wid too many ob your fool letters!" Accordingly, he had gotten Chad to write for him the first letter of his, Jerry's, career, to Eliza in Philadelphia. After a cruel delay the answer, written in Miss Palmer's hand, came; but it was an answer most unsatisfactory to him, cold and indifferent as compared with his own ardent epistle, and abounding in enthusiastic references to her new life and experiences in the city.

Now, with Marion's long delayed return to Prentiss Hall, Jerry's languishing hopes revived in all their former vigor. "Ef Miss Maryun jes' stay here six months," he told himself, "an' keep 'Liza whar she b'long, 'stid ob gallivantin' 'roun' up No'th whar she ain' got no bus'ness, I 'spec' Jerry mighty near git dem stuckup notions out ef dat sassy nigger's haid. 'Spec'

she fin' out Jerry good 'nough foh huh, after all. Ef Miss Maryun jes' keep huh here dat long, Jerry, he gwine undertake to look out foh de res," and the ebon swain grinned knowingly to himself.

But scarcely had Eliza become once more one of the force of domestics at Prentiss Hall, than a new breach was opened up between herself and suitor. Eliza was devoted to her mistress—jealously so; she was, moreover, possessed of her full share of a family servant's curiosity. When Jerry was entrusted by Miss Palmer with an errand of a confidential nature on the occasion of his trip to Frederick, the morning after her return to Prentiss Hall, Eliza was seized with a consuming desire to know "what all dis de Missus entrus' to dat wuthless Jerry to 'ten' to foh huh." And the intensity of this desire was not lessened when, upon Jerry's return and request to see Miss Marion, she, the Missus' own maid, was summarily dismissed from her presence while Jerry made his report.

Eliza retired in high dudgeon to the little room provided for her as her own by the young mistress herself.

"Hi! it 'pear like de Missus done foun' a whole lot in dat black Jerry she ain' never seed befo'," she soliloquized, wrathfully. "She got to 'pint him to ten' to huh im'po'tan' bus'ness foh huh, an' sen' 'Liza 'way de minnit Jerry show dat charcoal face ob his at de do'. What it all mean, anyhow? Jes' you wait till I git hol' ob dat Jerry, when he come a-sashayin' 'roun' me dis ebenin'! I'll fin' out den what all dis mean, an' he gwine tell me all 'bout it hisse'f, too, ef dat low down, co'n-fiel' nigger know what's good foh him!"

And the wily Eliza chuckled knowingly to herself.

After supper that evening, when Jerry's day's work was over and Eliza was waiting to be summoned to Marion's room, Jerry found the girl arrayed in her most fetching costume, a filmy creation of pink and white, and a large, half blown pink rose fastened in her hair.

Jerry regarded her with open-faced, open-mouthed admiration.

"Hi! gal, you's sholy dressed up mos' powerful fastidjus like!" was his greeting. "I 'spec' you's lookin' foh some ob dem free-nigger bucks from Philadelphia tonight."

"Lawzee, Jerry, no. Don' you s'pose I kin dress up a lil 'casionaly to see my ol' frien's, like you?" was the unexpectedly gracious response, accompanied by an inviting smile.

The faithful Jerry's heart bounded within him. But he was a little chary about accepting this at just its face value. "An' you really ain' 'spec'n' no company tonight, 'Liza?' he asked, doubtfully.

"No, indeedy. Ain' you comp'ny 'nough foh one ebenin'? De lan' knows, when you's 'roun' dere ain' no use foh no other feller to try an' git a word in edgeways!" This with a half pout and a sidewise smile.

Jerry sidled up and seated himself in the chair nearest to her.

"Dat is c'rect, Miss 'Liza," he said, grandiloquently; "an' Mr. Jeremiah Marshall is gwine hab de undiluted honor ob bein' de whole comp'ny foh dis one evenin', anyhow. Dat's one thing settled, foh sho. An' de nex' question in de due co'se of human events is: What kin I do to entertain de lady from Philadelphia an' New York? We has all enjoyed mos' dis-propo'tionately you' graphic 'scriptions ob yo' trillin' adventures in dem No'th'n furrin parts; but dere's one puhson here, at leas', to whom de fac' ob yo' presence here once mo' is by far, Lady, de mos' unconscionable pleasure of all," and the gallant, arising from his seat, bowed low, with one hand over his heart, while the other conveyed to his lips, for a courtly salutation, the fingers of the simpering "lady."

"Lan' sakes, Mr. Marshall!" gasped Eliza, in exaggerated admiration; "what fine, genteel manners you's done 'quired! Dem city bucks you been pesterin me 'bout 'd better be takin' lessons from you!"

"G'long, gal," was the polished Mr. Marshalls rejoinder, "I ain' doin' nothin' but showin' you de proper courtesies an' 'menities on de 'casion ob a quiet ebenin' between us two ol' frien's at home, after yo' 'stracted absence."

Eliza looked down a half minute in silence, the while she toyed with the feather-trimmed fan suspended from her neck by a chain of pink beads.

"You say you's been so monstously entertained by what i's done tol' you 'bout my recent li'l trips" (the "little" thrown in most carelessly), "an' dat you wants to know how you's gwine bes' entertain me dis ebenin': you might 'scribe de 'currences ob yo' trip to Frederick an' back dis mornin'. You could allus tell such funny stories, Jerry, 'bout what happened whenever you was sent anywheres."

"Oh, I jes' toted some things in to Marse Phil foh Miss Louisa, an' went to de sto' an' de pos'office, an' come back to Prentiss Hall. Only, I foun' Marse Phil wasn't thar, an' I had to bring Miss Louisa's basket ob clo'es an' things back to huh. Didn' nothin' special happen on dat trip—I 'spec' I wuzn't gone long 'nough." Then (with a broad grin, as he recalled some of his former bloodcurdling "Ghos' stories," in which he always figured as the hero), "Mebbe it's 'case I went an' come back all in de daytime. But I's powerful sorry Marse Phil's done gone.

I reckon he's gone to Furginny, an' de lan' knows when he eber comin' back. It's sut'nly gwine be lonesome 'thout Marse Phil!"

The grin had entirely disappeared now, and the boy spoke most seriously. Phil was a general favorite with the Negroes at Ellerton, but of them all, black Jerry was the most devoted to his young master: as a helpless, orphaned pickaninny just brought from Virginia, Phil had rescued him from the brutal treatment accorded him by his vicious, drunken aunt, and had taken the forlorn little fellow under his personal care and supervision.

"An' Miss Maryun, she give you some bus'ness to transac', too," Eliza suggested, carelessly. Her restless eyes no longer roamed the room, as before, or looked demurely down, but scrutinized Jerry's face closely.

"Oh, yes; Miss Maryun, she give me some letters to mail foh huh. Dat's huccome I went to de pos'-office."

Even if Jerry had on past occasions—in narrating what befell him on his trips to town or to a neighboring farm—been accused of drawing the long bow, he was certainly keeping within the truth now.

"She give you some letters to mail? An' what else you say she had foh you to ten' to foh huh?"

The girl put this quite casually, as if her thoughts had wandered for the moment and she thought she had lost a part of the recital.

"I didn' say Miss Maryun give me nothin' else to do," Jerry replied, guardedly.

"Mebbe you didn' *say* dere wuz nothin' else, but dere wuz, too. What wuz dat she give you so partic'lar like, jes' befo' you start, Jerry?"

This in a very confidential tone, one hand resting lightly on his sleeve.

"Dat? Why, dat warn't nothin' but 'nother letter she forgit to give me at fust, an' what she very 'tic'lar 'bout, 'case it very impo'tan' dat it git to Philadelphia today."

Eliza was quick to discern the weak spot in Jerry's hastily concocted fiction.

"Very impo'tan' letter, an' de Missus specially partic'lar dat it git to de city today, an' den she turn 'roun' an' mos' for-gits to sen' it? What de matter wid you, nigger, lyin' like dat?"

Jerry saw he had made a slip.

"Why, 'Liza," he began, in a conciliatory tone. "What you so cur'ous 'bout dat note—dat 'ere transaction, foh? 'Twarn't nothin', only a li'l private bus'ness Miss Maryun want me to—"

"Private bus'ness! Private bus'ness!" Eliza exploded. "What you talkin', 'bout, nigger? My Miss Maryun ain't trust'n'

none ob huh private bus'ness wid you! Private bus'ness; humph! 'Tain't nothin' 'tall 'cep'n yo' own fool swell haid, what foh you cyarn't tell me what Miss Maryun want you to 'ten to foh huh dis mornin'!"

Casual questioning and direct request having failed, Eliza decided that a little display of temper was required to bring Jerry to terms. She had been unwontedly gracious to him, donning her very handsomest gown in his honor; now she would threaten him with her displeasure.

But Jerry remained strangely obdurate. Threatening and coaxing were alike of no avail. His dogged, stereotyped response was: "Miss Maryun tol' me it was stric'ly private bus'ness! Ef you wants to fin' out any mo', go ax yo' Missus.

It was not Jerry's desire to get at cross purposes with Eliza, especially at this particular time, when he had flattered himself he was making headway in his suit. But, on the other hand, his "young Missus," as he called Marion Palmer, had strictly charged him with secrecy, and he hung on with grim, stubborn determination to keep his trust. So he took refuge in this oft repeated reply, and refrained from answering her fierce sallies in kind, as Eliza herself well knew he was fully capable of doing, did he choose. All gratification at being entrusted with a secret by Eliza's mistress to the exclusion of Eliza herself was now forgotten. Possibly, in the poor fellow's anxiety to remain in the good graces of the piqued Eliza, he would have weakened in his determination but for the fact that Philip Elliott was involved in the matter, and faithlessness to the trust reposed in him by Miss Maryun meant also treason to Marse Phil.

Something of this Eliza probably divined, and was disappointed and chagrined that she had not been able, either directly or thru Jerry, to confirm her suspicions, as expressed to herself on parting from her mistress the evening before. She was well aware, too, of Jerry's unswerving loyalty and devotion to his now absent master, and in her present mood was not loath to pierce any available joint in the obstinate fellow's armor. When even tears had proven unavailing against his adamant firmness, she suddenly took a new tack.

"I reckon you's thinkin' yo' Marse Phil gwine come back soon an' hab ev'rything he own way wid Miss Maryun," Eliza began, loftily. "But, lawzee me, nigger, Marse Phil kin jes' come back an' pester 'roun' all he wanten, an' 'twon't be no use. Somebody else gwine hab sump'n to say 'bout dat. My missus gwine hab a vis'ter from de city soon, she is!" And Eliza smiled knowingly.

"Hi! what diff'unce do dat make? Ain't Miss Maryun all de time havin' young gen'lmens down from de city to see huh, an' how much do Marse Phil keer fo' dat? Who say anything 'bout my Marse Phil, anyhow? What do he keer, one way or de other?"

Jerry essayed to speak with superior unconcern, but there was a note of apprehension in his tone which Eliza's quick ear did not fail to detect.

"Dat's all right 'bout who say anything 'bout yo' Marse Phil," she retorted. "Mebbe I ain't seed nothin' how he pester huh wid he 'tentions here las' Chris'mus, an' how he all de time writin' huh gre't long letters when she wuz up No'th" (a pure fiction, by the way), "an' how he come hangin' 'roun' huh when she git back to Baltimo'. It 'pear like she did sorter like him a li'l at fust, but he keep doggin' huh steps so close, an' tryin' to cut in ahaid de other gen'lmens she reely keer to hab 'bout huh, dat she los' all patience wid him, an' she done sent him 'bout he bus'ness de ve'y night he lef' Baltimo'." (A stray word or two between Marion and Aunt Alicia, overheard by Eliza, had given her an inkling of how things stood at the time of Phil's departure for Frederick.) "An' I 'spec' she want to gib 'im de mitten wunst foh all, or sen' back some letter or sump'n ob hisn when she entrus' all dat highly private, confidential bus'ness of hern to you dis mor'nin'."

Eliza laughed scornfully: she was Jerry's own match in making her recital of facts fit with the necessities of the occasion. If Eliza spoke with a view to angering and wounding Phil Elliott's faithful servant, she had fully succeeded in her design. Jerry at last was thoroughly angry, through and through. Marse Phil, *his Marse Phil*, was off and away, no one knew where: but no longer, it seemed, was he to be a welcome inmate in his own mother's household; and here was this former servant of the family (at least, of the Judge's family) "givin' his Marse Phil sass behin' he back," and saying he was "not in de runnin' wid dem Yankee white men what couldn' hol' a candle to him, noway!"

His eyes fairly blazed as he retorted: "You impudent, big mouf free nigger! Miss Louisa an' Marse Herbert jes' sell you to Miss Maryun 'case you warn't no 'count 'roun' hyuh. An' den you go run 'roun' up No'th wid dem Yankee niggers a li'l while an' come back an' talk 'bout my Marse Phil same's if he some common, po' white trash. I don't keer what you say 'bout him; mebbe he pester Miss Maryun, an' den, again, mebbe he didn't. But whatsomever Marse Phil wunust she he min' to, *dat he gwine do*. I ain't bothered 'bout what you say 'bout dem other gen'lmen comin' down hyuh; dat don't make no diff'unce to

me, nor my young Mars'er, neither. Miss Maryun, she's a powerful nice lady, she is, but I 'clar to goodness she must sut'nly been dreamin' when she bought you, or had you giv'n to huh by de Jedge, an' made you huh free nigger—she must have been dreamin', foh sho! I wisht she *would* marry one ob dem gen'lmens an' take you 'long up No'th wid huh. Miss Louisa an' de Jedge sut'ny done a good day's wuck when dey git you off'n dey han's! You warn't never no better'n a free nigger, no-how!"

Eliza's wrath was now at white heat, but her voice was calm and cold, as she rejoined: "Dat bein' de case, Mistuh Marshall, seein' you's so anxious to dispose ob my comp'ny an' seein', furdernore, dat de wish is mutual, I's gwine up to Miss Maryun's room dis min'it, I is. Mebbe yo' Marse Phil allus do what he make up he min' to do, but jes' you wait till Marse Guy Hancock come here wid he frien's—an' dat ain't gwine be long off, neither!

"An' you, *you* better be keerful, nigger," her voice rising as her self-restraint suddenly gave way; "you better be *mighty* keerful how you show yo' black face 'roun' me any mo'. You kin jes' git out an' stay out—an' you will, too, ef you knows what's good foh you. *I's through wid you!*"

And there was something of the fury of a woman scorned in her gleaming eyes and quivering lips as Eliza swept from the room.

CHAPTER XVIII

STRATEGY VERSUS STRATEGY

Jerry stood in the middle of the floor, torn by conflicting emotions.

With anger and indignation were blended vexation and regret that he had been drawn into a quarrel with Eliza. He felt alarm at the magnitude and completeness of the breach so suddenly opened up between them at the very moment when everything had seemed moving so propitiously for him, and a vague but irrepressible and growing feeling of uneasiness at the hint thrown out by Eliza, as a Parthian shot, of the coming guests at Prentiss Hall.

That these hints were not idle threats he soon had proof positive. A day or two passed, during which time Eliza seemed to avail herself of every opportunity to show, by her frigid manner, that she was indeed "through wid him," while Jerry, alert but tactful, held proudly aloof. Then, one evening, visitors arrived at Prentiss Hall—Captain Hancock and two fellow officers came up from Washington to spend a brief furlough.

The watchful Jerry noted how Captain Hancock devoted himself almost exclusively to Miss Marion's company, while his comrades were entertained by Miss Leta Elliott and Miss Lottie Prentiss. These young ladies were daughters of Mrs Prentiss and of the Judge, respectively, and were but recently returned from boarding school at Richmond. To add to the interest of the situation for Jerry, Captain Hancock brought with him a factotum—a recent acquisition in the shape of an obsequious, smartly dressed young Philadelphia mulatto, who rejoiced in the appellation of Senseney DeFoe. Mr. DeFoe lost no time in getting up a desperate flirtation with the not reluctant Eliza.

A well pleased individual these days was Miss Alicia Pillsbury. "That forward young Marylander," Phil Elliott, had at last been removed from the scene, and Guy Hancock was looming large on the horizon. Her erstwhile wilful niece seemed to positively dislike even the mention of Elliott's name in her presence, since their stormy separation—her "dismissal of him," as Miss Pillsbury styled it.

Then Judge Prentiss, Marion's guardian, being taken into his cousin Alicia's plans, had given them his approval and promised support. This was a most important point gained, for under the provisions of the late Mr. Palmer's will the Judge, in case of a marriage by his ward distasteful to him (if during

her minority) was to make disposition, to charitable uses, of the extensive estate otherwise left to her. This the Judge had confided to Miss Alicia, his kinswoman and lifelong friend. The Judge, moreover, was a man of strong likes and dislikes, and Marion yet lacked over a year of her majority.

Most promising of all, perhaps, Miss Alicia (whether or not owing to a quiet hint from the observant and long suffering Hancock himself, no one knows) for the first time in her career as sponsor and foster mother to Marion and matrimonial engineer for Guy, desisted from any avowed championing of his cause. Marion, on her part, was certainly more gracious in her treatment of her handsome and devoted young cousin than for a long time past, and Miss Alicia, quoting her favorite proverb, "All is well that ends well," smiled quietly and congratulated herself on the approaching triumphant culmination of her long cherished, carefully tended projects.

She was not the only person engaged in contemplating the apparently near fulfillment of her desires. Jerry, if not so serenely complacent at the prospect, seemed none the less likely to see gratified his fervently expressed wish that Miss Marion would marry one of the gentlemen whose appearance on the scene Eliza had prophesied, and perhaps take that sprightly young person along with her up North. And this latter consummation Mr. Senseney DeFoe was apparently doing his gal-lant best to help bring about.

In growing wrath, indignation and alarm, Jerry watched developments during the first three days of Hancock's visit: and while the Negro's eyes and ears were busy his brain was not idle. At first he devoted his mental attention to "Mr. DeFoe," and devised a dozen ways of summarily disposing of "dat no 'count, spindle-shanked, ile-wooled, yaller-face free-nigger," ranging all the way from the properly heroic and approved style of pistols at four and coffee at six (minus the coffee feature) to the less romantic but perhaps equally effective expedient of a midnight sheet-and-pillow-case masquerade, accompanied by a ghostly and sepulchral warning to promptly depart from Prentiss Hall and stand not upon the order of his going. But Jerry's planning speedily began to widen in scope. If he, Jerry, was in dire need of disposing of a hated rival, what of his young master, far away and all unconscious of the turn affairs were taking in his absence?

"Marse Phil sholy oughter be tol' 'bout all dese monkey doin's gwine on behin' he back!" Thus mused Jerry on the morning of the fourth day, as he jogged into town astride one of the farm horses on an errand for Mrs. Prentiss. "Ef only I could git word to Marse Phil! Whar my young Mars'er done

gone to, anyhow? Ef Marse Phil wuz jes' here—man suh, but he would everlastin' make 'em stan' 'roun'!"

If only he could get a word of warning to his Marse Phil, was the burden of his cogitations. The faithful fellow had no doubt but that this would be all that was needed; that his young master would then promptly appear upon the scene, and presto! gone would be his rival, vanquished and outdone. Faithful, credulous Jerry! Yes, and sly, roguish Jerry! With Captain Hancock disposed of, gone too would be the "yaller-face," and the fickle Eliza would perforce have no other course left but to follow the example of her mistress. "'Caze me an' Marse Phil gwine natcherly hang together, same as 'Liza an' Miss Maryun, an' den how dat gingerbread gal gwine he'p huhse'f? I 'spec' she fin' out den ef black Jerry ain't good 'nough foh huh, de sassy, uppity nigger! But how I gwine fin' Marse Phil? Dat's de question befo' de house at de present writin', Mistuh Marshall."

To the solution of that problem Jerry next turned his active mind, with the result that he sought a private interview with his mistress upon his return from Frederick that day.

"Missus, I done heered from Marse Phil, today," he announced, when sure that no one but Mrs. Prentiss was within earshot.

Mrs. Prentiss had received one written message from her son through the mail, since his departure from Frederick—a short note scribbled in haste the day after his arrival at Johnson's Virginian camp, and sent by a messenger to be mailed at the nearest postoffice with yet uninterrupted connections with Maryland and points North. But nothing further had she heard.

"Did he send me a note or a message, Jerry?" she asked, eagerly.

"No'm. You see, Miss Louisa, I didn't heer 'xac'ly from him, but I done heered 'bout him. I seed Mistuh Steve Meriwether in town, an' he say Marse Phil is still over dar in Furginny, whar he done gone wid Cun'l Jacks'n and Cap'n Johns'n an' all de res' ob 'em. He say, Mistuh Steve did, dat one ob dem Cap'n Johns'n's boys done sneak back to Frederick yestiddy to 'ten' to sump'n foh de Cap'n, an' he say Marse Phil's awful busy over in de sojer camp, an' he jes' natcherly Cap'n Johns'n's right han' man. Mistuh Steve, he's been kep' home by he uncle's sickness, but ol' Mistuh Meriwether's heap better now, an' Mistuh Steve's gwine in a day or two. He tol' me so hese'f, but say I mus'n' say nothin' 'bout it to anybody 't all, cep'n' jes'

you. He say mebbe you mought wanten sen' Marse Phil a letter or sump'n ernuther by him."

"Yes; yes, Jerry; that is certainly very kind of Mr. Steve," said the lady quickly. "And, if not asking too much of him, I shall want to send, not only a letter, but a small bundle of things besides—things I know my poor boy needs."

Here was Jerry's opportunity, which he was not slow to follow up. His meeting with Steve Meriwether in Frederick that morning was not accidental; the information furnished by that gentleman had been turned to good account, and it was with a definite plan of action in his mind that Jerry had sought his mistress upon his return.

"Miss Louisa," he said, noting the eagerness of the loving little mother's response, and the anxious tenderness with which she concluded, "I 'spec' you better let me tote them things to Marse Phil, myse'f. Mistuh Steve, he's a pow'ful nice, 'commodatin' gen'lman, but he's got to take a whole passel ob things along for hese'f: trabblin' to Furginny's sort ob ticklish bus'ness dese times, and it sholy would be a pity foh anything to happen to them things befo' dey gits to Marse Phil. Ef you let Jerry take 'em, Miss Louisa, *dey's gwine git dar safe*, an' den I kin bring you all de messages an' letters Marse Phil wanten sen' you, an' tell you from my own eyes how he gittin' 'long down dar. Mistuh Steve, he say dey hab pow'ful po' 'commodations in dat camp, an' my Marse Phil allus use' to de fat ob de lan', too."

"Oh, Jerry; do you think you can do it? I *would* like to hear direct from my boy again. But how could you manage to get back and forth through the lines?"

"Lawzee me, Miss Louisa," Jerry rejoined with alacrity, delighted at the favorable reception of his suggestion; "I'll trable down dar wid Mistuh Steve, an' when I wunst gits dar, Missus, I kin fin' my way back by myse'f, some how ernuther. I ain't never gone no place yet what I couldn't git back from."

And so it was arranged, after Mrs Prentiss had driven into Frederick that evening and held a personal consultation with Steve. Jerry was entrusted with the socks knitted by Mrs. Prentiss herself, and with the other comforts and necessities prepared by her loving mother-hands for the absent soldier boy, and set out with Steve Meriwether after dark on the day following.

Steve, burning with impatience to be one of the company that followed Bradley Johnson out of Frederick on the 8th of May, had yet stuck manfully at his post of duty as he saw it, and remained behind to help nurse his uncle through a sudden attack of critical illness—determined, of course, to follow after

as soon as possible. The old man had rallied in a few days, and promptly urged his nephew to "pay no further attention to a poor old, no account fellow, too old to carry a gun himself," but to "march to the front at once, boy; follow Bradley Johnson and march to the front! Me and Jennie will take care of ourselves and each other, and watch and wait for your speedy return, when you drive the Yankees back across Mason and Dixon's and into the Great Lakes!"

Sweet Jennie Truesdell, smiling bravely, bade her lover Godspeed and watched him out of sight; then sought her room and spent the evening and night in weeping, prayer and fasting.

Hers the harder lot; hers poor woman's fate—to hope and pray, to watch and wait: his the easier portion—to part indeed from home and loved ones, with set features and heavy heart, yet speedily to be diverted and sustained by the stirring scenes of martial life and the soldier's joy in clash of arms. And thus it was that the morning after Steve's departure Jennie went about her household duties with a quiet, composed air, with a bright smile and cheery word for her still ailing foster father, but with her heart like lead within her bosom; the while Steve, sincerely grieving to part from her, and faithful and devoted as ever to the woman of his choice, yet was drinking in with zest and keen delight the sights and sounds of the soldier-life about him, of which he was now at last a part—as together he and Jerry sought Captain Johnson's headquarters.

Bradley Johnson welcomed Steve even as a friend and comrade.

"Well, Steve, my boy; glad I am indeed to see you!" he said, warmly grasping the young fellow's hand. "Our Maryland boys are coming in on us every day and hour, and I knew you couldn't be kept back for long. But you did right to stand by your uncle: I am glad to know that he is mending. And, bless me, if here isn't Phil Elliott's Jerry! Come to look after the welfare of that precious young master of yours, I'll wager my sword. Well, you'll have to wait around a couple of days before you can see him, Jerry. He is so fond of exercise that I sent him as part of an escort to a most important embassy South. And," changing from the jovial to the utmost seriousness, "I know of no man to whose care I would rather entrust that embassy!"

CHAPTER XIX

"KING" MARIA THERESA II

What Col. Jackson was doing in the way of forming from odds and ends an efficient army of defense (and, if need be, of offense) for Virginia, Capt. Bradley Johnson was doing on a smaller scale with the force of Marylanders gathering opposite Point of Rocks. The comprehensive foresight and tireless energy of Jackson had their counterpart in the stubborn determination and fiery zeal of Johnson. In some respects Johnson's position was peculiar, and the task he had set himself was proportionately difficult.

He had never for a moment abated in his determination that there should be distinct Maryland commands in the Confederate army, and, if possible, a regular Maryland Line, a counterpart of the famous "Maryland Line" of the Revolutionary armies under George Washington. Since Maryland might not be formally represented in the civil government of the young Confederacy, it was more than ever to be desired that organizations bearing her name and colors should hold their places in the armies of Dixie. And it was all important that such organizations should be formed at once, as a visible nucleus around which the volunteers, pouring across the Potomac, might rally in all the ardor of their State pride, and not wait till these recruits had become merged in commands of other States.

But great and serious difficulties were in the way of the consummation of this patriotic project. The Maryland volunteers, who had left behind them a hostile Governor and an ultra-conservative, inactive—though at heart patriotic—Legislature, were thrown on their own resources in a foreign, even if a friendly State. An army, even a regiment or company, cannot subsist on patriotism alone. It must eat, and must be supplied with arms and camp equipment. To obtain these from their own State government was out of the question: and how could they ask Virginia to supply them, in face of their expressed determination to maintain their separate organization instead of enrolling in the Virginian commands with which they were associated—and as soon as might be to take their own separate place in the army of the Confederate States?

This last was in fact done, and in the latter part of May they were mustered directly into the Confederate service by Lieut. Col. Deas, of the staff of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who succeeded Col. Jackson, the Virginian officer in command at Harper's Ferry, when Virginia had become a member of the Confederacy. The Maryland command had by that time grown

to some five hundred men, Johnson's pioneer company having been followed by a steady stream of ardent Maryland youth pouring in from Baltimore and all parts of the State. They were thrown together into a regiment or battalion of eight companies, Bradley Johnson being the senior Captain as commander of Company A; application was made to President Davis for their regular incorporation into the Confederate army with Charles S. Winder, a gallant son of Maryland and late of the United States army, as Colonel, and Capt. Johnson as Lieutenant Colonel.

So far, so good. There was now a separate Maryland organization in the armies of the Confederacy, a small but promising beginning for a regular Maryland Line. But it was a command without uniforms, blankets or camp equipment—well nigh without arms. Johnson's men, with their antiquated Hall's carbines, were the only company with arms, while temporary accommodations in the matter of blankets and rations were afforded the embryo battalion by their generous Virginian comrades. Much yet remained to be done to place the command on a firm and permanent basis, and this needed to be done quickly.

At this critical juncture help came from a most unexpected quarter. An efficient quartermaster's department was suddenly supplied the First Maryland through the efforts of one little patriotic, indefatigable woman. Phil Elliott—Lieutenant Elliott he now was—was summoned one day to Johnson's quarters, and there presented to the Captain's wife, a typical daughter of the South in all the grace and charm of her beautiful, cultured young womanhood. This lady, daughter of the Hon. Romulus M. Saunders, of North Carolina, former Representative in Congress, and Minister to Spain under President Polk, had left her home of comfort in Frederick when the storm clouds lowered, taking her little five-year-old son with her, to follow her soldier husband. She now proved herself ready to aid him and her country's cause by other than her mere presence and sympathy.

"Lieutenant Elliott," said Johnson, his glance straying with loving pride to the lovely woman beside him, "I want you as part of the escort to accompany my wife to North Carolina and back. Our Maryland boys shall yet be properly armed and equipped, and hold their own place along with the finest commands of the Confederacy. Mrs. Johnson has volunteered to proceed to her native State and procure through its generosity the needed supplies which, alas, we may not obtain from our own. Col. Jackson has approved her plan, and ordered her furnished with the proper escort and transportation. She starts at once for Raleigh.

"And, Elliott," feelingly, "you have stood shoulder to shoulder by me in our fight for the honor and freedom of our grand old State. It is fitting that you share in the partial consummation of my hopes. Besides, my boy, there is no one to whom I would rather entrust the care of this little woman on this her patriotic journey in our behalf. You will proceed by way of Leesburg, Alexandria and Richmond."

In company with Phil Elliott and one or two others of Johnson's trusted subordinates, Mrs. Johnson set forth on her mission. When they reached the little town of Leesburg they were forced to a change of route, owing to the news there received of the occupation of Alexandria by the enemy, that very day. Retracing their steps, they went by way of Harper's Ferry and Winchester to Strasburg, points soon to become well known to this same First Maryland regiment in their marching, fighting and countermarching with Johnson, Jackson and Johnston in their Valley campaigns. Taking the train on the Virginia Midland road at Strasburg, they crossed the frowning Blue Ridge at Manassas Gap, and, going by way of Manassas Junction, where Beauregard's gathering cohorts kept watch on Washington and guarded the approach to Richmond, they passed through the latter city and reached Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, on the night of May 27th.

Here they found a scene of unwonted political and patriotic activity. The Old North State was not far behind the Old Dominion in coming to the aid of her Southern sisters and ranging herself with the Cotton States, when Mr. Lincoln, by his call after Sumter's fall, presented the border Southern States with the choice of this action as the alternative of joining the North in a war of invasion and conquest. They found the State Convention of North Carolina in session, and the little town aflame with patriotic ardor. Mrs. Johnson could not have chosen a more propitious moment for her errand.

She had determined to apply to the highest executive authority of her native State for the help she craved, and the very morning after her arrival in Raleigh she proceeded, in company with her father and her Maryland escort, to call upon Governor Ellis and the Council of State, there to make her appeal in person. Judge Saunders presented his daughter to the distinguished gathering, to some of the members of which she was personally known, as was her family, by reputation, at least, to all. But it was from her own lips that they listened to the request of this native daughter of North Carolina, and adopted daughter of Maryland. Simple and few were the words she spoke, but burning with the intensity of her enthusiasm and devotion.

"Governor and gentlemen," said she, "I left my husband and his comrades in Virginia. They have left their homes in Maryland to fight for the South, but they are unarmed, and I have come to my native State to beg my own people to help us. Give arms to my husband and his comrades of Maryland, so that they can help you."

There was no resisting such an appeal, so made and in such a cause. Up spoke a snowy-haired Councillor, the whole body, at it were, speaking through him. "Madam," he cried, earnestly, as he brought his hand down upon his knee with resounding force, "you shall have everything that this State can give." Without further ado an order was immediately given for five hundred rifles and ten thousand cartridges, to be turned over to her for the little band of Patriots on the far-off shores of the Potomac. Phil Elliott drew a long breath of relief and profound emotion. The long cherished dream of himself and Bradley Johnson, of a militant Maryland Line, was now assured of fulfilment.

"Mrs. Johnson," he said, with difficulty controlling his voice, "you have fought our first battle for us! I can promise for myself and for the First Maryland regiment a twofold devotion in hereafter fighting the battles of home and fireside, of yourself and the women of the South."

In his own mind the young Marylander compared the stirring scene he had just witnessed to that other scene as set forth in the histories, when the young and beautiful queen, Maria Theresa—hard pressed by her numerous and powerful enemies, who thought to take advantage of her youth and helplessness—sought refuge and aid among her Hungarian subjects. With her infant son in her arms she appeared before an assembly of the nobles of Hungary and appealed to them in her extremity; and they, moved to the quick, cried out tumultuously as they flashed their swords in air, "Let us die for our king, Maria Theresa!"

"And this splendid daughter of the South," mused he, "is as truly royal as was the child of the ancient house of Hapsburg!"

CHAPTER XX

THE LOST PLEIAD

The story of the plucky young woman and her patriotic errand spread rapidly and aroused great enthusiasm among the liberty-loving "Tar-heels."

It was, if possible, fresh fuel to the fire of patriotic fervor already abroad in the usually quiet little town and throughout the length and breadth of the Old North State. A special meeting in behalf of the Maryland Volunteers was held at night by members of the State Convention, under the lead of Judge Saunders, President Edwards of the Convention, and other prominent men of the State. The meeting, held in the Capitol building, was stirred to an unusual pitch of enthusiasm. In a masterly speech the eloquent Kenneth Raynor, former member of Congress, extolled the Marylanders in general, and Mrs. Capt. Johnson in particular, declaring that Marylanders were fighting the South's battles with halters around their necks. If great events produce great men, said he, so in the scene before them they had proof that great events also produce great women.

The enthusiastic sympathy of these true-hearted North Carolinian notables did not content itself with oratory and applause. A handsome donation of money for the cause of the Marylanders was then and there made, and when Mrs. Johnson started on her return journey after a scarce two days' stay in Raleigh, it was with arms, ammunition and funds for her husband's soldiers.

The fame of her achievements had preceded her, and the return trip to Harper's Ferry was like a march of triumph. Curious and enthusiastic throngs gathered at even the wayside stations, to see and cheer this daughter of devotion and patriotism. The Virginians were not to be outdone by their neighbors of North Carolina in their admiration and substantial sympathy, and at Petersburg she was given another welcome contribution of cash. At Richmond she stopped long enough to obtain from the great war Governor, John Letcher, certain necessary camp supplies, such as kettles, axes, etc., and to order a number of tents. Upon reaching Manassas she received a tribute of admiration from the chivalrous Beauregard, the hero of Fort Sumter. As General commanding at this point he placed all trains subject to the orders of Mrs. Johnson, who proceeded on her way in a freight car, her boxes of rifles serving herself and escort for seats. Ten days after her departure on her volunteer mission she returned to the camp around Harper's

Ferry—on the third of June, the President's birthday—and turned over to her husband and his little band that for which she had gone to North Carolina, the arms and equipment so sadly needed by the Maryland Line.

Maria Theresa was the "king" of the warlike Hungarians, but Mrs. Johnson was the *heroine* of the Confederate army on the upper Potomac. That whole army was fired by the spirit and the exploit of this devoted daughter of Dixie. Col. Jackson's chief of ordnance made out a formal receipt to "Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson" for "five hundred Mississippi rifles, ten thousand cartridges, and three thousand, five hundred caps." The officers of the battalion, in meeting assembled, adopted resolutions thanking "Mrs. Captain Bradley T. Johnson for her earnest, patriotic and successful efforts in arming and equipping the Maryland Line," and the usually undemonstrative Jackson called upon her in person, with his staff, and rendered his tribute of admiration and thanks.

But the tireless little woman's work was not yet done. A second journey was promptly made, this time to Richmond; the ten thousand dollars contributed by the North Carolinians and Virginians was expended to good purpose, and ere June had given place to July she had started on her return trip to camp, with uniforms, shoes, and underwear for five hundred men—besides forty-one wall tents for the command. Blankets had also been procured by her for the soldiers, and the "fighting Marylanders" were at last put in a condition in which they could, to the fullest, make good the title.

As yet, however, the Maryland Line existed but little more than in name. Such determined State patriots as Bradley Johnson and George H. Stuart exerted themselves strenuously to make it a glorious, visible, militant reality by gathering all the Maryland volunteers into associated commands serving in the armies of the Confederate States as distinct Maryland organizations. In this they were only partially successful, so that comparatively few of the patriotic Maryland youth pouring across the border into Virginia were ever collected into one separate State command. Even this partial success was long delayed, no considerable bodies being brought together as the "Maryland Line" until the third year of the war. In the nature of things, the advocates of the plan had set themselves a difficult task. With Northern drumhead rule becoming every day more firmly established throughout the State, the Patriot recruits must necessarily come South in scattered detachments, or singly, as best they might, across the Potomac, over the mountains or down the Bay, and, once in Virginia, were too apt

to join the first command of Confederates they came in contact with, or that in which some old friend or comrade was found.

Not only so, but some of the crack volunteer Maryland commands that proceeded to Richmond instead of Harper's Ferry, priding themselves on their discipline and efficiency, were disposed to look down upon the newly organized companies under Johnson, and had arranged with the Virginian authorities for the reception into the Virginian service of the Maryland volunteers. In accordance with this plan, Capt. Bradley Johnson was commissioned by Gov. Letcher a lieutenant-colonel in one of the proposed commands. Johnson showed both his sincerity and his patriotic determination and perseverance by promptly declining the commission sent him (coming as a promotion though it did) and keeping doggedly to his original purpose. The flag of his command (made by the ladies of Baltimore) was inscribed, "First Regiment, Maryland Line."

All honor to Bradley T. Johnson and those like him, for the State pride, patriotism, zeal and steadfastness in determination that eventually—through great difficulty, discouragement and delay—made the Maryland Line an accomplished fact and kept at least a portion of the Maryland volunteers under their own State name and colors! And all honor, thrice over, to the noble woman who was the veritable mother of the First Maryland regiment, the nucleus and beginning of the famous Maryland Line! No braver men were found in the armies of the South than these sons of old Maryland, in a sense exiles from their own homes and kindred. And no more enthusiastic and devoted warriors battled beneath the Southern Cross than those whose mother State, owing to the accident of geographical and topographical position, failed to set her star where it rightly belonged in this new constellation that flamed so brightly and so gloriously in the firmament of the Southland. By a cruel fate Maryland might not be represented on the starry-cross banner of freedom so gallantly upheld by her stalwart sons on a hundred glory-crowned fields.

Lieut. Elliott, having discharged the duty assigned him and seen his charge safely returned to her husband's headquarters, sought his own quarters to take up anew his routine camp duties. Resplendent in his new grey uniform just procured on a rush order from a tailor in Winchester, he strode into the room assigned him as his temporary quarters, there to be met by the cordial handshake and quiet smile of welcome of Private Stephen Meriwether, recently arrived from Frederick and still in civilian garb, while "black Jerry" grinned a welcome from the rear.

CHAPTER XXI

JERRY, THE SHREWD

After a hurried inquiry of Steve as to his uncle's condition, Phil turned to Jerry, shaking the faithful fellow's hand and asking for the news from home. He bade Jerry to be seated and listened to him eagerly, while Steve with gentle tact withdrew from the room. Jerry, having assured his master that all were well at Prentiss Hall, plunged with avidity into a recital of the journey to camp with Mr. Meriwether, and of the events leading up to said journey.

"Miss Louisa, she wuz pow'ful anxious to git you dese things I'se done brung you, Marse Phil, in dis here basket, an' she sut'ny wucked hard to finish dese socks foh you, jes' like I tol' you she wuz doin' de las' time I see you befo' you lit out from Frederick. She sholy wuz dis'pinted when she foun' you'd done gone befo' she could git 'em ready foh you. An' Miss Maryun, dat mo'nin' when I got back to Prentiss Hall—"

"Miss Marion Palmer?" Phil interrupted, interrogatively. "Is she at Judge Prentiss' now?"

"Yassah; she an' Miss Pillsbury done come jes' a few days ago. Dey got dar de night befo', an' de nex' mo'nin' Miss Maryun sen' foh me, an' give me some letters to take to de pos'office. An' den, when she done sent dat pryin' Liza, what had tol' me Miss Maryun wanten see me befo' I start to town—when she done sent 'Liza into de house to git her her rubbers (Miss Maryun, she say she gwine down to de lily baid back ob de orchard, an' de mo'nin' wuz monst'ous dewy)—when 'Liza done dis'peared in de hall do', an' I wuz startin' off foh de stable, Miss Maryun call me back sorter sudd'n like, same's ef she done forgit sump'n, an' she say, 'Jerry,' she say, 'air you gwine tote some things to Mr. Elliott from Miss Prentiss?' she say, sorter low an' hurried like.

"'Yes'm, I say; 'Miss Louisa mos' 'tic'lar an' anxiqus foh me to git dat basket ob things to Marse Phil dis mo'nin', without no delay.'

"An' she 'pear to be sorter 'lieved, like, an' say, still talkin' quick an' half under her bref: 'Den take dis an' gib to him,' she say, (han'in' me er letter) 'an' be keerful you giv it to him pusn'l,' she say. 'I's allus took you to be a young man what I kin trus'; an' see you give it to him de fus' thing, an' min' you don' say nothin' 'bout dis to anybody 'roun' here—not even to 'Liza.' An' she give me a five-dollar gol' piece, she did—de fust one dis nigger ever hav ob he own—an' she tells me I needn'

bother 'bout de change foh de postage on de letters she han' me to mail, neither."

With all his attention to detail, Jerry was guilty of several radical errors and omissions in his narrative. Miss Palmer had told him to deliver the letter to Mr. Elliott the *last* thing before leaving, not the first, as represented by Jerry. Also, he omitted to mention that she had expressly charged him to inform Mr. Elliott that there was to be no answer to the letter. Evidently, Jerry's memory was a trifle faulty.

Phil found himself particularly interested in learning just what was said and done by Marion upon her return to Prentiss Hall on the heels of that parting in Baltimore. At this point he interrupted with the question: "And the note, Jerry—have you got it with you now?"

He hoped the boy did not detect the eagerness with which, in spite of his effort to speak casually, he could not help feeling that he had put the question.

"De note? No suh; when I got back, dat mo'nin', after fin'in' dat you'd done lit out, I went to Miss Maryun de ve'y fus' thing, an' tol' 'er dar her letter to you, an' dat you'd done lef' Frederick, but didn' nobody know jes' whar for. Miss Maryun took de note an' 'peared pow'ful 'sturbed like in 'er min', but ain't never said nothin' 'bout it to me no mo'."

Phil was debating whether or not to ask if Miss Palmer had known of his, Jerry's, projected visit to camp, but was saved the necessity of a decision.

Jerry resumed: "An' I 'spec'—I mos' know, Marse Phil—dat she sho would've give dat note ter me again ef she'd jes' knowed I wuz comin' to see you. But Miss Louisa an' Mistuh Steve, dey bofe tol' me mos' 'tic'lar dat I musn' let nobody know whar I wuz goin' or dat I wuz goin' anywheres 't all, 'cep'n jes into Frederick like I allus does ev'y day or two, 'case too many dem No'th'n Yankee gen'l'mens 'roun'. Three ob 'em been a-stayin' right dar at Prentiss Hall foh sev'rl days, an' Miss Leta, she say dat de Scriptures say dar's a time to speak an' a time to keep silent, an', 'Jerry', she say to me, de evenin' befo' I start off wid Mistuh Steve, 'Jerry,' she say, 'dis here is sholy one ob dem times to keep yo' mouf shet,' an' she nodded 'er haid to'ds de front po'ch whar de blue coats an' de brass buttons wuz. An' fer wunst in he life dis here nigger shet he mouf jes' like a mud tarrypin."

"I did think mebbe I mought jes' natcherly sorter accidental like let Miss Maryun know I wuz gwine into Frederick, an' dat I mought mebbe go a li'l funder on some bus'ness an' run acrost my Marse Phil unbeknownst like. 'Caze she sut'nly did 'pear pow'ful 'sturbed when I give dat letter back to her an'

tol' 'er you'd done up an' dis'peared, jes' like I been tellin' you. So dat mo'nin' jes' befo' I start fer Frederick—you see, Marse Phil, I lef' Prentiss Hall in de mo'nin' an' went to Mistuh Steve's house, 'caze I mos' allus gen'ally goes to town in de mo'nin', an' didn' wanter make nobody s'picious, an' den me an' Mistuh Steve lef' dar fer Furginny dat night—dat mo'nin' I sorter kep' my eye skun fer a chance to ax Miss Maryun ef she got any letters fer me to mail fer 'er, an' den hint at dem things I's jes' been talkin' 'bout. But, law me! I didn' git no chance, nohow.

"'Caze she wuz pow'ful busy like, talkin' to Mistuh Guy Hancock—no, I' spec' he wuz talkin' to her, an' she wuz lis'nin' to him—standin' out dar on de po'ch, waitin' fer Cephas to bring de hosses 'roun' from de stable. Mistuh Guy, he's one ob dem sojer gen'lmens I tol' you's stayin' at Prentiss Hall, an' it 'pear like he's done got monst'ous fond ob hossback ridin'. He go out mos' eve'y mo'nin', an' evenin', too, wid Miss Maryun fer er ride togedder. I heered him tellin' 'er one day dat since he'd done jine de army he 'bleeged ter git ter be a good hossman, an' he gwine 'sist on 'er learnin' him, an' den, ef he ridin' don' suit 'er it'll be her fault, an' she'd ha'f ter quit laffin' at 'er own scholar's po' hossmanship.

"An' den pres'nly Cephas bring Rocket an' Lightfoot 'roun', an' Mistuh Guy he'p Miss Maryun into de saddle, an' he jumps on Rocket, an' dey bofe go 'er lopin' down to de gate an' up de road, an' I ain't never got no chance to tell Miss Maryun nothin'."

His errand accomplished, Jerry left camp for Prentiss Hall the following morning, with a long letter from Phil to his mother.

"Jerry," said the Lieutenant, when the boy was about to start, "because you do know how to keep your mouth shut on occasions, I will tell you what otherwise it would be very imprudent for me to say anything about. This is war time, and it doesn't do to tell everybody of our plans and expectations, but in this case you may be of some service to us.

"Gen. Johnston is watching that force of Yankees under Gen. Patterson at Chambersburg, beyond Frederick, and you might keep your eyes and ears open for anything you can learn from the officers staying at Prentiss Hall; also, watch out for any chance to get word to me of what you learn. Maybe, if you're very watchful, you'll see one or two of our boys around that way in a day or two, by whom you can send any information you may pick up. But you'll have to keep a good watchout, as they will be obliged to move very cautiously in showing them-

selves in that neighborhood. You'd be most likely to get track of them at night or in the early morning. Now, Jerry, don't forget what I tell you."

"No, Marse Phil," the boy answered: "I sut'nly ain't gwine forgit what yer tell me, an' I's sho gwine keep a monst'ous sharp lookout bofe on dem Yankee gen'lmens an' what dey lets drap, an' fer any ob our sojers what come prowlin' 'roun', to sen' wud ter you."

And to himself he added, when he had parted from his master: "But I 'spec' it mos' likely I gwine *give* dat wud to you, not sen' it, an' take funder orders from you, too. Marse Phil, he mighty cute, an' ain't never open he mouf 'bout he own plans, but Jerry's got a pair ob eyes in dat haid ob his'n, he has, an'—but didn' he eyes flash like lightnin' when I accident'l like tol' him 'bout Mistuh Guy an' Miss Maryun an' all dem hossback rides an' doin's? Anybody think my Marse Phil gwine res' easy till he fin' out all 'bout dat air note what I tote into Frederick an' back again to Miss Maryun? Look out foh some ob Marse Gin'r'l Johns'n's men 'roun' up 'bout Prentiss Hall? Dis here nigger sholy gwine do dat ve'y thing. An' den, man suh! any ob dem vis'tors ob de Jedge's, an' Mistuh Guy mos' 'tic'lar, better be sayin' dey prayers when my young Mars'er cross dey paf!"

And he laughed knowingly to himself, did Jerry the shrewd.

How correct he was in his prognostications, or how successful in his strategy, may be surmised from an interview that took place not long after his departure, between two of Gen. Johnston's officers. That afternoon Lieut. Elliott sought Captain Johnson at his quarters.

"Captain," said he, "I have come to ask you to procure a leave of several days' absence for me. I have occasion to visit my mother's home near Frederick; incidentally, I can act as scout for Gen. Johnston in taking note of all signs of Patterson, or any stray bodies of the enemy."

"All right, Lieutenant," replied Bradley Johnson; "I think we can get that leave arranged. But, as you doubtless know, my boy, you will have to move very cautiously, and sleep with one eye open; it's not overly healthy for a greyjacket in those parts just now. And I should think it might be especially risky for one under Judge Prentiss' roof."

The Lieutenant laughed.

"Oh, I'll keep my eyes open," he said, "and be very careful about showing myself around Prentiss Hall. But I know that country very well, Captain—almost like a book, I might say, for the short time I have been at all acquainted with your part

of my Maryland—and I calculate doing most of my traveling by night. There are plenty of places where I can hide during the day, if I find it advisable.”

And so it was arranged, Phil and Lassie starting from camp at midnight, with the purpose of reaching Prentiss Hall by daybreak.

“She wished to communicate with me, and she shall have the opportunity to do so—face to face, if possible—however trivial or otherwise, or even uncomplimentary to me the subject-matter of the communication may be,” mused Phil, as the little mare bore him swiftly on through the summer night. “Jerry is an ingenious fellow, as trusty and devoted as ingenious, and I can depend on him for any needed help. Besides, there is nothing like actual presence on the scene of action, for intelligent generalship, nor anything to take the place of first-hand observation of the enemy’s movements.”

But it was Mr. Philip Elliott, the individual, rather than Lieut. Elliott, of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston’s army, who spoke; and Lieut. Hancock, not Gen. Patterson, was the “enemy” he had in mind.

CHAPTER XXII

SUNSET AND SUNRISE

A very sanguine, well pleased lady was Miss Alicia Pillsbury, those bright June days at Prentiss Hall. And a fairly hopeful, fully determined gentleman was former Lieutenant, now Captain, Hancock, stationed nominally at Washington, actually, it seemed, at Prentiss Hall, near Frederick. His wounding at the Baltimore riot, together with his steady courage displayed on that occasion, had gained him the promotion.

He was now bent upon a promotion of another sort. He had come on this visit to Judge Prentiss' with a definite object in view. Thus far everything had apparently gone propitiously for the accomplishment of that object. The preliminary skirmishing had terminated favorably for the attacking forces, and now a final determined advance was decided upon. In other words, Marion Palmer's gracious demeanor toward her cousin at his first coming had continued throughout his stay, with no return of her former apparent capriciousness or outright coldness. Now, with a recall to Washington likely at any hour, Capt. Hancock was heartily of a mind with Miss Alicia that it was "high time for a definite understanding with Marion. There is no sense in further delay. This is a match highly desirable to both the Hancock and the Palmer families, and it is eminently proper that the engagement be formally announced ere you go to the front!"

The two young people were returning from one of their horseback rides. It had been a particularly beautiful day of early June, and Marion had been especially gracious and charming all the evening—from the moment of their departure from the mounting block by the front piazza of Prentiss Hall, down one side the graveled circle in the centre of the expansive, oak-shaded lawn, through the front gate thrown open by a grinning pickaninny, to whom Capt. Hancock tossed a quarter as they swept through, up the road and past the high garden fence and the orchard beyond. Turning down a cross road before reaching Frederick they had made a wide detour, to come out on the road from Baltimore five miles or more from Prentiss Hall. The broad, firm highway was a welcome contrast to the narrow, at times quaggy, lanes they had been traversing, and horses and riders alike were quick to appreciate the change.

"Now for a good spurt down this fine stretch of road, after our enforced jog trot of the last few miles," cried Marion, gaily:

at a word and a touch from her, Lightfoot, the lithe-limbed little bay she was riding, was off and away like the wind. Rocket, the big iron-grey that served as Hancock's mount, was not slow in following, and seemed bent on showing how appropriate a name he bore. Faster and faster thundered the grey's hoofs on the beaten highway. Rider and steed both were bent on overhauling the bay, and Hancock's ready spur supplemented the more than willing spirit of the thoroughbred. Marion, of course, had no spur; nor did she need one. Lightfoot had not been named amiss, and—seemingly determined to keep the lead originally gained—skipped the ground like a swallow before the approaching storm.

For a distance of two miles or so the race kept up, to the scandal, not to say alarm, of the staid country folk they met or passed on the road. Hancock felt an uncontrollably fierce desire to close up the gap and get abreast the flying mare ahead while still at full speed, and Marion's mocking laugh and the teasing glance she flung back at him over her shoulder—while her loosened hair streamed in the breeze like a golden banner—served only as fuel to the flame. But the end of the two miles found the space between the bay and the grey not lessened a whit; the Captain had a half confessed fear that it was widening by inches. Down a sudden incline and around a tree-fringed bend in the road went Lightfoot, and when Hancock gained the curve a few seconds later the roadway stretched before him white and bare, with no sign of the little bay or her rider. Involuntarily, as it were, Guy drew rein, staring ahead and around him in bewilderment.

A merry laugh sounded close by, and he discovered Marion and Lightfoot, half concealed by the intervening foliage, in a little glade which they had entered by following the up course of a small stream that crossed the road at this point. The girl had dismounted and was bathing her hands in the cool water. Hancock likewise alighted and led Rocket into the glade beside the filly.

Marion, still laughing, looked up at him quizzically.

"Bravo, and well done, Captain Hancock!" she cried. "My pupil is making good progress indeed, as anyone could have seen for himself a minute ago. It is not everyone who can ride a soaring Rocket and not come down like a stick!

"But, seriously, Guy; you are improving in your horsemanship. The Guy Hancock of a year ago could never have kept his saddle in a race such as I have just led you. I really expected to see you ornament the roadside, or hurtle over the stake-and-rider fence at every bound."

"You appeared immensely entertained at the prospect," Hancock rejoined, a trifle stiffly. "It was really a shame to disappoint your expectations. But I am not as delighted with my supposed progress in the noble accomplishment of horse-back riding as is my teacher. If I were only more of a horse-man I would have run down you and your flying steed."

"Oh, no, Guy," said Marion, sweetly. "Your equestrian skill was all that could be desired, and you really got Rocket's top-notch speed out of him. There is—or, was—only one horse ever pitted against her that could 'run down' Lightfoot, so Jerry tells me, and that one was Southern Lassie, Phil Elliott's little sorrel that I have never seen."

The usually placid Guy frowned, and made no immediate reply. Perhaps the level rays of the fast sinking sun hurt his eyes.

Seating themselves on a fallen tree trunk beside the rippling stream, and just off from the roadside, the two young persons lingered a while in the edge of the little glade—which they found almost as picturesque and inviting in the sunset light of this glorious summer evening as Phil Elliott had found it at the sunrise hour that spring morning a few weeks before.

The talk drifted in indifferent channels; of the beauties of the spot, old times in far-off Massachusetts, the rumored contemplated movements of the armies, the prospects of a speedy overthrow of the Southern "revolution" and end of the war; he the while thinking how wondrously fair and sweet was this little cousin of his, and how like a veritable fairy queen in this sylvan retreat; she, that she had never before seen Guy look so truly handsome and manly. And, comparing favorably his deportment of the past six months with his former tendency to indolence and proneness to fall under the influence of dissipated companions and former college mates, Marion found herself wondering sadly whether the change for the better was permanent, or would yet give way before the temptations of army life.

The round, red sun had disappeared behind the western woods and hills, and now a whippoorwill's note sounded forth from the deep recesses of the glade. At the sound Marion sprang to her feet.

"Oh, Guy; we were so enchanted with this ideal spot that we were oblivious to the flight of time. It is getting late, and we must be starting, or Aunt Alicia and Aunt Louisa will begin to worry."

Guy arose slowly to his feet, but made no motion of starting toward the horses, grazing near by, or of allowing his com-

panion to pass. She looked quickly up at him, a half impatient query rising to her lips: but as her eyes met his she looked down as quickly again, and remained silent.

"Oh, me! The silly boy is going to propose again; I know it from his look," was her mental soliloquy. "I wonder if I can't head him off and throw him off the track with some trivial remark." Then, aloud, "Oh, Guy; you remember that fussy little Doctor Gray we met here last Christmas? This morning I received the funniest letter from May—"

But Hancock interrupted her, ignoring the last remark and reverting to her former suggestion of departure.

"Yes, Marion; we must indeed be starting," he said, slowly and tensely. "And so must I, very soon—for the front. I leave Prentiss Hall for Washington tomorrow evening or the following morning, at latest. And, sweetheart, I want to take your promise with me."

"Captain Hancock, I am surprised at you—surprised and disappointed. I thought you had gotten over your boyish whims; that we had long since settled it between us that you were to be good, and we, good—friends. I——"

"Marion, listen to me. You know——"

"No interruptions, please. I thought we had reached this thoroughly sensible and satisfactory understanding—that the youthful fancy of my cousin and playmate Guy had given place to the sound judgment and common sense of Captain Hancock: that we had become good, firm friends—but now, if you are really in earnest, Guy, you have gone and spoiled it all. I don't believe you are in earnest, but merely teasing me, you bad, you naughty boy, you." And the little lady shook a small finger at him and laughed with a lightness which, somehow, she did not feel.

"Marion!" Hancock spoke with a sad sternness. "You know I am in earnest. You know, as you have always known, that my youthful fancy, as you call it, has never been outgrown, but has, the rather, grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength as the years went by. You know, sweetheart, that you are everything to me. And you know that my object in coming here from Washington was to win your definite promise before leaving for the front."

"Yes," fiercely and disdainfully; "at Aunt Alicia's invitation, to do Aunt Alicia's bidding, to carry out that 'tacit understanding between the two families,' that she is forever reminding me of. Oh, how kind and considerate it is of you and Aunt Alicia to have this whole thing cut and dried between you in

advance, and leave me only to give my formal ratification of the arrangement!"

"Now, Marion," reproachfully. "You are unjust to me, as you very well know. As I have told you before, I don't come to you relying on any wishes or understandings on the part of our families; I don't ask you to pay any regard to, or feel in the slightest degree bound by any such circumstances. I would not have you thus if I might. If I may not win you fairly and squarely, and on my own merits, I would not win you at all. You must listen to me now; you have laughed me off long enough. You know I ask you what I do, simply and solely because I love you. And you know I love you, Marion. You have been much, so much, to me! I have attempted and suffered much for you. On your account, owing to your influence, little girl, I have not put the wine glass to my lips since the New Year. Is all this love, and hope, and waiting, and striving—is all this for naught? Marion, tell me it is not; that you are merely teasing me; that you do love me, sweetheart; that you will and do give me your promise."

"Don't, Guy; oh, don't!"

She was frightened at his vehemence, and made no effort, now, to evade or parry, but stood still and white, nervously fingering her riding whip.

"Then it is all in vain, Marion? Am I too late, after all?"

"Too late—what do you mean?"

"What do I mean, Marion? That's easily guessed, I am sure. I mean, simply, that Cousin Alicia was, after all, evidently right; that her suspicions, to which I would not listen, were well founded; that your heart at this moment will not and cannot respond to mine, because—well, because mine beats beneath a coat of blue instead of one of grey, like a certain other man's, some miles over yonder?"

Hancock spoke bitterly, and waved his hand toward the southwest.

"Guy Hancock, how can you—how dare you!" Marion demanded, hotly, and stamped her foot as she said it, the blood surging to her face as she spoke.

"My heart given to him—to that slavocrat secessionist, that associate of the assassins of our own Massachusetts soldiers! I know he did the right thing by you, an acquaintance, when in danger, but that was no more than he should have done. Friend he was once—you have no right to hint that he is or could be anything more. But friend, even, he is no longer; and so I have already told him to his face—Oh, Guy, how could you!"

"There, there, Marion, dear," tenderly. "If I have offend-

ed you, if I have presumed, forgive me, dear. It is only that I love you so. But you have only to tell me, here and now, that you have no love for me—that mine for you is entirely unrequited, and I will trouble you no more. I have done so too long already; too long have hoped, and doubted and—yes, have prayed, and have suffered you to temporize and play me. Tell me, Marion, that you do not care for me, and I rejoin my command and turn my back on the past, and leave you to turn your back on me. Will you—shall you tell me that?”

“I don’t know, Guy; oh, I don’t know. Must you, will you insist on just such an answer as that?”

“Yes, just such an answer as that, Marion, if so you will it. It must be one thing or the other—now.”

“Oh, Guy; and must—must it be just now?”

“Aye, just now, sweetheart—no, stay,” with a sudden change (and heedless of that ancient maxim, *We know not what a day may bring forth*): “I must not be too urgent or inconsiderate: make it either just now, or tomorrow by noon, as you prefer.”

“Then I prefer to make it noon tomorrow. I—I want a little time to think, Guy,” she said, gently.

With this understanding they mounted and hurried on through the fast falling shades of twilight to Prentiss Hall.

When, soon after supper that evening, Marion excused herself and went upstairs, Guy Hancock lit a cigar and took several turns on the piazza in the mild air; then he went to his room, to bed and to sleep. The words, long striving for utterance, had been spoken at last; he had done what he came to Prentiss Hall from Washington to do, and now, whatever Marion’s answer might be, no further part had he to fill in determining what the morrow should bring to him—and the young man slept more soundly than he had done for many a long night past.

Not so with Marion Palmer. She went to her boudoir, but not to immediate rest. Eliza’s services she dispensed with for that evening. This by the way, was not at all to the regret either of that young woman or of the gallant beau, Mr. Senseney DeFoe, who was making the most of the opportunity afforded him by the plight of the luckless Jerry.

Marion wished to be entirely alone: as Eliza’s retreating footsteps sounded on the back stairs, she drew her chair to the open window, rested her arm on the sill and her head on her arm, and sat looking with unseeing eyes out into the summer night. By noon tomorrow she must, once for all, give her answer to Guy; Yes, or No! At last the time for final decision had

arrived; the long, drifting—at times to her half aimless—courtship was to be brought to a decisive termination. This fact of itself was in Hancock's favor, for it was his own firm stand and rigid insistence that he must now be answered one way or the other, that had brought her face to face with the settlement of this question of vital importance to them both. And his attitude of determination in this instance she compared favorably with his past conduct, which she had often regarded as lacking in manly decisiveness—as all but listless.

At one time, in the past course of their acquaintance and friendship, had he taken this stand and presented the issue squarely and definitely to her, as now, her answer, she told herself, would unquestionably have been, Yes. Later, and not so long back, had she been thus obliged to make a decision, she knew it would have been, No.

She had always been fond of this handsome, dashing, dark-eyed cousin, with whom she had grown up as playmate and in full knowledge of that "tacit understanding between the two families!" In this general understanding she, for her part, had passively acquiesced. Then, as she approached the age of young womanhood, her willing, if not spontaneous, acquiescence had given place to a feeling of uncertainty, if not of discontent; and this for two reasons. Her spirit revolted at this cut-and-dried sort of courtship. Her suitor and herself seemed but as puppets, with well-meaning but meddlesome relatives as those who pulled the strings. Neither Guy nor herself seemed to take more than a secondary, passive part or interest. And such an inane courtship as that stirred her very being to protest.

Then, too, as her handsome, pampered cousin and pseudo-suitor grew from a careless boyhood into an equally careless manhood, she, with her maturing vision and discernment, began to discover traits of character which she would have had quite otherwise in her lover and husband-to-be. His careless good-nature, his easy-going indolence that led him into the life of a gentleman of leisure upon leaving college—living upon his ample patrimony instead of choosing and pursuing some definite calling; his fondness for a good time generally; latterly, his proneness to fall into the ways of a "good fellow," and fraternize with dissipated companions—these went to make up a personality far removed from what she wished in the man who was to be her partner in life.

It was when she had come to view things in this light, when the spirit of discontent and revolt was strong upon her, that she met Philip Elliott.

Owing, no doubt, she now told herself, to this state of af-

airs, and to the contrast his character afforded to that of her New England cousin, she was attracted to the sturdy, decided young Southerner almost from the first, and had soon come to take more than a passing interest in him. Yes, she confessed to herself, she had come to care for him—to reciprocate his open, and (finally) avowed love for her. But—he was now put aside, out of her heart and out of her thoughts, forever. His very confession of love, under the circumstances surrounding it, was an insult. Away with him, enemy to her country that he was, an ally of the assailants and assassins of the volunteers from her own home State! And, but for that one circumstance—the injustice, as she still regarded it, that she had unwittingly done him and which she would so like to explain—she could wish to see him, to hear or think of him, no more. And Guy Hancock—was he not a man now, and not a weak, careless boy; a lover in truth, and no longer a puppet?

He had been among the first to respond to Mr. Lincoln's call for troops; he had, for her sake, if not for his own, turned his back upon his dissipated companions, or, at any rate, on his own reckless ways. He was a man, a soldier, a passionate, determined lover, of whom she need not be ashamed. Why should she go further or wait longer? And yet—she shrank at the thought of making the decision. Did she really and truly love him, as she longed to love the man of her choice? Was she, after all, quite sure he even yet commanded that wholehearted, genuine respect which alone could afford the proper basis for such love? Was this reformation from his former weakness and wildness permanent and of the proper brand, or was it a bogus reformation—an imitation manliness, dependent upon herself and his desire to propitiate and win her? If the latter, was it, or was it not, her duty, aside from any question of her affections, to marry him in order to keep him steadfast and true to his new and better ways, and not, by rejecting him, to leave him, perchance, with no incentive to continue as he had now begun? Was it, or was it not, right for her to tie herself to a man too weak, perhaps, to stand alone?

It was from such considerations as these, and such alone, she told herself, that she hesitated and doubted before giving her promise to Guy Hancock.

It was past midnight when Marion arose, with a sigh, from her seat at the window. She would seek her couch and postpone her decision, together with the answer to her own doubts and questionings, till the morrow. In the freshness of the morn-

ing she could think and decide more clearly and—and, more safely!

The birds outside her window were twittering at the first hint of dawn when she awoke from her brief, troubled slumbers. Arising, she bathed her face and arms, and felt somewhat refreshed thereby. Then, obeying a sudden impulse, she hastily dressed and sallied forth in the growing light of another day, for a walk in the garden, her lily bed and the orchard beyond. Here, out in the dewy morning, alone but for Vigil, the large Newfoundland—the former pet and playmate of the young master of Ellerton, now in his old age a fixture at Prentiss Hall and the devoted attendant, at every opportunity, of Marion on her walks—here, face to face and heart to heart with Nature, where she always went, when possible, in times of doubt or distress, here she would think yet again over the problem of the evening before, and here she would decide it, wisely or unwisely, but finally and irrevocably.

And here it was, in the verdant, dewy orchard, that Phil Elliott, approaching Prentiss Hall at the end of his night's ride from Johnston's camp at Harper's Ferry—here at sunrise of this bright June day, he found her.

CHAPTER XXIII

IN THE ORCHARD

Elliott's intention, when he left camp at midnight, was to so time his progress as to reach his destination just before day-break.

But when within a few miles of his journey's end, and ere the first sign of dawn had appeared in the east, he found that Lassie had cast a shoe. On this particular errand, about the last thing he wished was a crippled mount; so at the cost of present delay he stopped at a wayside blacksmith shop and, by dint of lusty shouting, awoke the smith. The good man, rubbing his eyes and grumbling sorely at the importunity of his early caller, stumbled down the stairs and, opening the door, found impatiently awaiting him a stalwart young horseman in shirt sleeves.

Lieut. Elliott, not desirous of either his rank or calling becoming known just then and there, had removed his coat and, bundling it inside out, strapped it to his saddle rings. His trousers were covered from sight by a pair of old discarded overalls, very much the worse for wear, which he had found hanging up in one corner of the outer shed of the shop. With this altered and farmer-like attire topped off with a slouch hat not too distinctively military in shape, he was ready to face the blacksmith and his lantern.

The man had no shoe small enough for the little sorrel's dainty hoof, and the necessity for starting up the fire occasioned a further delay. At last the shoeing was completed, and Phil rode off after handing the worthy smith two dollars, allowing him extra pay for a night call, he laughingly said. "And including proper allowance for your valuable overalls," the Lieutenant added, under his breath.

This enforced stop occasioned a change in Phil's plan of action as originally mapped out. It had been his intention, after reaching Prentiss Hall by daybreak and concealing Lassie in a dense thicket conveniently near the Judge's barn, to open communications with Jerry as soon as that early riser showed himself, and through him to arrange for an interview, with certain inmates of Prentiss Hall—thus avoiding an encounter with the superior forces of the enemy encamped at that place. His projected arrival there under cover of the darkness was to avoid any unwished-for consequences that might attend his appearance in those parts, wearing the uniform of a Confederate

officer: but now, since the delay at the blacksmith shop, his arrival at the Judge's must, perforce, be in the broad daylight. Accordingly, he retained his disguise as a countryman in overalls and shirtsleeves, as a safeguard against the curious eyes and ready tongues of any chance early wayfarers, until he should reach his journey's end and point of concealment—though thereby taking his chances of treatment as a spy under the dread rules of war, in the possible event of capture.

On reaching the confines of Judge Prentiss' acres Phil left the highway, jumping Lassie over the fence and ascending a hill on the crest of which was the old Prentiss burying ground—which eminence commanded a view of the entire place. Reining up the mare, he produced a pair of field glasses for the purpose of a long-range reconnoissance. The manor house, flanked by the barn and other outbuildings, lay quiet and peaceful in the early morning light, a thick blue smoke just beginning to pour from the capacious kitchen chimney: Aunt Cindy was beginning her preparations for breakfast!

"And she will have flannel cakes for breakfast, I know," muttered the hungry trooper—"those delicious, delicately browned cakes that only Aunt Cindy can make!"

Ah! how often, in the old days at Ellerton, had he done full justice to the proud old Negress' cooking, and come near being late for school in consequence!

From the five-acre lot adjoining the stable yard, Jerry was driving in the Judge's horses, and two figures were approaching the barn from the direction of the house, shining tin buckets dangling from their arms: they were Susan and Ginny, the milk maids, sallying forth to their morning's task. Save for these moving objects, seen from this distance nothing at Prentiss Hall was yet astir to the view of the lone horseman. But, stay! What was that white figure coming down the garden walk, even now passing through the gate at the far end, and into the apple orchard beyond? Phil Elliott brought his glass to bear upon it and scrutinized it a moment in silence.

"By George!" he ejaculated. "Here's luck for me! The Lady Marion taking one of her early morning strolls, accompanied by Vigil: the rest of the household—except my Mother Dear who, of course, is astir by now—taking their beauty sleep!"

In another minute, with overalls gone and coat unstrapped and donned, Lieut. Elliott, C. S. A., careless (to all outward seeming), gay and debonair in his close fitting brand-new grey uniform, was whistling a merry tune as he cantered down the

road that led past Judge Prentiss' orchard to the Judge's front gate.

"Jerry is just rounding up the horses," he mused. "It will be half an hour, at least, before my old friend Lieut. Hancock and his fellows may take a notion to change a before-breakfast canter into a 'Rebel' hunt. If it comes to that, Lassie is as ready as ever to give them a run for their money; and her rider, if need be, can give them an exhibition of Maryland marksman-ship!"

Reckless enough appeared this dashing cavalier to the fair pedestrian in the orchard, as he came down the road whistling airily and looking straight ahead, with never so much as a side-wise glance for a possible foeman in ambush—for all the world as if he imagined himself back in the piping times of peace again, or at any rate safe within his own picket lines. Looking up at the sound of loping steed and whistling rider, as they rapidly approached down the road, the startled Marion saw—first, a grey uniform; next, that the handsome wearer, sitting his horse so erect yet so easily, was Phillip Elliott!

Her first sensation was of surprise, accompanied by an impulse to conceal herself behind a friendly apple trunk; her next was of alarm and anxiety—her inclination being to warn the young fellow, evidently intent only upon a flying visit to his home, of the sort of reception awaiting him there. For his own sake and for Guy's, for his mother's sake, for the sake of all concerned, he should be warned in time to avert a probable tragedy. And yet—would she, could she warn him? She took one step forward, his name—unuttered—on her lips; then paused irresolutely.

Her doubt was resolved for her by other than her own decision; the next second Vigil bounded past her, barking joyously, and even as she involuntarily shrank back to seek again the concealment of the friendly apple tree, the horseman in grey turned his head at the sound of the dog's barks of welcome, and his eyes looked full in hers.

Without a word he wheeled Lassie abruptly, and came straight at the high board fence. The little sorrel soared over it like a bird, and a moment later the young soldier was on his feet at Marion's side, bowing low, hat in hand and gauntlet drawn—his right hand, however, not extended to clasp hers, as she somehow was expecting it to be.

Very gallant and brave and stalwart he looked, the first rays of the rising sun lighting up his wavy brown locks, as he greeted her easily but not too familiarly with: "Good morning, Miss Palmer. If possible, this is even a finer morning for horse-

back riding than when I saw you off for Philadelphia at the close of the holidays last winter!"

He stroked the shaggy head of the capering Newfoundland as he spoke.

"Yes, but under existing conditions, Mr.—Lieutenant Elliott, you show more zest in the prosecution of your favorite pastime than discretion in selecting the place for its enjoyment. You are very rash to venture thus in—in that uniform; but perhaps you were not aware that three officers of the United States army are this moment under yonder roof," pointing to the white walls and red chimney-tops of Prentiss Hall, half visible through the intervening foliage. "They have planned a horseback ride together for this morning and may sally forth at any moment!"

Phil had wondered what sort of reception would be accorded him. He found her first words were of friendly warning, if not of alarm for his safety: and whether from this fact, or from the prospect of a near encounter with the foemen, as thus communicated by her, his spirits rose within him as he replied with a laugh: "The morning is fair, and the countryside is wide enough for both them and me! Anyway, Miss Palmer, catching comes before hanging, you know!"

He glanced admiringly at Lassie's trim legs, and laid his hand, as if mechanically, upon the holster at his side.

"But you did not come here to willingly shoot down an acquaintance and former friend?"

Her tone was one of anxious uncertainty.

"Most certainly not, Miss Palmer," was the positive answer. "I am not here to assume the offensive, or to hunt trouble of that sort. Why should I," smilingly, "with odds of three to one against me? Seriously, by way of assuring you on that point, if they should discover my presence and decide to take the aggressive, my first reliance would be my fleet steed and, that failing me, then my revolver used against their mounts to disable beast rather than man. I was aware of the presence at Prentiss Hall of Lieut. Hancock and his fellow officers, but my purpose in making this scout was quite other than that suggested by your query."

"And what was that, Mr. Elliott?" the girl asked, as he came to a pause.

"On that point I will inform you in a moment: let us first repair to yonder knoll, where I can command a better view of the Judge's piazza and obey the injunctions of my infancy days to hear and not be heard, or, in this instance, to see rather than be seen." And he led the way to the indicated point of vantage at the far end of the orchard.

He was developing commendable caution in thus seeking a desirable lookout; but he seemed in no particular hurry about it, taking his way leisurely, the while looking down at her, half quizzically, perhaps, but also quite intently. Marion's glance, naturally frank and direct, soon wandered off to the landscape, away from his direction, and a richer color mounted to her already rosy cheeks.

Lieut. Elliott seemed to have forgotten his promise to inform her "on that point," but talked of indifferent matters—the beauty and the glories of the morning (after all, what so fair as a day in June, particularly when one is young, an enthusiastic equestrian, and is, perchance, indulging in Love's young dream?), of incidents and happenings of the house party of the past Christmas, even of the exceptionally fine view of the front doorway and piazza of Prentiss Hall, as afforded them from the elevation they had sought. Upon reaching the crest of the rise Phil had motioned her to a low, level stump upon which he dropped his gauntlets by way of a cushion. Here Marion seated herself, facing Prentiss Hall and the sunrise, as he leaned against an angle of the rail fence beside her, one arm through the bridle rein, while Lassie eagerly cropped the dew-laden grass and clover heads.

As if by tacit agreement, Marion assumed the role of lookout (she was facing the manor house anyway, and she really had to employ her eyes in some direction) while Phil took that of chief conversationalist and, as was his wont, looked most of the time directly at his companion.

So it was Marion who first noted the approach, toward the piazza from the direction of the stable, of two Negro boys with three saddled horses. At any rate it was she who first broke into the thread of the talk to apprise her companion of the discovery, though had her gaze been less concentrated in that one direction she might have noticed—a second or two before she spoke—that the Lieutenant (who was already known among his comrades as one of the most efficient and wide-awake scouts of Jackson's and Johnston's forces) had momentarily contracted his brow while his hand instinctively sought the field-glasses kept always in readiness.

"Mr. Elliott," cried Marion, involuntarily rising to her feet, "there are the horses: the riders are liable to appear and start off at any moment. If you really mean that it is your intention to avoid rather than to seek a clash, you should mount and leave at once!"

Phil promptly raised the glasses to his eyes and brought them to bear upon the animals.

"As to two of the beasts, Miss Palmer," he said, lowering the instrument after a half minute's scrutiny, "I really see no occasion for hurry at all. I don't wish to disparage Judge Prentiss' riding stock, but it will take Lassie just about one half of no time to show a clean pair of heels to either Rocket or Eurus. As to the third specimen, I never saw him before: I suppose he is either a special mount of one of your friends, or a recent acquisition of the Judge's. At any rate, I must confess I like the looks of his legs and chest: rather, I do not like them for this occasion, as he is built for both speed and endurance."

He brought the glasses to his eyes again, but quickly lowered them and turned to Marion with the brief query: "In what direction did they propose riding this morning—do you know?"

"I recall some discussion among them on that point," she replied, "and the decision was that they would ride over to Col. Hemphill's for Sidney to join them in their jaunt. But you had better not depend on that, Mr. Elliott; they may have changed the program again by this time—and just think what might follow from a meeting between you and them!"

On the instant three figures in blue were seen to come down the piazza steps, mount, and ride off down the driveway toward the road. Phil still made no move, but stood watching their movements with cool interest, and the girl added almost beseechingly: "Mr. Elliott, pray don't run any further risk. For the sake of—all concerned, leave *now*, while you may yet do so—without an encounter!"

The Lieutenant smiled—a slow, quizzical smile which Marion found highly exasperating.

"But I haven't yet answered your question, you know," he said deliberately.

"What question? What have I asked you?"

"Why, the reason for my making this scouting expedition around here just at this time."

"Oh, yes; I had forgotten. But that is of no consequence now, I assure you—and, see, they are turning this way! Again, I ask you to go!"

"To paraphrase Lochinvar, Miss Palmer, they'll have fleet steeds that catch me. And—the answer is of some consequence to me!"

He added to himself: "I have a minute or so to spare; I know from past experience that Rocket, at this time of the morning, will never pass that stream at the foot of the hill until his rider stops and lets him have his fill of water!"

"Then if you *will* delay in the face of the imperative need

for hurry, make it as brief as possible!" said Marion, helplessly.

Elliott was watching both the agitated countenance of the girl beside him and the movements of the oncoming cavalcade in the road. Sure enough, the iron-grey stopped short on reaching the water, lowering his head to drink, and the party of three came to a halt.

"Briefly, then," Elliott said, looking her in the eye as he spoke, "my object in returning to my native heath was to see you by one means or another—and fortune has been kind to me this morning, in that regard: to see you, Marion, and learn from you why you wrote me that letter I never received, upon your return to Prentiss Hall. No—don't think I am presumptuous enough, or of such short memory, as to assume anything from the circumstance, or seek to presume upon it. I surmise that you were impelled by your keen sense of fairness, to write and undo what you considered an injustice you had done me in the matter of the 19th of April—rather, in the matter of your cousin, Lieut. Hancock. Only that—no more, no less! Am I right?"

"Yes, Mr. Elliott. You will understand—"

"Certainly I understand—Marion. I am sorry you felt concern over the matter, but assure you that you need have no further worry on that score. I knew, of course, that you were ignorant of the episode at that time: anyway, I only did what any decent man would have done under like circumstances, and sincerely hope that you nor Lieut. Hancock has felt under the slightest obligation, in any way, on account of it. I shall not tax your patience further now, but—barring the uncertainties of life and fortunes of war—I shall see you again! Goodbye heart's love of mine."

He raised her hand to his lips; then, bending suddenly forward, he imprinted a kiss upon her forehead. A second more, and he was in the saddle.

Wheeling Lassie sharply around, Elliott described almost a complete circle of some thirty or forty yards in diameter under the spreading apple trees. Approaching the rail fence, Lassie was over in a flash and off across the grass lot like a deer—pursuing a course parallel with the highway up which the bluecoats (as yet unconscious of his proximity) were now coming at a lope, and scarce a hundred yards distant.

CHAPTER XXIV

HOOF AND HOLSTERS

Marion stood where Phil had left her; a picture of startled surprise, bewilderment, anxiety and feminine helplessness.

She saw Capt. Hancock and his companions go by at an easy gallop, and she thought of hailing them—with the idea of detaining them on some pretext, to avert, if possible, the dreaded encounter with the daring Confederate. Deterred by the retiring instinct of her sex, for half a second she debated the action in her mind; then called, loudly and clearly: "Guy, Guy; oh, Guy!"

But that half second's delay was fatal to her project; the bluecoats had passed beyond the reach of her voice, half drowned as it was by the noise of their horses' hoofs. She was answered only by the echo of her own voice, and the sound of galloping hoofbeats on the hard-beaten highway—also by others, muffled by distance, yet coming to her ears wonderfully distinct from the sod-covered surface over which she could see Southern Lassie speeding like a shaft from the bow.

Elliott was following a slight depression between two rolling hillsides, which debouched into the road a couple of hundred yards ahead, and Marion, following his course with her eye, noted with satisfaction that his was the shorter route to his apparent objective—the point where the ravine crossed the highway. Philip Elliott was following a wellnigh direct course, while the road up which the Northerners were riding—all too fast to please her!—made a very appreciable curve to the right, and crossed the hollow at almost right angles to their present course. She marked, too, that the Confederate was covering the ground more rapidly than his adversaries—Phil having let Lassie out to her full speed from the instant that her little hoofs touched the turf on the far side of the orchard fence—and that, thanks to the friendly depression and an intervening hedge of tall bushes, his presence had not yet been discovered by the horsemen in the road.

A half minute the girl stood as one fascinated, watching the receding figure of the flying trooper on the little sorrell, and mentally calculating the lead he would have gained by the time he should leap the fence into the roadway and, she feared, at the same time into full view of his enemies: then turning, as if on a sudden impulse, she fled from the scene. As she sped through the open gate, into the garden and up the walk,

she recalled, with a little gasp of self reproach, that she had totally forgotten to manifest any anger or displeasure at the presence of the young Marylander. She gasped again—this time in renewed alarm—as, “Crack! Crack! Crack!”, three pistol shots rang out on the morning air, sharp and clear above the noise of galloping hoofs.

* * * *

Approaching the road fence in a dead run, Lassie cleared it easily. As she alighted fair and square in the middle of the highway Elliott half reigned her in, so helping her to momentarily check her speed and swing sharply around, then away toward Frederick town. Glancing up the road toward Judge Prentiss', he saw the bluecoats coming in a lope, and scarce a hundred yards distant. The spirit of fight seized upon him and—exulting in the speed of his trusty mount as well as in the steadiness of his own arm and eye—he threw caution to the winds: rising in the stirrups, he swung his hat around his head and uttered a short, sharp shout of defiance—just enough to draw his foemens' attention as he sped away up the road before them.

But there was also method in his apparent madness. “I don't like the looks of that powerful black,” he mused. “He has altogether too much speed and too much endurance in his get-up, to suit me! I shall have them strung out after me in single file in another minute; and then, though I hate to sacrifice so noble a piece of horseflesh, with the black in the lead I shall give his rider an opportunity to show his agility in dismounting from a falling steed!”

At Elliott's shout Capt. Hancock—mounted on the black, and a trifle to the fore of his companions—looked up, and almost on the instant had emptied three chambers of his revolver at the flying figure in grey, ere his astonished comrades could collect their wits sufficiently to draw their weapons. When they had done so Hancock, setting immediate chase to the Confederate, was far ahead, and too directly in line between them and their target to permit of their firing.

“Just Guy's luck!” growled the disgusted Powell, spurring Eurus so suddenly and savagely as to send the startled bay plunging almost into a fence corner. “Just his luck to swap mounts with me upon starting off this morning, and so get astride my own black beauty—the only beast here capable of competing with yonder greased-lightning specimen of Rebel horseflesh! Confound him; he always did have the knack of falling into luck!”

To Maj. Powell's mind, at that moment, the one thing to be

desired in the way of good fortune was the position of foremost pursuer of the daring Confederate: possibly his idea of "luck" underwent a change in the course of the next few minutes!

Elliott's plan was working like a charm: looking over his shoulder, the Marylander saw his pursuers strung out in a line, Hancock, on the black, a hundred yards in the lead of Rocket, while the latter, in turn, was two or three lengths ahead of Eurys and the furious Powell. By way of returning courtesies received, he sent a bullet singing over the heads of the oncoming Federals, as he turned from the highway into a cross country route that would bring him out to the Potomac fifteen miles away. Reaching the crest of a little rise the Confederate, screened from the two rearmost of the enemy by an intervening grove, reined up Lassie, deliberately wheeled about, and faced his leading pursuer just as the black, too, turned off the main highway. The erect, athletic rider, coming on like the wind and already covered by the Southerner's revolver, leveled his own weapon to fire.

"Just as I thought," muttered Phil; "Guy Hancock himself! And here's where the Lieutenant finds himself minus a mount!"

Dropping the muzzle so as to bring the bead against the broad breast of the mighty black coming on with a rush and now not fifty yards away, he pressed the trigger as he spoke.

Two reports rang out together. Hancock, in motion as he was, was at a disadvantage, but his hasty aim came near being all too true; the crown of Elliott's grey slouch hat, jammed down tight on his head, was perforated fore and aft not an inch above his scalp. On the other hand, the ball from Elliott's weapon went straight: the noble black went down in a heap, and after one convulsive shudder lay motionless where he fell—a streak of crimson spreading over the sable coat of his massive chest.

A less agile rider would have been caught beneath the falling charger; but Hancock, with marvelous quickness, disengaged his feet from the stirrups and, springing erect, again leveled his weapon. But the heavy-mustached trooper on the rise just above him, in whom he failed to recognize the beardless law student of nearly two months before, was too quick for him. Once more his revolver sounded, and Hancock's weapon flew from his grasp: a stinging pain shot through his hand and wrist, and the blood flowed from a flesh wound in his thumb. The Northerner knew he was completely at the mercy of his adversary, but pluckily reached for his second and as yet unused revolver.

Off came the Confederate's hat with a flourish.

"Captain," he cried, in a purposely gruff voice, "suppose we call it quits! You have put daylight through my hat: I have done the same by your noble animal, not from malice pre-pense but from stern necessity and as the less of two evils—since a good horse is only second to a brave man! But I shall not tarry, as I must attend to some pressing business of my own—if I would not have your oncoming friends hard pressing me!"

He had replaced his slouch hat, and with a salute he wheeled and galloped off with never a backward look at the young Federal, who had mechanically returned the salute and now stood ruefully looking after the departing figure. Hancock had it in his power to bring down that figure with a well directed shot from his ready revolver, had he been base enough to disregard his foeman's generous action of a moment before. This, of course, never for an instant suggested itself to Hancock's mind, and when Foster the next moment came up on his foaming grey, he found Hancock, with cocked weapon hanging uselessly in his hand, mournfully regarding his fallen steed, while the horseman in grey was fast throwing the road behind him.

With the foremost of his pursuers thus disposed of, Elliott breathed more freely, and a couple of hundred yards farther on he drew in Lassie from a dead run to a brisk canter.

"Well done, little gal!" he said aloud, patting the filly's neck. "We will now take it more easily for a while! We have shown them how to get over the ground, and also how to handle a shooting-iron, haven't we, Lassie? It did seem little short of murder to down that splendid black like that, but necessity knows no law, you know—not even the law of kindness. Anyhow, you can now easily keep your lead over the others!"

But a new factor had entered into the fight, of which the Lieutenant knew not. The ubiquitous and keen-eyed Jerry had not been long, this bright June morning, in discovering the presence of his young master, nor in planning an interview with him on important matters ere he should take himself back to Virginia. Having brought in the horses from the field at sunrise, thereby furnishing "dem Yankee gen'lmens" with mounts for their morning ride and subsequent pursuit of his master, he next proceeded to supply a nag for himself by "borrowing" Marion Palmer's little mare, Lightfoot. Jerry was skirting the orchard on the far side from the road—to warn Elliott of the lay of the land and the prospects of a reception more warm than welcoming—when Phil's own action in leaving the shelter of the apple trees and throwing him-

self in front of the enemy had forestalled the faithful servant's purpose.

During the running engagement that followed, Jerry had hung on the right flank of the contending forces: when Elliot and Hancock turned off into the byroad, he quickly determined to cut across through the woods, by an old wagon trail he knew, and (saving time by taking the shorter route) to gain the river road a mile or so farther on by the time the fleet-footed Lassie had brought her master over the winding way to that point. But Jerry's eagerness for once outran his discretion: just as he was approaching the highway with the intention of crossing it in the rear of the Federal officers and plunging into the brush on the far side, Powell, who brought up the rear on the laggard Eurus, happened to turn his head and caught sight of the Negro ere he gained the roadway.

"Ah, here's luck!" the Major exclaimed joyfully. "If any horse on Judge Prentiss' farm can overhaul the Rebel, it is Miss Palmer's pretty Lightfoot!"

He wheeled the bay short around as he spoke, and intercepted Jerry's course ere the boy had reached the road fence. Jerry saw his predicament, but thought to scale the fence with a rush and lose himself in the woods beyond. He therefore turned a deaf ear to Powell's abrupt command to "halt," and—swerving slightly to the left—approached the fence at a run. But the Major was not to be trifled with. With an angry growl from between his teeth he leveled his revolver and fired twice—the first bullet singing uncomfortably close to Jerry's head, the second cutting up the dust just beyond and ahead of him.

"Don't shoot me, Marse Powell," cried the thoroughly terrified Negro, "I's gwine stop foh you, suh, but dis hoss been runnin' 'way wid me frum de barnyard!"

Suiting the action to the word, Jerry regained control of the "runaway" with marvelous ease and promptness, reining in Lightfoot with such force and suddenness as to set the astonished little mare upon her haunches, and well nigh to unseat the ebony rider. Without a word Powell leaped from his saddle and vaulted the fence into the field. Seizing Lightfoot's bridle rein, he tumbled Jerry off the mare, himself sprang on, and—jumping her over the rails—was tearing up the road in less time than it takes to relate it.

Foster, having emptied his revolver in impotent wrath after the disappearing Confederate, had abandoned the useless pursuit and, with Hancock, was bending over the dead horse as Powell came up.

"My poor Carbon! You shall be avenged if I have to ride

to the Potomac to do it," shouted Powell, as he thundered past.

With his pursuers unhorsed or safely outdistanced, Elliott had dismounted a mile farther up the road to adjust the girth ere pushing on to the Potomac—when the sound of approaching hoofbeats sent him vaulting into the saddle again.

"Lightfoot, by all that's unlucky!" he exclaimed, as Powell dashed into sight around a curve scarce a hundred yards distant. "Now for a stand-up fight rather than a race!"

Lassie was planted across the narrow roadway, and her master swung her around facing the oncoming Federal, so as to leave her body less exposed to his fire. Just as he did so Powell raised his cocked revolver. But he was already covered by the Confederate's weapon, which barked twice in rapid succession when the two men were hardly thirty yards apart. Powell's right arm dropped helplessly to his side, his pistol falling from his grasp, and to his disgust he found himself disarmed, disabled, wellnigh at the mercy of his enemy. But—spurring furiously forward and at the same instant dropping rein—he dexterously unsheathed his sword with his left hand and aimed a desperate blow at Elliott.

This was unexpected, and albeit so quick that Philip Elliott barely had time to jerk Lassie aside; ducking his head low, he received only a glancing blow—which nevertheless tore open his coat sleeve and left an ugly flesh wound in his right arm and shoulder.

"Well done, Major!" called out the Confederate, as Lightfoot slowed up at a distance of fifty yards and Powell, a very Thor incarnate, seized the bridle rein in his teeth and started to wheel the bay around with the evident intention of closing in for another slash. "Well done, but the odds are against you. With a broken arm and only a sword against my sword and pistol, you ought to surrender gracefully."

"Surrender blazes!" thundered the Major, a muscular, powerfully built man, spurring forward and brandishing his blade as he spoke.

"But, as I was going to add," continued Elliott, "you are too brave a man to be either forced to a surrender or shot down at a disadvantage. Neither do I wish to kill a second good riding animal this morning; so, *au revoir*, and pray get your right arm in proper shape for our next meeting—I will do the same with mine."

Phil wheeled Lassie up a bank and into the woods, and the latter part of his remark was called back over his shoulder. Powell, unable with his one good arm to perfectly control Lightfoot and wield his blade at the same time, did not follow, but

in wrath and chagrin started back to rejoin his comrades, his right arm flapping at his side—helpless from Elliott's bullet that had shattered the bone half way between elbow and shoulder.

It was a disgruntled trio that, an hour later, reappeared at Prentiss Hall—from which they had set forth so gaily in the early morning. Powell's arm was speedily set by a resident physician and surgeon, for whom Jerry was dispatched in haste; but the Major grieved only for his slaughtered steed, and because of his own inability to avenge him.

Of course the encounter of the morning was the sole topic of conversation when the inmates of Prentiss Hall gathered for the delayed dinner that afternoon. Many were the conjectures, interspersed with expressions of admiration, regarding the daring young Confederate who, as Hancock expressed it, could "ride like the Cid and shoot like a Locksley," and who had shown himself as chivalrous as he was skillful and daring.

Miss Palmer had the least to say of any of the young ladies. Black Jerry, of stolid countenance, kept his eyes and ears open, and his mouth shut (as usual when in the presence of the white folks) save when, in response to some word addressed directly to him, an unusual array of ivories came into view. If quiet little Mrs. Prentiss (who, like the good housewife she was, had been early astir that day, and had encountered Marion Palmer flying up the garden walk at the moment that the sound of pistol firing was heard down the highway) had her own opinion as to the identity of the greycoat and the cause of his appearance, she betrayed it not by word or sign.

Lieut. Philip Elliott, C. S. A., with a stiff arm and a shoulder swathed in bandages, had little to report to his superior officer regarding his absence on leave and voluntary scouting expedition across the Potomac; and acting Lieut. Col. Johnson contented himself with one or two general questions, without pressing for details.

"You say you struck a detachment of the enemy near Frederick?" asked the Captain. "Do you think that indicates the proximity of an outpost of Patterson, or possibly his advance in force from Chambersburg?"

"From what I was able to gather from private sources, Captain, I think—in fact, I am confident—they belonged to the army at Washington!" was the Lieutenant's terse reply.

He added, as he turned to go: "But whether from Washington or from Chambersburg, I think, despite this bad arm, that my appearance at that time and place has for the present checked a contemplated movement of the enemy in the vicinity

of Frederick; I hope so, at all events!" Had the Lieutenant's back not been turned, the Captain might have noticed that he smiled a peculiar smile as he said it.

Possibly the young officer was not far wrong in his surmise, despite Gen. Patterson's speedy advance to and across the Potomac. Be that as it may, the night after the running fight of the three Federal officers with the Confederate horseman Marion Palmer had the stormiest interview of her life with Miss Pillsbury—an interview from which both parties retired in tears; and Capt. Hancock, on the cars speeding to Washington, carried back the same dainty box containing a shining gold band and glittering stone which, in accordance with Miss Pillsbury's suggestion, he had brought with him from the city two weeks before.

CHAPTER XXV

THE DESPOT'S HEEL

As those eventful spring months of 1861 wore away into summer, and the summer advanced, the process of "hermetically sealing" the wedge-shaped Commonwealth went steadily on.

What was virtue immortal in the men of 1776 had become a crime in their children and their children's children of four score and five years later. No longer might a free people aspire to shape their own destinies or choose their own government, nor even manifest sympathy for their brothers who were attempting to do so. The sacred right of "self-determination" (as it was to come to be called in a later era of more widely professed Confederate principles) was now a thing to be reviled and repressed at whatever cost of blood and iron, and even of more precious thing. The free and ancient Commonwealth of Maryland, the home of patriots, the birthplace of soldiers, statesmen and poets who ever won renown for themselves and their mother State by their brilliant services in the cause of freedom, was rapidly brought under drumhead rule and bayonet domination.

The Union of the fathers, the Union of choice and mutual confidence, was a thing of the past, gone forevermore, and in forwarding the work of establishing the new Union of force—such as King George III had sought in vain to maintain against their fathers—the authorities at Washington speedily converted Maryland into a Yankee garrison. Instead of the sovereign people governing the free State of Maryland through their duly elected and authorized representatives and servants, such foreigners as Banks and Dix exercised their despotic, military sway over the "department of Annapolis." B. F. Butler—the same who, in the Charleston Convention the year before, had voted for Jefferson Davis as Democratic nominee for President of the United States—was the first on the field and, in Baltimore, had put himself in training for his after career of infamy as military governor of New Orleans. He had worthy (?) successors!

Habeas Corpus, free speech, the freedom of the press, were taken away from the people. The most honorable and influential citizens and members of the State Assembly were cast into prison. The chief of the Baltimore police was incarcerated in Fort McHenry.

But there was a crowning outrage. In November, 1861,

Judge Richard B. Carmichael, presiding at Easton in one of the circuit courts of the State, had charged the grand jury of Talbot County of their duty to investigate, with a view to initiating the proper criminal prosecutions, the flagrantly arbitrary arrests which had become so numerous in the vicinage. From that moment he was a marked man. While on the bench at the same place during the spring term of 1862 he was assaulted and brutally beaten by the provost marshal's henchmen, and then, with no charge lodged against him, cast into prison, and there left to languish many months. In December, 1862, Judge Carmichael was released, still without trial or even complaint brought against him.

Two letters from the Judge, one while in prison and one after his release, addressed to President Lincoln, asking to be informed who was primarily responsible for this heinous crime against the administration of justice, were never answered. The fearless jurist after his release from prison again presided in his court and again charged the grand jury of their duty with reference to unconstitutional arrests.

Another year or so and, by wholesale disfranchisement of the Southern Patriots of Maryland, the radical Nationalists, aided and abetted by the proximity of Federal bayonets, put through by a bare majority of votes the farcical State constitution of 1864. This instrument was a frightful travesty on the typical organic law of a free American commonwealth. Among its provisions was the perpetual disfranchisement, and disqualification to hold office, of Confederate soldiers and those who had helped them. How little this instrument spoke the real voice of Maryland's people was manifested when, three short years later, the work was utterly undone and repudiated by the State Convention of 1867, which drafted the State's constitution of that year. This new document, framed in accordance with the models of free American institutions, was promptly adopted by the people of Maryland, to remain for generations, and on into the 20th Century, the fundamental law of the Commonwealth. And the name signed to it as that of the President of the Convention, just as George Washington's name is signed to the federal constitution of 1789, is the name of Judge Richard B. Carmichael. Maryland thus did poetic justice; and in honoring the victim of the despot's might she did but honor her true self.

This proud action by the Old Line State was typical of the spirit of the Marylanders—nay, of the men from the Border States, generally—who enlisted under the Crucial Banner. In the latter stages of the War the Missourians in the Confederate

Southern flag. Leta Elliott was with the South, of course, as was likewise (but not obtrusively so) Lottie Prentiss, her schoolmate and fellow sojourner for two years in the Southern atmosphere of a Richmond boarding school. Little Dwight was a sturdy disciple of his father and his father's beliefs and principles. But Borden, devoted as he was to both his elder brother, Chad, and "the General," as he called his stepbrother, sided with them. So, of the Judge's immediate family, only one, and that the youngest, was arrayed with him.

After two or three exciting verbal passages at arms at the table or in the parlor, discussion of current topics in the political world was tabooed—by tacit consent among the grown-ups, and in accordance with private but positive orders to the two youngsters. But all minor skirmishing could not be totally avoided; and occasionally something would happen to accentuate the discordant elements going to make up the constituency of Prentiss Hall.

Thus, on the occasion of a flag-raising among some of the boys of Northern sympathy, of Frederick and vicinity. In the midst of a sort of plateau in one of Judge Prentiss' fields, the gathering of youngsters with much gusto erected their pole and raised their flag. Having duly danced and shouted themselves tired and hoarse around the emblem of their choice, they hied themselves off to the barn for rest and refreshments, Dwight Prentiss being one of the most enthusiastic of the group.

But from his hidden perch in a leafy apple tree Borden had been a wrathful observer of the proceedings, and now, with the coast clear and the noisy flag-raisers holding forth in the barn some hundreds of yards distant, he decided on a bold course of action.

Borden had been afflicted from birth with something in the nature of club feet, and the operations his solicitous father had had performed by eminent surgeons had not entirely cured the deformity. It was, therefore, with no great ease or speed that the boy descended from the tree and made for the flag pole. Seizing a "grubbing hoe" lying near by, where thrown by Dwight after digging the hole for the flag-staff, Borden began to draw aside the freshly packed earth.

He made rapid progress, and presently the standard—just raised to its place amid such enthusiasm, and streaming so proudly in the morning's breeze—began to wave with more than wonted vigor; in fact, it seemed positively to be wig-wagging a message of distress. Beneath Borden's well directed blows the flag-staff was beginning to totter.

One of the youthful celebrators, happening near to the

barn door, let his eye wander off to that portion of the summer sky against which he might behold the ensign waving in all its glory. Ah! there it was on high, visible above the intervening tree-tops, floating in the wind where placed by patriotic hands, his own among the number! He would salute it yet again—his own handiwork, it might be said, and the nation's flag. He did so. With swelling pride he removed his hat. Nor did he stop with that. With his hand on his heart, he bowed—bowed low and bowed profoundly—and lo! his salutation was returned.

The flag, as if in recognition of the honor conferred upon it by so distinguished a personage, seemed to acknowledge it in kind. It made a distinct dip toward him, then straightened up again; yet, as still he regarded it in wonderment, the obeisance was repeated, this time more pronounced than before, nor did the bunting resume quite its former position. Such unwonted honor might well have filled the breast of a man of smaller mould with selfish pride and exultation, but not so with this modest and unassuming specimen of the genus patriot. He eyed the banner aghast, not to say askance. Had the softly blowing summer zephyrs suddenly increased to a gale on the far side of yonder tree-tops? Or could it be that in their patriotic fervor and haste to see the ensign flying aloft, they had failed to plant the pole deeply and securely?

While he thus mused and pondered, sore perplexed, the flag bowed to him yet a third time, "deeper, swifter, readier than before." Nay, plainly now he saw that the flag and flag-staff were tottering to their fall. Ah! he had it: while they rejoiced and reveled within, some enemy had done this—was attempting to do it! Perchance the villain might yet be thwarted!

ladies why Chad and his brother should be bearing a United States flag.

In the midst of this decidedly animated scene occurred a diversion, furnished by the appearance of the wrathful Dwight and several of his companions, burning for vengeance and with a determination to at once lay their grievances before Judge Prentiss. His attention attracted by the sudden chorus of excited voices arising upon the appearance of Chad and Borden, the Judge had thrust his head out of his study window to see what caused such commotion. He was now glad of the opportunity afforded by the importunate Dwight to dispel what threatened to develop into an acrimonious debate among the adult members of the company. Hence, he promptly repaired to the porch and quieted things for a hearing of the youngsters' grievances—mentally determining to rebuke Chadman in private for his rashness in tossing the metaphorical bomb-shell.

It was with mixed emotions of amusement, disfavor, and secret pride in his crippled boy, that Judge Prentiss heard Dwight's presentation of the case and demand for retribution. If he was at all disposed to deal severely with Borden, Chad's earnest championing of the child turned the scales, and the matter was definitely settled by the restoration of the captured flag on the spot and the explicit understanding that Borden was not to be molested in any way by Dwight or his friends on account of the occurrence.

But there was a further act of "treason" committed before that twenty-four hours had closed—committed beneath the Judge's own roof, in a most flagrant manner and, saddest of all to relate, participated in by Judge Prentiss himself.

After supper that evening the inmates of Prentiss Hall scattered to their several apartments or pursuits, as the case happened to be. The Judge was in his study, busy over some important papers, and assisted by his wife. Miss Alicia had retired early with a headache, and Marion was in her room writing letters. Dwight was absorbed in one corner of his father's study over Cooper's "Leatherstockings." Leta Elliott and Lottie Prentiss strolled out on the piazza. Chad was, for the moment, absent—delivering some instructions for his father at Cephas' cabin.

The young ladies retired to one corner of the porch and had their heads close together in consultation for several minutes, then summoned Borden from his perch on the steps and took him into their confidence.

"Great scheme!" exclaimed that young man, delightedly.

"We'll do it!" And the three promptly disappeared into the house.

Half an hour later Chad, returning from his errand at Cephas', was astonished to see Prentiss Hall illuminated from top to bottom. At every window on the two sides visible to him shone a candle or a lamp, the flame itself—not merely the light in the room—in full view from the outside. He was hurrying up the porch steps to inquire inside as to the meaning of it, when Leta and Lottie, coming through the door, met him.

"What under the sun, girls—" he began, but was interrupted.

"Hush, Chad," said his stepsister, in a whisper. "We are illuminating Prentiss Hall in honor of the Confederate victory. Our friends, the enemy within, are blissfully unconscious, and the two servants in the house tonight are bribed to keep their tongues still."

Chad grinned, then sobered on the instant.

"Girls, you are geniuses," he said. "But is it just the right thing by the Judge?"

"Oh, we will tell him about it tomorrow!" laughed Lottie. "Anyway, it is already done now; you had nothing to do with concocting the scheme or putting it into execution, so you needn't bother your conscientious old head any further on that score!"

The inmates of the study, absorbed over their papers and reading with the lamp on a stand by the window, were involuntary and unknowing participants in the affair, and it was not till it was all over that Judge Prentiss learned of Prentiss Hall having been brilliantly illuminated on the three sides visible from the public road, in honor of the Confederate victory at Big Bethel.

CHAPTER XXVII

PLOTS AND PLANS

Miss Alicia Pillsbury was not disposed to remain quiescent under the setback encountered in her cherished project. She was discouraged, perhaps, but not dismayed; so she yet hoped to evolve ultimate victory from present defeat.

If she guessed at the identity of the "young Rebel dare-devil," as the bluecoats dubbed him, whose appearance in the vicinity had occurred the morning of the day of Guy Hancock's return to duty at Washington, and of his definite rejection by Marion Palmer—as the unexpected culmination of what had appeared up to that point to have turned into a propitious courtship for him—she did not hint her suspicions to her "wilful" niece. But the good lady seemed to link Phil Elliott in some way with the matter, and was accordingly more than ever bitter against the "impudent young Marylander," whom she had so fondly imagined Marion had dismissed from her thoughts forever.

At this juncture Miss Alicia, driven, as she told herself, to extreme measures, formed a coalition. She took Judge Prentiss, her cousin and Marion's guardian, more fully into her plans and confidences than ever before. Just what she told the Judge regarding "the affair" between her niece and his stepson—to the existence and apparent continuance of which she attributed the miscarriage of her own carefully tended, long nourished hopes—was never known. Whatever it was, it seemed to have the desired result, and to enlist for her the prompt and hearty co-operation of the Judge. Possibly, in so zealously taking up the cudgels in his cousin's behalf, the good man had an ax of his own to grind. The Judge was a shrewd business man; his ward was possessed of a goodly heritage, was young and fair to look upon, and had always been on terms of intimate friendship with his own eldest son and heir, now just approaching his majority. Might not something more than friendship between the two young persons be a most desirable possibility of the near future, especially now that both Philip Elliott and Guy Hancock were removed, for the nonce at least, from the horizon?

Whether or not such considerations as these furnished the Judge with a secret motive of his own, is a matter of legitimate conjecture, especially in view of certain ensuing developments. Certain it is that he appeared to listen to Miss Alicia's plaint with avidity, and to act promptly. A long conference had tak-

en place between him and his cousin on the second morning after Hancock's departure for Washington, and the morning following (several days prior to the flag episode between Borden and Dwight) he called Marion into his study.

The kindest of relations had always existed between Marion and her guardian; she regarded with affection "Uncle Herbert," as she called her distant relative, and was ever ready to heed his advice even in matters to which his power of control did not extend—much more so, indeed, than in the case of Miss Alicia's well-meant, solicitous and oft proffered admonitions, as that estimable lady had long since remarked to her own mortification. Such being the fact, Miss Alicia congratulated herself on having procured the services of "dear Cousin Herbert" in the course she had now mapped out to him.

Marion Palmer was a many-sided young woman, and one of these sides was practical and business-like; hence, she had always displayed an intelligent interest when matters relating to her business affairs were discussed in her periodical interviews with her friend and guardian.

In fact, such occasions were wont to take on the aspect of social chats, rather than that of irksome confabulations as was too apt to be the case, according to the Judge's experience, with young ladies in her situation. He had more than once expressed to her his gratification on this score, and the satisfaction he felt in going over such matters with her.

But on this particular morning, the girl remarked, her guardian lacked something of his usual frank directness in broaching the subject-matter of the interview.

Indeed, for one of his age and position he seemed positively embarrassed, and uncertain as to how he should begin. When she entered the room in answer to his summons she found the Judge standing before the window, surveying the June landscape, with his back toward the door. He seemed unaware of her entrance until she called his name. Turning, he proffered her a chair; when she was seated he took several turns about the room, his hands behind his back and under his coat-tails—as was his wont when in deep thought or disturbed in mind. Finally, seating himself in his large leather-covered chair, he crossed his legs and regarded her half absently over his spectacles.

"Marion, my child," he said, clearing his throat ere he began; "you are very mature and clear-headed for one of your years, and it is always a pleasure to me to discuss your affairs with you, as I have observed to you on former occasions."

This was followed by a half minute's profound silence,

broken only by the ticking of the watch sounding forth very distinctly from the lower pocket of the Judge's ample waistcoat, while Marion waited to be informed as to the subject on which she was now to bring her clear head and mature judgment to bear.

"This has been the case even in trivial matters—that is, in those of minor importance; how much more so should it be in matters of such import as to materially—I may say radically—affect your whole future.

"I have come to realize, my child, that you are blossoming into young womanhood—have already done so, in fact, and—and," cautiously, as if uncertain just how to proceed, "quite likely at any moment now to have thrust upon you the consideration of the question of selecting a partner for life, which, indeed, is only natural, right and proper."

Another silence, the Judge appearing suddenly to become absorbed in admiring the landscape again, while his ward, with just the suspicion of an added tilt to her proud little head, began to regard him rather closely from between half-closed eyelids.

What was it that Uncle Herbert had in his mind to say to her, which for some reason he found so difficult to put into words? And why had he suddenly discovered that she was likely to have thrust upon her at any time a question which already, in the course of the past two years, the young heiress had been called upon to consider—and to dispose of—some half a dozen times?

Again the Judge cleared his throat—he seemed to be afflicted with a suddenly developed bronchial trouble this particular morning—and with apparent reluctance withdrew his fascinated gaze from the view without, as he resumed: "And of course, Marion, this question—this selection—is a most serious matter, involving as it does your whole future life and happiness. I have never before spoken with you specifically on this subject, as I really saw no present necessity for so doing, and preferred to leave you as free and untrammelled as possible in this as in other matters. But now it seems incumbent upon me, not only as your guardian, but also as your friend and adviser, to express to you my earnest hope and wish that you do nothing rash or hurried in this regard—for example, say, that you do not run counter to the wishes of dear Cousin Alicia, who stands in the place of a mother to you."

Ah! so this was the drift of his remarks, was it? She had wondered what would be the next development in her aunt's campaigning—which she felt sure, with a confidence born of past

experience, had by recent events been brought only to a temporary standstill.

"You think that I should appoint Aunt Alicia my matrimonial agent?"

Marion asked the question as much as anything else because Judge Prentiss seemed to await some response from her. Something in her tone, or in the words themselves, caused him to regard her rather closely—with a curious expression of part surprise, part uneasiness.

"Oh, no; don't put it that way, my child," he said. "As just remarked, I do not wish to see you unduly trammelled or harassed in this or any other respect, and I certainly do not ask that another shall choose for you in a matter of such vital importance. Pray, don't misunderstand me, my dear; I do not ask that you have your aunt select your husband for you, but merely that you defer to her maturer judgment and discretion to the extent that you make no alliance which incurs her disapproval—that she be given control of your actions in this regard in a negative, rather than a positive, manner, we may say."

Again Judge Prentiss paused, apparently awaiting her reply. But this time the girl remained silent in turn, and the Judge, arising and resuming his position by the window, continued:

"Marion, my child, I do hope you will look at this matter with your usual sweetness and good common-sense. It would hurt me—hurt me keenly, my child—to be forced to any drastic action."

If the gentleman had been looking at Marion instead of at the oak-shaded lawn at the moment, he might have observed a slight straightening of her form in the chair, and an imperious frown gathering on her brow, while her brown eyes flashed ominously when he uttered this last sentence.

"Yes, it would hurt me deeply, Marion, to have recourse to any such procedure," he went on: "and yet it is within my power, and ill-advised action on your part might render it my painful duty to do so. Until you attain your majority—now more than a year distant—I have control of your real estate and other interests, as you are already aware: but to what extent I have never before deemed it proper (as I hoped it would never be necessary) to explain. The fact is, my child, that in certain contingencies I have the absolute power of a full disposition of your property.

"Your father had almost a morbid dread of unhappy marriages (owing, doubtless, to the sad fate of his favorite sister in this respect) and wished above all things to provide, if possi-

ble, against any such in your case. As a lifelong friend of his he made me the guardian of you, his only child, and actually expressed the wish that I might select for you—or help you to select—your life partner; to see you happily married before you should reach the age of twenty-one and pass from under my control.

"More than that, he devised all his realty to me in trust for you during your minority, with the added proviso that in case of a marriage on your part during such minority and contrary to my wishes, or without my prior consent, I should then dispose of said estate to certain benevolent purposes specified.

"With these facts before you, I need only add, my child, that I have implicit confidence in Cousin Alicia's judgment, and while not asking that you defer absolutely to either her or my wishes or preferences in this connection, I do most earnestly hope that, for the sake of your own interests in this double sense, you will, at least, not make any match which she does not indorse—even if you do not make one between now and your twenty-first birthday which she and I would favor."

The interview was evidently at an end, so far as Judge Prentiss was concerned, and Marion arose to go.

The Judge looked at his ward curiously, wondering at her almost unbroken silence, and trying to gather from her manner how she had received his communication: but—it was not Marion's intention to leave him to guess.

"Uncle Herbert," said she, one hand on the door knob as she spoke, "you have always been good and kind to me, and as far as possible have filled the place of my dear father. I appreciate the anxiety which you feel in this behalf, both on his account and on mine, and for that reason I take pleasure in informing you that I am in no present expectation of either a marriage or an engagement, whether unacceptable to you and Aunt Alicia or otherwise.

"But, while this is so, and while, further, I should hate to run counter, in this regard, to either her wishes or yours, yet I wish it distinctly understood—here and now and once for all, by you and also by her—that I can not and will not submit to any dictation or duress in any such matter: and should it ever happen (which I have no cause to expect) that I found myself ready to marry some good and true man to whom you and she objected, I should certainly not let anything so sordid as a consideration of mere property or financial interests stand between me and my heart's choice and happiness!"

She closed the door softly behind her as she left the room; and with the click of the latch the Judge, as if arousing him-

self, brought his hand down against his thigh with a resounding slap, exclaiming under his breath as he did so: "A chip of the old block! She is her father's own daughter, as sure as I am alive!

"But," grimly and somewhat sadly, "she is young, very young—a mere child—and God grant the need may never arise to carry out her father's directions. There may possibly be some question whether those directions in his will are legally valid—which fact, however, I did not deem it necessary to state to her!" he added, half whimsically. From which it will be seen that Judge Prentiss was not always troubled with the nicest of scruples.

The young girl had appeared outwardly calm, but a very tempest was raging within; upon leaving the Judge's presence Marion sought her own room and, locking the door, threw herself into her favorite chair and burst into a flood of angry tears.

"And do they know me so little as that?" she murmured between her sobs. "Do they think for one instant that it is by threats and intimidation they can bring me to do their bidding?—that a few paltry acres, a few miserable thousands, would keep me from the man of my choice?

"Ah, dear Love of mine, I may indeed be separated from you, and separated forever, by this impassable gulf, this cruel war. Surely, they might rest content with that, and not try to force me into a marriage with another! But," arising to her feet and holding out her arms in the direction of the Confederate camp at Harper's Ferry, a few short miles away beyond the hills to the south-westward—yet, so immeasurably far and inaccessible, "if this is what they hope to do, first by eliminating you, then by forcing their own wishes regarding that other upon me, they have yet to learn with whom they are dealing; they do not as yet know Marion Palmer!"

At the dinner table that day Marion appeared much as usual—possibly just a trifle reserved—and Miss Alicia, to whom her cousin had made a full and faithful report, assured herself that, notwithstanding her niece's parting pronouncement (so characteristic of a Palmer!) all would yet speedily be well: though at times disposed to be headstrong and impatient of restraint, Marion was, after all, a dear child, and—with the Palmer shrewdness and worldly wisdom to reinforce her native sweetness and good sense—she would soon come to view the situation as she should. A little time was all that was needed, with her own (Miss Alicia's) hand at the helm! (Miss Alicia Pillsbury, be it remarked, was a true optimist, and—de-

spite past and even recent reverses—had lost not one whit of confidence in her own skill as a manipulator and tactician.)

But at least one pair of observant eyes quickly saw there was something seriously the matter with the fair Marion this lovely summer's day, and their owner determined to seek her out at the first opportunity—to learn the why and wherefore.

CHAPTER XXVIII

RINGGOLD'S SPIRIT

Chadman Prentiss and his fair cousin had always been royally good chums. They had been much thrown together in childhood and, being of nearly the same age and of congenial tastes, had naturally drifted into a comradeship of mutual appreciation and sympathy—had grown to entrust each other often with their dearest hopes and confidences.

After leaving the dinner table Marion repaired to the library and, seating herself at the piano, absently ran her fingers over the keys, half improvising, half following some familiar melody, as was her wont when troubled in mind and heart. A hand was laid lightly on her shoulder and Chad's voice, low and gently sympathetic, sounded in her ear.

"What is it, little Cousin mine?" he asked, resting his elbow on the piano and looking down into her face. "Tell a fellow what the trouble is."

"Oh, Chad; why do you imagine anything is the matter? Just because I am not always bubbling over with the same excess of animal spirits as in our schooldays together, you don't suppose, do you, it necessarily follows that there is something materially amiss with me?"

"You must recollect that your little cousin and erstwhile tomboy playmate is now a full-fledged young lady, and at times, at least, must be given credit for feeling the dignity and responsibility of her station!"

Marion laughed as she said it, and dashed off into a lively air, making the keys fairly jingle under the touch of her flying fingers.

But Chad thought the laugh forced and, somehow, to his ear the music did not ring true. He quickly saw, however, that his cousin and comrade was not in a humor for confidences: after a little further parleying he left her—as it was evidently her wish to be alone—crushing back the impulse to feel a trifle hurt that she would not confide in him as of yore.

"But something is seriously troubling the little girl," he inwardly soliloquized as he walked away, "and I intend to find out what it is, so that I may try to help her in her distress: I believe I half know what it is, anyhow."

"Chad", his father called, the next morning after breakfast, as the young man was passing the squire's study door,

which stood ajar; "come in here: I wish to see you a few minutes."

But the few minutes lengthened into a full half hour. It was quite a one-sided dialogue, Judge Prentiss doing most of the talking, and Chad, for the most part, confining himself to a question or two now and then. But these questions, few and brief as they were, were put for a purpose; and though the Judge may not have fully realized it, his eldest son was bidding fair to do credit to his chosen profession as a shrewd cross-examiner—had really drawn from the older man more information than it had been the Judge's intention to impart.

Chad came away from the interview apparently none too well pleased, to judge from the portentous wrinkle that gathered between his eyes.

"I wasn't so far wrong in my conjectures," he told himself, as he strode in the direction of the stable. "And—though I hate to say it of the Governor, even to myself—I don't like it, I don't like it! It looks to me like a deliberate scheme to take an unfair advantage of the little girl—not to say a moral abuse of his position of trust. It's a shame to seek to bulldoze her like this, and," as if quoting, "he hopes I will do what I can to make the time pass pleasantly for her the coming weeks, to divert her from brooding over any disappointment of the recent past; she and I were always such good friends"; and all the rest of it! Huh! it's something more than a mere quarrel with Guy that constitutes that 'disappointment'; of that I am morally certain. Another than Guy Hancock is most in her thoughts now—and a better, truer fellow never drew breath! If for no other reason than for his sake, I would scorn to lend myself to this—this scheme to thus work behind his back while he is away in virtual exile and jeopardizing his life and estates for his State and its Cause.

"Yes, I *will*, indeed, do what I can (if I can do anything) to help my poor little cousin in her distress of heart, but not in the way of adding the broad acres of my father's ward to the house of Prentiss—as I verily believe is the end and object of all this!" (and his lip curled as he said it). "Nor would I, even if I could, supplant another—and he my dearest friend—in her affections. God bless them both—my friend and comrade, and my cousin and childhood playmate!"

Entering the stable, Chad found Spitfire munching the last mouthful of his breakfast of oats. Quickly saddling and bridling the black, in a minute more he was off and away up the road for a long ride with no particular destination in view; he

wanted a chance to think—to think, undisturbed, off by himself—and Spitfire's flying hoofs could assure him of his wish.

Two hours later they returned, horse and rider both freshened and limbered out, it seemed, from the jaunt. Then, hanging the saddle in place in the stable, Chad led Spitfire to the pasture bars and turned him out to graze. As he slipped the bridle from the horse's head the spirited brute, not satisfied with the long canter just enjoyed, galloped full speed two or three times around the pasture lot, then pawed the air, by way of exercise and as if to testify to his satisfaction at release from all control and restraint—especially from the stall where he had been confined since early the preceding afternoon.

His master, leaning over the fence, watched his movements with a proudly indulgent eye.

"Old fellow, you enjoy your dash of freedom, don't you?" he muttered. "I can appreciate just how you feel, shut up in that stable when you fain would be out and away. I, too, would be away this moment, where my country and my heart are calling me, and where I had expected to be in just a day or two more! But for the present I must stay on and wait—the last thing on earth I like to do! Yes, I *will* help to the best of my ability. I will take steps to help her in a material way, if the need should ever arise; so that, come what may, she shall not suffer as they design—in case she does what I believe she *will* do, if the occasion offers, despite what they hold over her head: perhaps I can help clear the way along that line, too, and betray no confidences, or half confidences, either!

"Yes," he added, wearily, "I must stay on just yet, though gladly would I be off at once where the clans of Dixie are gathering for the critical trial of strength that cannot be much longer delayed. But, after all, it won't be for long; a matter of a few weeks more of waiting here, and then—away for the front!"

With a smile that well nigh chased away the wistful look in his eyes, he turned and walked rapidly toward the house. Going up to his room, Chad sat down at his desk and wrote a short note, which was posted in Frederick that evening and sent speeding on its way to Baltimore. It was addressed to Mr. James B. Tilden, and read as follows:

My dear Mr. Tilden:

Owing to circumstances that have arisen I must, to my great disappointment, alter my plans as decided upon at our last conference. I must for the present stay here, but fully expect and intend to carry out my original purpose by the 18th of next month, at latest.

Meantime I will, of course, keep in touch with you, and ere then I shall see you either here or in Baltimore.

With extreme regret at this enforced delay in the execution of my plans, I am,

Yours truly,

CHADMAN PRENTISS.

The letter was duly received by Mr. Tilden the following morning.

"Well, I'll be—*hanged!*" ejaculated that gentleman, when he had torn open the envelope and scanned the contents. "This is a sudden change of base on the part of our young New York Patriot! None more eager than he but a few short days ago, and now—*presto!* he begins to trim: so it looks to me! Well, considering his situation and surroundings, perhaps it is only what I might expect."

With a gesture of impatience he tossed the letter into the waste-basket and sat a full minute staring hard at the opposite wall of the little office room which he occupied. "No," he resumed, slowly and thoughtfully: "for once, at least, I'll not live up to my name—I'll not be headlong in my judgment of him! Chad Prentiss is true as steel, and means just what he says: he has some good cause for his present course, and I'll bank on that boy to the end of the chapter!"

Mr. Tilden was not the only one of Chad's acquaintances more or less disposed to judge him—or to misjudge him—in the present connection.

As he had told Phil he would do, Chad had early made known to his father and to the others at Prentiss Hall his position "as an adopted Marylander," and had promptly incurred the unbounded displeasure of Miss Marion Palmer—zealous anti-Southerner. She had been more outspoken in her censure than the Judge himself, saying that she could understand the course of such born Southerners (not to say "Rebels") as Elliott and others of Chad's companions and schoolmates, but could regard *him* as nothing better than "a turncoat and renegade."

So much for her first outburst upon Chad's profession of his duty, as he saw it, and his intention to follow it. Afterward she had in a measure relented toward her life-long friend and playmate—especially when, by common consent, all topics political were excluded from general conversation by those of Judge Prentiss' household—and much of their former good-fellowship was restored.

But as summer wore along and the initial clashes between small bodies of the contending forces promised to speedily lead

up to a giant collision of the marshaling hosts, the young lady on several occasions saw fit to twit her cousin for remaining at home and "not making good his words with his sword!"

She spoke laughingly, but Chad felt that, withal, she meant what she said. The high-spirited young fellow winced under the covert imputation contained in her remarks, holding himself bravely in check and turning her sallies as lightly and easily as he consistently could. On one of these occasions, however, he broke bounds.

As the first weeks of July passed, rumors were rife of an impending advance by Scott's and McDowell's forces from Washington, against Beauregard at Manassas. Throwing down the newspaper in which she had just read one of these reports, Marion turned to Chad, who was seated near.

"It's now or never for you, Chadman Prentiss," she said, tauntingly, "if you want a chance to go down with flying colors in company with your chosen compatriots, in the fight which I suppose they will try to put up before our victorious hosts march into the Rebel capital! That is, of course, if you really have the will to show the faith that is in you—by taking the open field like a man against your government and your people instead of contenting yourself with remaining safely at home along with the old men, women and children and *talking* rather than *acting* treason!"

A look came into the young man's face such as she had seen there but once or twice before during all the years she had known him, and she had half repented her speech even before he spoke—spoke in tones as hard and cold as steel.

"Never fear, Marion," said he, "but that I shall prove the faith that is in me *for* my people, and State, and government—not against them—before the invader gets anywhere near Richmond! It sometimes requires more courage to stay at home and bear in silence the imputations of cowardice and half-heartedness than it would to charge, single handed, all the batteries of Scott's army!"

Then he turned sharply on his heel and walked from the room.

Only two sentences, but—somehow, Marion felt that all inclination to taunt and tease on that score was forever taken from her: she had an impulse to run after him and ask him to forgive her idle banter; but while she thus meditated his footsteps had already died away down the hall.

Nothing more was said on the subject between them, but Marion thought the boy proudly reserved, if not cold, in the

succeeding days, and she began to devise in her mind how to close the breach that she felt had opened between them.

One day about a week later they were seated on the piazza, enjoying the cool evening breeze that had sprung up at the close of the warm July afternoon. Chad had been very busy all day, attending to matters on the farm for his father, and soon after dark he arose from his seat on the top step at the feet of Marion Palmer and his sister, Lottie, remarking that he would retire early to his room after his hard day's work. He kissed Lottie goodnight, and as he stepped up on the porch floor he took his cousin's hand in his and raised it to his lips. For one instant he held it there—with unwonted fervor, she thought—then dropping it abruptly, almost roughly, he strode into the house and up the stairs without a word.

The next morning Judge Prentiss found, secured by a paperweight on the desk in his study, the following note:

*Prentiss Hall, Maryland,
July 16, 1861.*

My dear Father:

When you read this I will be on my way South to join the Maryland Line. It hurts me to leave thus, in the dead of night, without bidding you goodbye and asking for your parting blessing. But even should you personally place no hindrance in my way (of which I am uncertain, from a stray remark or two you have dropped on occasions since my first announcement to you in the spring), I could not take the risk of the news of my intentions getting to the ears of the provost marshal or any of the army of spies on all hands about us.

I hope we shall meet again in health and happiness—but in case this may not be, you will receive a further communication in a day or two, relative to the management of my affairs.

Give my love to all, and tell Marion I expect to reach Richmond ahead of General Scott. Lovingly, your son,

CHADMAN.

Chad's departure for the Southern army at the very time when the first burst of boyish enthusiasm might be supposed to have spent itself, and when his father had thought all danger on that score was past, fell like a thunderbolt upon the family. Judge Prentiss stormed and was moodily silent by turns; his heart was wrapped up in his oldest son.

Marion Palmer sorrowfully put away the bit of fancy work (an embroidered cushion for Chad's easy chair) which she had designed and worked as a peace offering, to be given him on the morning of his birthday—the very morning of his departure.

The following day the Judge drove into town and went direct to the postoffice, hoping in his heart that the additional communication Chad had promised would be awaiting him there in the form of a letter, and feeling an uncontrollable longing for further word from his boy. Among the dozen or so letters handed to him he spied one directed in Chad's beld, clear hand, and postmarked "Baltimore." Tearing it open, he found but a line or two inside:

Dearest Father:

If anything should happen, my attorney is Congressman Price. When this reaches you I shall be in Virginia, if not a prisoner. As ever, Lovingly, CHAD.

Several gentlemen of the Judge's acquaintance were standing by, and to them he turned, holding the open letter in his clenched hand and exclaiming wrathfully:

"I would give a thousand dollars cash to know who it was helped my boy through the lines to the Rebel army—if, indeed, he is not by this time killed or on his way to Fort McHenry!"

of their own dungeons, the Yankees actually sent him through their lines and turned him loose.

In characteristic style "Headlong" celebrated the occasion of his departure for the South. On the morning of the day he was to be escorted through the lines, he obtained the commandant's permission to attend to some important business before leaving Baltimore and, accompanied by two grim-faced guards, he sallied forth.

The prisoner proved himself a jolly good fellow, and insisted on treating the guards to a generous lunch—its character far removed from the ordinary army ration. The refreshments were not confined to "solids", sad to say, and by the time they had returned to quarters both of his guards were royally drunk. According to some the prisoner, for his own part, was not what might be termed "beastly sober:" at any rate, when placed in a cab to be driven to the wharf—where he was to be put aboard the boat that was to take him to Virginia—"Headlong" poked his head out the window of the vehicle and, waving a Confederate flag which he produced from no-one-knew-where, proceeded to shout lustily: "Hurrah for Jefferson Davis and the Southern Confederacy!"

But this is by way of anticipation, and Headlong Tilden was yet very much at large when Chadman Prentiss, by his assistance, set out to find his way to the Southern lines.

Before leaving Baltimore Chad repaired to the office of Mr. Price, Congressman, lawyer, family friend and adviser of the Elliotts, and well acquainted with Chad and the Judge.

"Mr. Price," said Chad, coming immediately to the point, "this is my twenty-first birthday, and I want you to draw my will."

The attorney drew the paper in accordance with the young man's directions, and the will was duly signed and witnessed.

"You say that you leave the city today? Are you going directly home, Mr. Prentiss?" the lawyer asked: "If so, I shall ask you to kindly take some money for me to Mrs. Prentiss—some that Mr. Meriwether has turned over to me as proceeds from Ellerton. Phil is fortunate, in his absence, to have his farm in the hands of such a faithful overseer as Meriwether, and looked after, too, by so capable a manager as his own mother."

"I do leave Baltimore today, sir, but not for Prentiss Hall."

Mr. Price had looked curiously at Chad when the boy asked him to write the will: he now looked no less curiously and closely at him, but said nothing. The Maryland youths were slipping away from Baltimore every day, disappearing via the under-

ground railroad to Virginia; many of them, like Chad, were personal friends or acquaintances of the lawyer, or sons of such: but Mr. Price, an ardent Marylander himself, was still a member of the United States government—his State, as heretofore discussed, having never formally seceded.

Under such circumstances as the present the gentleman was wont to hold his peace and not wax inquisitive: it was neither his business nor his desire to know too much!

Young Prentiss left Baltimore in company with two others. They first proceeded by rail to a point on the extreme southern part of the Eastern Shore, just above where the peninsula narrows down into the long, thin strip comprising the two Eastern Shore counties of Virginia. Here they were to procure the services of a veteran longshoreman to put them across the Bay to the Virginian mainland, just south of the mouth of the Potomac.

The old man was skipper for a Mr. Hume, owner of the small sailing craft in which they were to cross. Mr. Hume may have been a staunch enough Patriot (he kept well his business from the Northern authorities) but, if so, his was a patriotism tempered with shrewdness and coming at thirty-three and a third dollars a head for his would-be passengers. However, he may well have urged that, war or no war for independence, one must live, and this form of livelihood was a particularly hazardous one, with gunboats on the lookout over the length and breadth of the Bay, inspecting every creek and inlet, with spies everywhere on land, and a Northern dungeon very possibly yawning for himself, along with his skipper, if detected in their work of aiding and abetting "treason and rebellion."

Arriving at the port of departure—a quiet little fishing village of Somerset county, on the Pocomoke river a few miles above its mouth—Chad found himself obliged to await a favorable opportunity for crossing the Bay. But everything had been arranged, at the Baltimore end of the route, with one of his companions—a young fellow who had run the blockade before, and who was consequently well posted: so there was no difficulty in finding a suitable "waiting room" on this under-ground railroad.

CHAPTER XXX

DISTANT THUNDER HUM

Very efficient and well trained were the unobtrusive officials of this particular transportation system. Plain fishermen and farmers co-operated with the land gentry in keeping things in the proper order, and in conveying messages and information back and forth.

Chad was quartered a night and half a day in a little farm house a mile or so back from the water, while his late companions and co-voyagers-to-be stopped elsewhere. Then, just as he was sitting down with his host's family to a plain but substantial dinner, word was brought him by the good man's son, a trusty lad of thirteen, that the coast was clear and he was to report at "old Cap'n Billy Williams'" at two o'clock.

The sky was still and overcast when the old salt shoved out from shore in his little boat with his three passengers: Chad, his companion above mentioned (who, like himself, was a volunteer for the Confederate ranks, if not for the Maryland Line), and a clergyman bound for Richmond where he wished to rejoin his family.

"Cap'n Billy," came a voice from an acquaintance on shore as they neared the mouth of the stream, "it looks like a dark and cloudy night coming: have you got your compass?"

The old man put two fingers up to his face.

"These two eyes of mine is all the compass I need," was his terse response, as he looked out over the waters which he had continuously sailed for the past thirty years or more.

Cautiously, but as rapidly as consistent with due care, the little craft sped over the rolling waters of the Chesapeake, after leaving the mouth of the Pocomoke about nine o'clock—the passengers speaking, when at all, in subdued tones. The skipper pulled away steadily and in well-nigh unbroken silence, the while maintaining a sharp lookout for any of the blockading fleet.

Once a vessel which they sighted, when far out in the Bay, seemed to be following and overhauling them, and Williams growled a caution to Sudler—Chad's young companion—who had just indulged in a quite audible laugh. Whether their fear that it was one of the Yankee gunboats was well founded they could not know; if so, the enemy either had not sighted them or was thrown off the trail, and along toward sunrise the boat's nose was run up on a sandy beach on the Virginian side, some

distance up an inlet into which Cap'n Billy had steered. The breeze had been very light coming over, and it had thus taken the old sailor nearly all night to cross from the mouth of the Pocomoke to their landing place some miles east of Heathsville—a distance of not much more than forty miles.

The old man, with the boy who helped him manage the boat, started back for the Pocomoke, only to be held up, questioned, and taken into custody by the commander of one of the enemy's gunboats, while Chad and his two comrades proceeded inland.

They were met near the shore by a gentleman of the vicinity who had seen them land, and, hastening out to meet them, he invited them up to his farmhouse and a good breakfast. Through his aid they procured passage in a farm wagon to the county seat, Heathsville, and proceeding thence across country to the Rappahannock, they embarked aboard a steamer for Fredericksburg, where they could get rail connections with Richmond and (less directly) with the Valley. The last named was Chad Prentiss' ultimate objective: Bradley Johnson and the Maryland Line!—that was the goal of this zealous young adoptive Marylander.

The route by rail was too roundabout to suit Chad, who thought a good horse would not come amiss to one of his profession and temperament. A fine mount would not be a bad acquisition for even an infantry command with, no doubt, scout and courier duty a-plenty to be performed for Johnson or his superior officers. So reasoning, the young volunteer proceeded, promptly upon his arrival at Fredericksburg, to drive a bargain with a Virginian farmer and possess himself thereby of a wiry little bay which his experienced eye told him was good for both speed and endurance. This was Saturday evening, and Chad, mounting his new acquisition, rode out from the little town—his face set toward Bradley Johnson and the Maryland line near Winchester, eighty miles away. He would go via Beauregard's position around Manassas Junction, about midway of the route, where some sharp fighting had taken place the past day or two between portions of the opposing forces, and where a decisive battle was momentarily expected, so he was informed by the citizens.

Chad camped that night by the roadside, and was up betimes in the morning, thoroughly enjoying this foretaste of soldier life. He obtained a good breakfast for himself and horse at a farmhouse nearby. His offer of recompense was scouted—half indignantly, half in good natured amusement—by the worthy farmer.

"I have lived in this here shack for more than thirty year, friend," the good man said, laying a fatherly hand on Chad's shoulder; "many and many's the traveler and wayfarer I've helped with a bite, and sometimes with lodging, too. But I've yet got the first one to charge for it, or to accept anything from when offered me—much less you, my boy, bound as you are for the front to help your country!"

It was a peaceful Sabbath morning and Chad lingered a few minutes after the frugal but ample meal, chatting with his host—as the latter did the necessary work about the barnyard ere setting out for the little neighboring church. As he finally mounted to ride off the farmer accompanied him to the road gate a few rods away, saying he would open it for him and save his guest the trouble of dismounting for that purpose.

"We have the promise of a good day for our prospective journeys, friend," the man remarked, at the parting; "you to the army and I to the Lord's house, but both in the line of duty."

"Yes," said Chad; "the sky is clear and bright enough now, but I wouldn't be surprised to see a storm before night. You know, 'Thunder in the morning is the shepherd's warning'—and ours, too, I guess!"

The man listened a moment, and his ear caught a repetition of the sound which had attracted Chad's attention. He smiled a peculiar smile, half of sadness.

"My boy, you'll get to know that sound soon enough, whenever you hear it, I reckon," said he, "as I first learned it with Taylor at Buena Vista. That's cannon, not thunder. They are at it again, up around Manassas."

"Ah!" Chad drew a long breath, and a strange, new fire gleamed from his eyes. "The battle is on, and I thirty miles away!"

Toward that far-off sound of firing he rapidly rode, the light of battle in his face—his one thought to reach Beauregard ere the fight was done!

CHAPTER XXXI

BAPTISM BY BLOOD AND FIRE

Not long after their equipment with arms by their heroine, Capt. Johnson's wife, the Maryland volunteers serving with Joseph E. Johnston's army were called on to leave the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, and in so doing to march south and away from even the sight of their mother State whose battles they might not fight on her own soil.

The enemy's long looked-for advance from Pennsylvania at last took place, and Patterson approaching the Potomac threatened to cross that stream above Harper's Ferry and effect a junction with McClellan from the West, in Johnston's rear. Johnston, destroying the railroad bridge and factories at Harper's Ferry, evacuated that town and took up a position at Bunker Hill. This was in the middle of June, and the Southern soldiers were inspirited at the prospect of a battle of Bunker Hill on the historic 17th of June in this Second War for Independence.

But they were fated to disappointment. The anticipated collision did not take place—Patterson showing no disposition to press a close acquaintance with them just at that time, but retiring across the Potomac instead. Col. Jackson, alert and anxious as ever for aggressive tactics in defensive warfare, commanded Gen. Johnston's advance (in the resulting forward movement to watch the invaders), and sought an opportunity for a brush with the wary foe.

Meantime the First Maryland was sent back to Harper's Ferry under orders to complete the work of destruction there. Instead of destroying, they brought away with them something like a carload of valuable seasoned gunstocks, and were formally and officially thanked for their action: an unusual instance, this, Bradley Johnson remarked—a command being thanked for disobedience of orders!

Col. Jackson was speedily gratified in his wish that his men might have a baptism of fire. About the first of July Patterson at last ventured to cross the Potomac in force, and to advance against Jackson. The "blue-light elder" promptly struck camp, advanced to meet him, and with a little force of some four hundred men for three hours engaged three thousand of the enemy at Haines' Farm, before falling back in good order upon Johnston's main army marching to his support. The modest Pat-

terson reported to his government at Washington that he "had repulsed ten thousand 'Rebels' ".

This was on the 2nd. of July. Two weeks or more of maneuvering ensued, neither Johnston nor Patterson seeming disposed to attack the other (though within four miles of each other near Martinsburg), and Johnston eventually fell back to Winchester—some thirty miles southwest of Harper's Ferry. Patterson followed as far as Bunker Hill, but again declined his adversary's offer of battle on his own ground.

In the course of one of the movements of his command the aggressive Col. Jackson had remarked the eagerness with which his raw troops marched toward the enemy when a battle was in prospect, as contrasted with the "snail-like pace" with which they responded to any order to retire; and the Colonel was as eager as they for a chance to force the fighting. But the zealous volunteers were doomed to a yet further disappointment. On July 18th tents were struck and the men ordered under arms, at their camp north of Winchester. The army thrilled at the prospect of marching out and assailing Patterson at Bunker Hill and Smithfield; but, alas! they found themselves headed from, not toward, the enemy, and—passing through Winchester—they were marched in a southeasterly direction. The citizens of that zealously patriotic town (which was destined to change hands some 80 times during the course of the war) asked in astonishment and consternation if their defenders were about to desert them and leave them at the mercy of the invader. And the soldiers sorrowfully answered their hospitable friends and hosts that they knew absolutely nothing of their own destination.

But it was not for long that they were kept thus in ignorance as to the meaning of this apparently retrograde movement. A few miles out from Winchester, on the road to the little village of Millwood, the army was halted, and the men received with delighted cheers the announcement that they were on the way to join their comrades under Beauregard and help them whip McDowell.

The foxy Johnston had known well enough what he was up to in what to some had seemed his over-cautious tactics in dealing with Patterson. The strategy of the commanders of the various Confederate forces defending the frontier of Virginia at this time against the vastly superior numbers of the enemy, was to so dispose their several commands that they might be of ready assistance to each other in case of emergency. Thus Beauregard at Fairfax and Manassas, and Johnston in the Valley, maneuvered with a view to cooperation. From this standpoint, Johnston was at a disadvantage while he remained in the

vicinity of Harper's Ferry, since Patterson could, if he so desired, effect a speedy junction (by rail) with McDowell before Washington, while Johnston, if attempting to join Beauregard, must march a long distance overland before reaching the railroad leading to Manassas Junction. By falling back to Winchester and drawing Patterson after him, he had increased the distance to be covered by the enemy in any possible movements to the neighborhood of Washington, while putting himself materially nearer to railway communication with Beauregard.

And now, when the grim-jawed, wiry little hero of Fort Sumter sent his call for help to meet McDowell's advancing hosts, Johnston was off and away, slipping quietly down by his right behind a curtain of pickets and cavalry that concealed this portentous movement from the unsuspecting Patterson, and thus leaving McDowell without the latter's aid.

Beyond Millwood, across the Shenandoah—sparkling and dimpling “daughter of the stars”—over the Blue Ridge at Ashby gap, through the little hamlet of Paris at its eastern base, and down by the smiling foothills of Piedmont Virginia to the Manassas Gap Railroad, went Joe Johnston's Army of the Valley, the First Maryland regiment with the rest.

The quiet Colonel—now Brigadier General—Jackson was in the lead (as was his habit during an advance). So he reached Manassas Junction and was assigned his place in the defensive position south of Bull Run, long before the bright July Sabbath morning broke when the invader's columns, by a clever movement, crossed the stream above Beauregard's left and assailed him vigorously in flank. Brigadier Jackson, moving up from his reserve position to meet the tide of battle, arrived in time to succor the hard-pressed handful under the gallant Evans and others, and to stay the victorious course of the surging foe. He and his Spartan brigade stood like a veritable “stone wall” of defense to save Beauregard's imperilled flank—so remarked the lamented Bee, of South Carolina, before he was shot down and sealed the christening with his life's blood. Thus did the taciturn, eccentric Major Jackson become the immortal “Stonewall Jackson” of the ages, in this awful baptism by blood and fire for himself and his fighting “Stonewall Brigade.”

Jackson had come up from his reserve position at a crucial moment, and now—with the Confederate line reformed and ultimately reinforced till it numbered 6,500 men against fully 20,000 of the enemy—the battle raged long and fiercely for the possession of the plateau that commanded the Confederate flank.

Early in the day Beauregard (with the concurrence of Joe Johnston) had planned an advance across Bull Run by his right and centre, and an attack on the enemy's flank and rear at Centreville—thus at once to threaten his communications with Washington and to relieve the pressure on his own left. But the orders looking to a consummation of this plan miscarried, and, seeing that the battle would have to be fought out and decided on the left, the two commanders exerted themselves in hurrying up reinforcements to this hard-pressed wing, and themselves galloped to the scene of conflict, four miles away. Reaching there at about the same time that Jackson moved up to succor Bee and Evans, Johnston seized the colors of the 4th Alabama in his hand and offered to lead the attack, while the dramatic Beauregard, leaping from his steed, turned to the soldiers in Grey and cried: "I have come here to die with you!"

CHAPTER XXXII

THE OLD LINE'S BUGLE

Phil Elliott and his comrades of the Maryland Line were not of the fortunate ones from the army of the Valley who reached the field in time for the beginning of the fight.

Owing to a mishap on the railroad, the day was well advanced when they disembarked from their belated train and hurried toward the sound of conflict. Victory as yet perched on neither standard. The First Maryland, together with the Tenth Tennessee and the Thirteenth and Forty-ninth Virginia, constituted a brigade under the command of the senior colonel, the gallant old Marylander, Arnold Elzey. Gen. E. Kirby Smith, as Elzey's ranking officer, assumed command and, dispatching A. P. Hill with his Thirteenth Virginia to guard one of the fords of Bull Run, ordered the three remaining regiments on toward the din of battle on the left.

"The watchword is Sumter," cried Smith to the eager troops; "the signal is this," throwing his right hand, palm outward, to his forehead, "and your orders are: Go where the fire is hottest! Forward, march!"

"Go where the fire is hottest!" It was with such a slogan as this to cheer them on that the fighting First, of Maryland, (the "Game Cocks," as they came to be nicknamed) marched forward with their comrades of Virginia and Tennessee for their initiation as actual warriors on the field of battle.

Lieut. Elliott, though a line officer of an infantry regiment, had not parted with the little mare that had first carried him over the Potomac and into the Southern lines. When he went to Manassas, Lassie went with him. Gen. Smith, having given his orders for the advance, turned to the young Maryland officer on his fine mount and pressed him into service as an aide.

"Lieutenant!" he said hurriedly, and all but sharply; and Phil's hand shot up in salute.

"You are well mounted, I see," said Smith. "Find Gen. Beauregard or Gen. Johnston," waving his hand toward the north and north-west, "and tell him that Gen. Kirby Smith, with the Fourth brigade under Col. Elzey, has arrived at Manassas and is hurrying forward to meet the enemy."

Again Lieut. Elliott saluted, then wheeled his horse and sped off to carry out the General's orders, while his comrades

marched—for the most part at double quick—to find and meet the foe.

"Find Gen. Beauregard or Gen. Johnston!" such were his orders. Off to the northward they were to be found, but—just where? Beauregard's lines extended a distance of eight miles or so up and down Bull Run; at what part of the line were the commanding General's headquarters? Probably somewhere near the centre. So reasoned the young officer a moment, as he started off with Kirby Smith's message. Then his face cleared, and he laughed.

"No; Beauregard is a soldier and a fighter, as is Johnston," he told himself: "wherever his headquarters may have been, he is now to be found at that part of the line assailed by the enemy—'where the fire is hottest'!"

Quickly the course of the little sorrel was changed so as to head directly toward the firing. Across fields, over fences, through woods, fording streams, climbing hills, went Lassie and her master, to reach as quickly as possible Beauregard and the battle—the mare apparently as much alive to the importance of their errand, and as eager to reach the smoke-wreathed goal, as was her rider.

Nearer and nearer to the scene of conflict, louder and louder the rattle of musketry and the booming of guns, larger and ever larger the clouds of smoke and dust rising from the earth dead ahead—as from the crater of some giant volcano. Now the scream of shells can be distinctly heard, and even a stray minie occasionally sings by or cuts up the dust close at hand. A few minutes more, with a dash through the wood just ahead, and they will be in full view of the battle—nay, in its very midst! Elliott sits a little straighter in the saddle, if possible, his right hand instinctively seeks his holster, and Lassie springs forward with renewed alacrity.

The figure of a man emerges from the pine thicket in front, and limps toward them; then another, and another: some of the badly wounded are seeking the rear! Phil meets a horseman with a Captain's bars on his collar.

"Captain," says the dust-covered Lieutenant, "can you direct me to Gen. Beauregard's headquarters—or to Gen. Johnston's, if nearer?"

"Yes, sir," is the answer, as the officer half reins in his horse; "both of the Generals are three miles or more over there."

And he points with his sword to the eastward and away from the firing, now so near.

"Three miles? Over there?" Phil asks, in consternation. "Are you sure, Captain?"

"Certainly, sir." The Captain speaks with decision. "I but recently came from there myself, where the Generals are busy directing the movements of the whole army, both down stream opposed to the enemy's left, and here where attacked by a portion of the foe."

Lieut. Elliott, disappointed and reluctant, again turns his horse's head and rides away from the scene of conflict, when thus almost gained.

And, owing to this gallant but over-confident staff officer's ignorance of Beauregard's and Johnston's change of plans and location, Phil loses much precious time in riding far to the eastward in search of the Generals, then eagerly back again toward the still raging battle on the left, upon discovering his error. Thus it was that the day had worn well into the afternoon ere he found the iron-jawed little fighter from Louisiana and delivered to him Kirby Smith's message.

Many weary hours the struggle on Beauregard's left had continued, the handful under Jackson, Evans, Bee and others standing—a thin but as yet invulnerable bulwark for their country—against the teeming hordes of the invader. Needed reinforcements came up from the east under Early, Holmes and others, and a determined bayonet charge for a time drove back the enemy from our front.

But fresh numbers were still pouring forward to swell the ranks of the repulsed yet overwhelming enemy, extending their line far to the southward to threaten the left flank of the new Confederate line—the Northerners presenting an imposing, crescent-shaped line of battle for another determined assault upon our position.

Beauregard, left in immediate charge of the field, had been busily engaged in arranging the disposition of reinforcements hurried forward by Johnston. His staff officers were all absent, having been dispatched with orders to different points, and the captor of Fort Sumter was alone with the gallant Evans as the enemy made this imposing attempt to at once retrieve their recent repulse and decide the fortunes of the day. Warning signals came from the hills to watch out for the advance of the enemy on the left, and, looking in that direction, a strong column was seen approaching. Beauregard brought his glass to bear upon the flag at its head, to ascertain for himself whether this body was of friend or foe: if the latter, then the day was lost! But the searching scrutiny of the anxious commander was in vain; the banner of the advancing host hung too limp in the summer air for identification at that distance.

"At this moment," said Beauregard, subsequently, "I must

confess my heart failed me. I came, reluctantly, to the conclusion that, after all our efforts, we should at last be compelled to leave to the enemy the hard fought and bloody field. To him [Col. Evans] I communicated my doubts and fears. I told him I feared the approaching force was in reality Patteason's division; that, if such was the case, I would be compelled to fall back upon our reserves and postpone, until the next day, a continuation of the engagement."

Accordingly, the heartsick General directed Evans to find General Johnston and ask him to be prepared to cover a retreat with reserves. The subordinate set off in obedience to these orders: yet, even as he went, he looked again (as did Beauregard) at the standard of the strange column: they yet hoped against hope that it might prove reinforcements for themselves, rather than for the enemy.

A favoring breeze at the moment shook out the banner and exposed to their glad gaze the folds of the glorious Stars and Bars!

The next second a dust-covered officer on a foam-lathered horse dashed up. A crimson-stained handkerchief, bound tightly about his right wrist, had checked the flow of blood from an ugly flesh wound inflicted by a minie.

"General," said Lieut. Elliott, saluting, "Gen. Kirby Smith, with the Fourth brigade under Col. Elzey, has arrived at Manassas, and is hurrying forward to meet the enemy!"

Beauregard's face was aglow.

"Good!" said he. "I have important work for that same Kirby Smith! But your horse is too badly in need of rest, Lieutenant (to say nothing of your own condition) for you to carry further orders just now. Col. Evans," turning to that officer, "ride forward and order Gen. Kirby Smith to hurry up his command and strike them on the flank and rear!"

The overjoyed Evans departed with alacrity on his errand, and Beauregard, a great weight of care and foreboding removed, turned to Elliott, his trim, soldierly figure very erect in the saddle, his eyes ablaze with the fire of battle and approaching victory.

"Lieutenant," said he, "you and your steed have done very good work today and, for the present, at least, shall have the rest you both have so well earned. I shall ask you to stay with me just now; I may presently have further work for you, in the absence of my staff. I am glad your wound is not more serious."

A somewhat similar incident to the above was transpiring about the same time on another part of that historic field.

Kirby Smith and his reinforcements lost no time in putting into execution the order to go where the firing was the hottest. For several miles the men double-quickened toward the sound of firing, that grew louder and louder. A brief halt was made to load their muskets, then on again as before.

They encounter wounded fugitives from the front, who warn them: "Go back; we're cut to pieces; you'll get killed!" But now, sniffing the actual breath of battle, they press on with renewed eagerness, like seasoned veterans.

As they approach yet closer, a volley from a detachment of the enemy fells the gallant Smith from his horse, painfully but not mortally wounded, and Elzey, the Marylander, resumes command of the column. Passing two lines of infantry lying on the ground to avoid the fierce fire of the foe, they press ever onward, still bearing to the left.

A belt of woods is in the immediate front, beyond which heavy musket firing is heard. Elzey forms his three regiments into line of battle, and pushes on through the wood. On the farther side of this wood are a small stream and a rail fence, beyond which, at a distance of four hundred yards, a dark battle line is seen—whether of friend or foe is not known. A halt is made just inside the edge of the woods.

"Give me a glass," cries Elzey to Couther, his aide.

The instrument is handed him, and he brings it to bear upon the array in his front. A breeze blows out the flag to his view, and it proves to be that of the enemy.

"Fire!" comes the order, sharp and crisp, and a volley rings out.

"Charge!" sounds the further command, and through the shallow stream and over the fence go the volunteers like unleashed war dogs, straight into the teeth of the foe.

Beauregard's order to strike them on the flank and rear is carried out most beautifully; the enemy flee, panic stricken, before the fiery charge, McDowell's right is driven in, Beauregard, with Jackson and his other subordinates, assails them fiercely in front, and the whole Northern line gives way.

The retreat is speedily converted into an utter and hopeless rout, accelerated by a plunging fire from the Confederate artillery, and the foemen's own guns are captured and turned upon them. The grand army, which had marched forth so bravely that calm Sabbath morning to overwhelm the "Rebels" and descend upon the Southern capital, becomes a mass of terror-stricken fugitives. In this are mixed and blended in inextricable confusion Governors, Congressmen, and even gaily dressed ladies who have

accompanied the army to witness its victory over the "insolent Southrons" and to attend the grand ball in the captured city on the James—for which tickets are said to have been already struck off before leaving Washington for the triumphal march through Virginia.

Col. Elzey rides proudly down his line of troops, converted in a twinkling from raw volunteers into tried and trusty veterans, and Beauregard dashes up with the glad salutation: "Hail Elzey, Blucher of my Waterloo!"

In his wake comes Southern Lassie, refreshed and inspirited by the excitement of battle, and her disheveled but smiling rider, Lieut. Elliott of Maryland, rejoiced to be reunited with his comrades in this their hour of victory.

Beauregard is shortly followed by Joseph E. Johnston. With Johnston rides a man of quiet but not unsoldierly bearing, rather over average in height, spare, erect, with a quick, keen eye that is fearless, calm and true; a man whom it takes no second glance to proclaim a born leader of men—whether in the forum when he more than held his own in the United States Senate among the leading lights of that august body, or on the battlefield when he stood immovable with his brave Mississippians and turned the tide of conflict at bloody Buena Vista.

"General Elzey, I congratulate you," says President Davis. "And Captain Elliott, your State, and hence our country, is fortunate in possessing such fearless, faithful couriers, with such splendid horses to carry them!"

The President's experienced eye rests a moment upon the sturdy specimen of Maryland youth before him, now blushing like a schoolgirl, then upon the little sorrel he rides, as she holds her shapely head as to the manor born.

And General Elzey and Captain Elliott these two Marylanders are, promoted thus on the field of battle and in the moment of victory; their commissions, when regularly made out by the officials of the War Department, dating from the 21st of July, 1861. Elzey's promotion carries with it that of George H. Steuart to the rank of Colonel of the First Maryland, and of Bradley T. Johnson as Major.

"Captain Elliott, let me congratulate you," sounds a hearty voice in Phil's ear, as a hand is laid upon his own where it rests on the pommel of his army saddle.

"I congratulate you on your well-earned promotion, and our State on this glorious victory. I am neither a prophet, nor even an experienced soldier, but it requires neither to see that not only is Washington within our power, but the way opened

for the redemption of Maryland and the complete avenging of Baltimore! We have but to follow up today's victory for the enemy's capital to be in our hands, with Maryland aroused as one man and openly arrayed with us against the invader!"

Phil turns at the opening words and scrutinizes closely the enthusiastic speaker, before recognizing in the dust-covered and powder-begrimed soldier his friend and comrade, Chadman Prentiss.

CHAPTER XXXIII

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND!

Upon parting from his hospitable Virginian host in the morning, Chad had pushed on with all speed to the distant battle; then, leaving his jaded horse in the rear upon reaching the lines, he turned infantryman at once and went into action with the first command at hand.

Unarmed and ununiformed was this ardent volunteer when he so determinedly sought the front; but the lack was soon supplied. As he approached the firing line Chad noted a man dressed, like himself, in civilian's garb, bending over a prostrate form under a tree. It took but a second's glance to show him what was transpiring; the figure on the ground was that of a dead soldier and the other was that of a great, hulking fellow whose nefarious business was indicated by his present action—for he was busily engaged in rifling the pockets of the dead man.

Uttering a cry of mingled wrath and disgust, Chad sprang toward the fellow—who looked up with a surly countenance, but quailed before the youth's flaming eyes, and with a vile oath turned and fled.

Chad came up and gazed sorrowfully into the face of the fallen soldier. A mere boy he was, with fair, girlish complexion and great dark eyes. Shot through the breast, he had apparently dragged himself to the grateful shade of the leafy oak, and had there expired while attempting to staunch the crimson flow. As Chad looked at this, his first sight of a man dead on the battlefield, a wave of sorrow and anguish swept over him at the thought of the cruel sacrifice of this young life for the crime (?) of defending his State and country against invasion. Then burning wrath and indignation succeeded to sorrow at the horrible injustice and pity of it—at the mute appeal of the young life-blood crying to high Heaven for vengeance.

With the gentleness of a woman young Prentiss stooped and closed the staring eyes, breathing as he did so a prayer for the heartbroken mother or waiting sweetheart in some desolate Southern home. He then possessed himself of the dead soldier's hat and coat, musket and ammunition, covering the rigid form and features with his own discarded garments.

"They can be of no further use to you," murmured the boy; "and some ghou! would likely strip you of them, anyway, as

has already apparently been done with anything else of value you may have had about you; they will be of some further use to the Cause for which you died, by enabling a fresh volunteer to go into battle properly equipped, the more fittingly to take your place!"

The battle won, Chad promptly set out toward the left to find Kirby Smith's command and the Maryland Line, and came up just in time to tender his congratulations to Capt. Elliott upon his promotion.

The young man's enthusiasm and optimism at the outcome and promised consequences of the battle were natural and not unfounded, and his roseate hopes for the near future were shared by Phil. With the hosts of the invader so ignominiously and thoroughly routed, and the Northern capital exposed, the capture of Washington and the redemption of their beloved State from under the despot's heel seemed to these ardent young Marylanders the next step—and one to be taken without loss of time.

Nor were they alone in their hopes and beliefs as to the fruits of this glorious victory, now ripe for the plucking. Brigadier Jackson, who had suffered a painful but not dangerous wound in his bridle hand, perceived clearly the utter rout and demoralization of the enemy, and remarked to the surgeons that he believed with ten thousand fresh men he could go into the city of Washington. These ten thousand fresh men, from Richmond and from the Army of the Valley, were on hand within the next twenty-four hours, and there is little doubt that a prompt advance would have placed Washington, if not Baltimore, as well, in our hands.

One evening, shortly after the battle, Bradley Johnson rode up to his headquarters and turned to Phil Elliott with a quizzical smile.

"Elliott," quoth he, "you young Marylanders will have to be looking to your laurels. The belles of Baltimore are about to be carried off before your very eyes by some of those Creole chaps from the Gulf region!"

Then, in answer to Phil's questioning look: "A party of ladies and gentlemen, including the Misses Cary, are guests at Gen. Beauregard's headquarters, and a squad of young gallants from the General's own State are making it their business to give the ladies a good time. Now, young man, *verbum sap.*; that's all I have to say!"

Nor was further word from Johnson needed. At the name of Cary, Phil was all attention, and an hour or so later found him at Beauregard's headquarters, joyfully greeting his fair

compatriots from the Monumental City. And it was as old friends they met, for Phil Elliott, as one of the first spirits in the Young Marylander movement in the days just preceding the outbreak of hostilities, had been well known beneath the parental roof of Misses Hettie and Jennie Cary, in Baltimore, whose home had come to be known as the headquarters and chief rendezvous for the Southern Patriots of that city.

Beauregard, as much at home in the drawing-room as on the battlefield, and well nigh a typical Frenchman in ladies' company, spied Elliott as he stood talking with the visitors from Baltimore.

"Ah, Capt. Elliott," said Beauregard, "I was just about to send for you. We are honored with Madame Bradley Johnson's sister Patriots in our midst, who have naught but praises to sing of Bradley Johnson's right-hand man, the same Capt. Phil Elliott who was the herald of such splendid tidings for me on the field of Manassas!"

As Beauregard spoke, strains of music floated into the room from the night outside. Members of the famous Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, were serenading the lady guests at their General's headquarters, and were assisted by a choir of strong masculine voices from their comrades of other commands. The serenade over, one of the Baltimore visitors expressed the thanks of the party to the assembled gallants, and asked if there was any service they might render as a token of their appreciation.

"Let us hear a lady's voice," came from one of the assembled serenaders without, doubtless thinking of some loved one in his far Southern home. The cry was promptly voiced by many another.

Such a request could not be refused.

That staunchly patriotic young daughter of Maryland, the accomplished Miss Jennie Cary, standing in the tent door and half hidden by the darkness, sang, as only such a woman on such an occasion could sing, the opening lines of "Maryland, my Maryland," written a few months before by James R. Randall, of Maryland, in far-away Louisiana when he read of Lexington's anniversary in Baltimore, and subsequently fitted to the martial air of "Lauriger Horatius." (When he wrote these deathless lines young Randall gave in truth "a new key"—a second and more inspiring "Star-Span-gled Banner"—to Maryland's song.) Clear and unfaltering floated forth the words of the first stanza on the wings of Miss Cary's rich contralto voice, upon the night air and to the listening ears of the hushed throng gathered 'round. But not for long was

she left to sing alone. Scores and hundreds of deep voices joined in spontaneously with the refrain, and "Maryland, my Maryland" burst forth, full-fledged, as one of the most stirring battle songs of the Southland:

"The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland! My Maryland!

"Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My mother State! to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! My Maryland!

"Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust—
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

"Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland! My Maryland!

"Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!

FOR MARYLAND'S HONOR

Come to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with Liberty along,
And give a new Key to thy song,
Maryland! My Maryland!

"Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain—
'*Sic semper!*' 'tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back again,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Arise, in majesty again,
Maryland! My Maryland!

"I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek—
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland! My Maryland!

"Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! My Maryland!

"I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb—
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes! she burns! she'll come!
she'll come!
Maryland! My Maryland!"

As the last notes died away on the summer night's air, the cry went up: "We *will* break her chains! She *shall* be free! Three cheers and a tiger for Maryland!" and 'mid waving caps and streaming eyes those cheers were given with a mighty vim.

Capt. Elliott, turning aside to hide his emotion, encountered the steadfast gaze and sternly set features of Chad Prentiss—who had just come up—and their hands met in a long, firm clasp.

"Phil," said Chad, huskily, "someone has given Maryland at once a national anthem and a slogan of freedom. Let us hope that in the morning we will march forward to free her, as Gen. Jackson says we can and should."

Philip Elliott, his heart too full for words, nodded assent and gazed yearningly northward toward the rolling billows of the Potomac and the hills of home beyond.

But this hoped-for advance was never made. The far-seeing Jackson, whose subordinate position at that time sealed his lips in the army councils, waited in vain for the orders which he felt would mean so much for his country; impetuous Marylanders like young Elliott and Prentiss longed and listened for the word that would carry the victory-crowned cohorts of Dixie across the Potomac and strike the shackles from their overridden and downtrodden State; the North, awakened at last to the magnitude of the task it had set itself, settled down in grim earnest to crush out the life of the young confederated republic, and we of Dixie are now left to sigh and ponder over the "might-have-been."

* * * *

When the Maryland Line did at last march over the Potomac and into their own borders, it was more than a year later, and they were no longer under the general command of Beauregard and Joe Johnston, but "Marse Robert," the Grand Old Man of Westmoreland—Washington's birth county—marched at their head. Still their old friend, now the world-famed Stonewall Jackson, was with them. Indeed, these sterling young Patriots of the First Maryland who had (in the days of the incipency of their command) first made the acquaintance of Col. Jackson to be welcomed by him at Harper's Ferry, had been much with him since, and had shared in the glories of his wonderful Valley campaign—which had irrevocably fixed his fame as first won on Manassas' historic plains. Said Gen. Ewell, in his official report: "The history of the First Maryland regiment, gallantly commanded by Col. Bradley T. Johnson during the Valley campaign, would be the history of every action from Front Royal to Cross Keys."

Manassas, the Valley Campaign, the Seven Days' Battles, Second Manassas—it was with such hard-fought fields as these to their credit that the hardy veterans of the Maryland Line, the stripling youths of fourteen months before, marched with Lee and Jackson to the Potomac in the early fall of 1862. After their long and cruelly enforced absence from their beloved State, they were inspired by the thought of visiting it again and affording their dear ones the glad opportunity to behold the Starry-Cross banner of the South—that flag they had long loved and revered at a distance—now waving in their midst at the head of an army, not of invasion (to which they were hitherto accustomed since the days of Dix and Butler) but of liberation. At their immediate head rode Bradley Johnson, now a full-fledged Colonel—promoted to command their regiment in place of the gallant George H. Steuart, who was advanced to the command of a brigade.

As Jackson's corps—in the lead, as usual—crossed the shallow river at White's ford, near the historic field of Ball's Bluff, the men cheered loudly upon reaching the farther shore, while their advancing comrades behind them sang lustily, "Maryland, my Maryland!"

Among the first to reach the Maryland bank were Captain Elliott and Sergeant Prentiss, of the First Maryland Infantry, both for the time being on scout duty and well mounted. Ascending a hill, the two troopers drew rein and watched the picturesque scene presented by the long lines of men wading the sparkling waters of the Potomac—which at this point spreads out into shallows of over half a mile in width, with a level, pebbly bed.

High were the hopes of the two young Patriots as to the results of this long-delayed advance into their State, and such formed the burden of their talk as they viewed the martial and inspiring scene before them.

"'Maryland, my Maryland!' Hear them, Chad, how they sing it as if from the heart! Even the men from other States!" Phil exclaimed, joyously. "Ah! it is good to be back on our native heath again, isn't it, Lassie, little gal?" and he gently stroked the mare's glossy neck.

"Yes, your native heath—your own State, Phil; and, better still, close to your own home, so that you can see once more those nearest and dearest to you, who have been waiting and watching for your return so long."

Chad spoke with an undertone of sadness perceptible in his voice, as he thought upon his own divided household under that same roof with the loved ones of his comrade—the latter united

with Phil in devotion to the Cause for which he fought. Apparently intent on watching the line of wading infantry, Chad was in reality closely eyeing Phil as he spoke, and he saw a ruddy glow overspread the Captain's sun-tanned cheek.

Phil, looking far away to and beyond the Virginian shore, answered slowly: "No, not my own home, Chad. That—if I am ever to see it again—lies over yonder, beyond the Chesapeake. That other—over the hills in front of us," waving his gauntleted hand toward the northern horizon, "is not my home, nor, alas; yours either, I fear, old fellow. Though it is the establishment of your father—and of my stepfather—it must be as aliens and exiles that we shall visit Prentiss Hall. But, I shall like to see my mother and sister again; they will have a welcome in their hearts for me—they will be glad to see me, and particularly so because I wear a uniform of Grey!"

"Your mother and sister, Phil?—are there no others to welcome Captain Elliott to Prentiss Hall?"

"Oh, yes; Borden has not forgotten 'the General,' I reckon; and I can, I know, still count on Black Jerry's and faithful Aunt Cindy's devotion to their 'Marse Phil'."

"Yes, Phil, of course; these have a warm place in their hearts for you. But is there no other?"

Phil Elliott turned his head and looked his comrade in the eye. Something in the full, frank and tender glance of Chad told Phil that his stepbrother knew all.

"Chad, I—I don't know," he faltered. "Sometimes I think perhaps—perhaps so; then again I see no ground for hope, in view of all that has happened. And yet—I did tell her that I would come back some time, if the fortunes of war should permit!"

Chad laid his fingers in a caressing touch on Phil's ungloved left hand.

"Phil, old fellow," he said, "I do know. And the fortunes of war are favoring you now, as perhaps never again. Whatever the outcome of this campaign, don't leave Maryland without seeing Marion Palmer and telling her all that is in your heart. I know whereof I speak when I tell you it will be cruelty to her if you do otherwise."

CHAPTER XXXIV

FALLING SCALES

Dark days were those at Prentiss Hall in the spring and summer of 1861 that followed the departure, first of Phil Elliott, later of Chad Prentiss, for the Confederate army.

From the time of that bright May morning when her boy had ridden away, breakfastless, from her roof, quiet little Mrs. Prentiss had become more quiet than ever: that was all the change, outwardly—to those who noticed any change at all. But her mother-heart bled for her only living son, an exile now from his home and State, and whom she might probably never see again; bled for him, yes, and for his and her Maryland—their mother State—held back by chains of iron and cords of steel from the people in whose Cause her heart beat strong and true. The peculiar and trying situation of this little woman was much like to that of the State at large, installed as she was as mistress of Prentiss Hall, her husband zealously espousing the side of the invader and would-be conqueror of her State and section, and constantly calling upon her to help entertain his friends from the North—often men of prominence, enjoying his hospitality for a greater or less period while sojourning on business connected with the government at Washington, not far away.

Judge Prentiss was not an intentionally selfish or consciously inconsiderate man, and he tried to feel and show some genuine sympathy for his wife in her distress at the absence and peril of her only son. But, entirely out of sympathy with the Cause for which the young man (in the face of his, the Judge's, time-serving advice) had jeopardized his all to serve, he displayed a deplorable lack of tact in expressing himself to the anxious and careworn mother. He assumed a role of benevolent forbearance and condescension toward his wayward stepson, and in consequence encountered—for the first and only time—the blazing wrath of his indignant and outraged wife, whom he thereupon attempted to mollify as best he might.

Then Chad went away to offer, if need be, his young life on the altar of Liberty and the South, and Judge Prentiss—bitterly disappointed and chagrined at what he styled the apostasy of his own son—at first stormed and raged, then lapsed into moody and sullen taciturnity and forbade that the boy's name be mentioned in his presence. In his own heart he laid it all at the door of Phil Elliott; though he knew, too, that he must place

implicit reliance on his son's representations to him, and hence credit his stepson with having made no attempt to influence the political sympathies and conduct of Chadman.

Perhaps, as the war progressed, the Judge somewhat cooled in his ardor for the Lincoln regime. At one of the elections, avowed "Unionist" though he was, but not as much of a radical as some, he was politely taken into custody by an officer of the United States army, but promptly released when the election was over and his ballot no longer to be feared. His captor confided to Judge Prentiss that he had been sent on this mission in order to keep him from voting in another community, since he was suspected, albeit an officer in uniform, of being too temperate in some of his political views. (1)

The other inmates of Prentiss Hall continued in their conflicting allegiances, Borden and Dwight stubbornly and at times noisily championing the South and the North, respectively; Leta Elliott and Lottie Prentiss firmly, though for the most part quietly loyal and devoted to Maryland and the Confederacy; Miss Alicia Pillsbury and Marion Palmer equally as determined in their Northern partisanship and busying themselves in sewing and knitting for the soldiers. The most that Leta and Lottie could do was to prepare articles to send, as occasion might offer, to the boys in Grey languishing in Northern prisons.

Since her interview with the Judge in his study, before Chad's departure, and the preceding one with her aunt, little further effort had been made to influence Marion in the matter that lay nearest Miss Alicia's heart. One or two tentative advances on the part of that lady had at the outset been so promptly and vigorously met by the girl, that the good lady gave up in despair, and Capt. Hancock, though still connected with the invading hosts that hung much of the time in the general vicinity of Washington, seemed never to find the opportunity to take advantage of a furlough or leave of absence for a visit to Prentiss Hall.

As already remarked, Miss Marion Palmer was a young woman of decided convictions in matters political. She was a devoted child of Massachusetts, a New Englander of New Englanders, and a most zealous abolitionist. A zealous "Unionist" *per se* she was not; she was too well versed in the history of her native State (including the period of Josiah Quincy and the Louisiana purchase, of the Hartford convention, of the annex-

(1) *An actual occurrence of those times in Maryland.*—L. T. E.

ation of Texas and the attendant hubbub in the Massachusetts Legislature) to be that. But she had found ample grounds, when the storm-clouds lowered and finally broke in the spring days of 1861, for espousing, heart and soul, the Northern side. Not only did she find her State and section, her own flesh and blood, engaged in the attack on the South—by all the ties of locality and relationship demanding her support—but, what was of even more moment to her, she saw therein the means of extirpating the institution of Negro slavery. From conviction and training an abolitionist of the first water, she saw in the struggle a war of emancipation for the Negro rather than of conquest of the South and the establishment of a union of force upon the ruins of the old Union of consent.

The outspoken utterances of leaders in her own State in favor of dissolving the Union (whenever its continuance might seem to threaten their own local interests) were of too recent occurrence to allow her, with her ingrained love of consistency, to vehemently cry down secession as such: on the other hand the days of pious old New England slaveholders and slavetraders seemed very remote, and the change in public opinion on the question of human bondage appeared to be one of advancing civilization merely—in which from sheer perversity the South had failed to keep pace.

Imbued with such ideas as these, the young girl had come to look upon Abraham Lincoln and the leaders of the new Republican party as heroes and leaders in a great moral and philanthropic crusade, the war which they waged on the South to be one primarily for the liberation of the blacks; hence, Marion had been unbounded in her enthusiasm for the Northern cause, in this respect outstripping, if possible, even her aunt Alicia.

It was, therefore, with a not unnatural surprise that the latter looked up from her work one morning at an exclamation that burst from her niece's lips. Miss Pillsbury had been busily engaged over some knitting for the soldiers of a Massachusetts regiment, while Marion looked through the morning's paper just brought from the postoffice, and read extracts therefrom to her aunt. A moment's silence had followed the reading of the last item, as Marion turned a page and scanned the columns for the next interesting bit of news.

"This whole war is a farce, and our leaders are hypocrites!" she cried, hotly, flinging the paper from her.

"Why, Marion, my child! What on earth do you mean?"

Miss Alicia dropped her knitting (presumably at the same time dropping several stitches) and regarded her niece with

something as near to open-mouthed astonishment as so well-bred a lady could be guilty of.

"See that!" and Marion, picking up the sheet, pointed out the offending article.

"'Non-Committal: President Lincoln makes no Promise as to Emancipation'" read Miss Alica, from the headlines. "Can't you understand, child, that this is a most weighty problem, and that one in the President's position of responsibility must carefully weigh all considerations and take no rash steps, but proceed with discretion, diplomacy and deliberation?"

"Oh, yes; I know all that, Aunt Alicia—or ought to know it, at least; I have heard it often enough, I am sure, by way of excuse and explanation, ever since the first clash with the Rebels. If it were merely 'discretion and diplomacy,' I might reconcile myself to it—though, as you and Uncle Herbert would say, owing to my hot blood of youth, I can't for the life of me see the need or reason for diplomacy in this respect, when both sides, for all intents and purposes, have long since thrown off the mask.

"But it is not of delay or diplomacy that I now speak; it is the official declaration from the White House that the question of slavery and emancipation, as such—of the welfare of the 'downtrodden Negro'—does not concern our leaders at all!"

"Marion, my child, why will you thus jump to conclusions? What possible warrant have you for such a charge as that?" And Miss Alica removed her glasses and wiped them solemnly.

"What warrant, Aunt Alicia?—What warrant, indeed, except President Lincoln's own explicit words? Read that article and you will see for yourself; no, let me read it aloud to you, so that I may assure myself that it is really so—that the man to whom we abolitionists pinned our faith has actually administered such a slap in the face as this: 'If I could save the Union without freeing *any* slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing *all* the slaves, I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that.' (2)

"There it is, Aunt Alicia, in plain black and white—the solemn, deliberate declaration of our President, whom we elected on an anti-slavery platform. Union first; the Negro and the

(2) Here copied verbatim from Mr. Lincoln's famous letter of August 22, 1862, written to Horace Greeley, as printed in the New York Tribune of August 25, 1862, at page 4.—L. T. E.

Negro's rights strictly secondary! Oh, the shame of it, the shame of it!

"It is not a war of righteousness and humanity we are waging, but a common, ordinary war of selfish ambition, of glory, of power—yes, of conquest, pure and simple. The wrongs of the Negro are disregarded, thrust aside, made wholly secondary to our own scheme of self-interest and supremacy! Oh, yes, Aunt Alicia, I shall continue helping you to make socks for our soldiers; they are the soldiers of my State and country, and are, I suppose, fighting my battles, but not as I had fancied—no, not as I had fancied!"

And it was very mechanically, as it were, and in marked contrast to her hitherto eager zeal, that Marion took up again, in conjunction with her wondering aunt, the work she had laid aside for the paper a short half hour before. Marion Palmer was an enthusiast—an idealist, if you will—and a very youthful one, at that. She had lost an ideal, had seen a fond illusion dispelled, that was all! In a word, she had learned a lesson in plain, uncompromising realism and the lesson went hard with her.

But, though she did not realize it at the time, this had come as the culmination of a gradual awakening on her part. Bred in the narrowing atmosphere of self-righteous, long-range philanthropy, she had come to her guardian's Maryland mansion imbued with an intense prejudice against the South and everything Southern. Her sojourn of more than a year at that place, and of personal contact with Southern life as it actually was, had borne in certain truths upon her as to the relations and characteristics of the two races, until she had come to half consciously acknowledge to herself that, after all, those at a distance are not always the most competent to judge of the problems of a people, nor of the true solution of these problems. She had come to realize that Phil Elliott was not altogether wrong when he said that, with all due regard to abstract and fundamental rights and ethics, the Southern people had a condition, rather than a theory, confronting them—that they were themselves the best judges of how and when to solve the dark problem bequeathed to them by the avaricious but short-sighted Northern, and Southern and British ancestors of his own generation.

And to this half realized discovery, to a half confessed acknowledgment of mistake within her bosom, this present piece of news—this frank avowal by her chosen leader and hero—came as a fitly crowning piece of disillusionment.

There was destined to be other news of the war, culled from the papers by Miss Pillsbury and her niece as they sat

and sewed together in those late summer days of 1862, to prove of particular interest to them and to all at Prentiss Hall.

CHAPTER XXXV

A BREAKFAST LONG DELAYED

For a year and more, now, the movements of opposing armies and the almost daily clash of arms by sea and by land had been the all-engrossing topic to fill the columns of the press. But the scene of actual conflict had always been at a distance, and while those at Prentiss Hall had from time to time beheld bodies of Northern troops march to and fro through the neighborhood, of actual war and the immediate theatre of operations they had seen nothing.

But as this second summer of the struggle drew to its close, the tide of war which started originally a few short miles away on the Virginian side of the Potomac and subsequently receded farther and farther south, was now rolling rapidly north again. Manassas and Ball's Bluff had given way to the Valley campaign, and this in turn had been succeeded by the titanic Seven Days' fighting before Richmond. Then, with McClellan driven back under the shelter of his gunboats and the capital city freed from his threatening hosts, the victory-flushed army of the South under its new commander, Lee (who had suddenly sprung into the very front ranks of the great warrior chiefs of history), promptly turned its attention to the army of reserve and observation that had hung threateningly on its flank, under McDowell at Fredericksburg.

This Federal force, now under John Pope, had showed signs of restlessness and had begun extending its advance guard as if to menace Richmond by the overland route from the North.

The appointment of Gen. Pope to the command of McDowell's army in Virginia marked a new era in the warfare upon the South. It was as much a political as a military appointment, Pope being a violent abolitionist politician, and signaling his assumption of command by the inauguration of a regime of wholesale and deliberate proscription and spoliation of the noncombatant population, that alarmed and disgusted many even at the North. By his orders citizens were to be driven from their homes upon refusing to take the prescribed oath of allegiance, and considered and treated as spies if returning anywhere within his lines. His soldiery were given unbridled license, with impunity robbing houses, shooting down cattle, etc., etc.

Nor were these merely the orders of a Commander of Department, acting on his own initiative: behind Pope was a

government that had condoned the nameless infamies of a Butler, and that by a general order authorized the commanders in the field in Virginia and a number of the other Confederate States to seize and use private property at pleasure, without compensation to the owners. And Mr. Lincoln ranged himself alongside the Duke of Alva, in making medicine for the wounded foe a contraband of war. Such acts of official atrocity might, indeed, alienate an idealist here and there among the hitherto Northern partisans; but the acquiescence and presumable endorsement by the Northern people at large only illustrated afresh the historic truth that when a people or a faction once embarks on a course of aggression and conquest against another, the more unprovoked the attack the greater the rage of the aggressors and the more extreme the steps of violence and outrage resorted to in accomplishing the unholy purpose.

It was against this vandal horde that the legions of Lee, after bundling McClellan out of his works before Richmond, proceeded to turn their attention.

The indefatigable and ubiquitous Jackson led the way, followed and supported by Lee and Longstreet. After a series of brilliant movements and bloody battles on and near the historic field of Manassas, the braggart Pope was hurled back upon the intrenchments around Washington. Such was the situation as August gave place to September: the conditions of three months before were exactly reversed, and now it was Washington, not Richmond, that was threatened with capture. Before the first week of September was past the Confederate hosts were across the Potomac and occupying the line of the Monocacy—with Lee's headquarters near Frederick.

From this point "Marse Robert" issued an address to the people of Maryland in characteristic and sublimely simple language, expressing the indignation of the people of the Confederate States at the "wrongs and outrages . . . inflicted upon the citizens of a commonwealth allied to the States of the South by the strongest social, political and commercial ties," but now "reduced to the condition of a conquered province."

"Under the pretense of supporting the Constitution, but in violation of its most valuable provisions," the address continued, "your citizens have been arrested and imprisoned, upon no charge and contrary to all the forms of law. . . . Believing that the people of Maryland possess a spirit too lofty to submit to such a government, the people of the South have long wished to aid you in throwing off this foreign yoke. . . . Within the limits of this army at least, Marylanders shall once more enjoy their ancient freedom of thought and speech . . ."

Lee had come into western Maryland, where the State narrows down to a strip of land running between Pennsylvania and the northern confines of Virginia, and where there was a large sprinkling of the Tory element; but the typical Maryland of the spirit of Howard, of Carroll, of Elzey, of Semmes, of Bradley Johnson, was still fast under Northern bayonet rule.

But even under these circumstances, volunteers to the number of hundreds found their way from the scattered Maryland homes, to enroll in the Patriot army. The greatest good order was maintained within the Confederate lines, and most stringent precautions were adopted against pillaging and disorder of every kind—against any possible emulation of the outrages of Pope's followers. So strict was the discipline in this respect that the usually mild Lee ordered a man shot for stealing a citizen's porker; a punishment which Gen. Jackson, to whose command the offender happened to belong, saw fit to mitigate.

The great "Stonewall" made his headquarters for several days at or near Frederick, before the movements of the armies took him to the westward; the citizens of that ancient town gazed in wonder at those ragged and often barefoot soldiers who had just wrought such havoc with the well-equipped cohorts of Pope, and who in that campaign had marched and fought for days at a time with few rations other than the apples and roasting-ears gathered from orchards and fields. Nor were they less surprised at the unassuming appearance of the mighty Jackson himself, clad in a suit of coarse and weather-stained homespun—his dress and personal appearance evidently the last object of his concern.

Curious crowds hung about his headquarters and peered through the windows, apparently regarding him as a combined military and religious curiosity, and anxious to behold him at his devotions; but the great man seemed unappreciative of their attentions, and when he ruthlessly ordered his quarters cleared of the crowds they departed in wonder and disappointment, exclaiming: "Oh, he's no great shakes, after all!"

It was at Frederick, too, that an encounter between Jackson and Barbara Frietchie did *not* take place. The General in his march through the town passed down a different street from that on which the old lady resided. Hence it was a sheer impossibility for her, from her window, even were she so minded, to have brought a "flush of shame" to the face of this man whom friend and fairminded foe alike must ever revere as the embodiment of honor and loftiness of soul—as one inherently incapable of following any course or Cause for which he must

blush or apologize. And what must be thought of one, poet though he be, who would thus malign a brave foeman—and who would employ word and pen in behalf of a war which his religious scruples would not allow him to champion in person on the battlefield?

The careful precautions against pillaging, as adopted by the Southern commanders, and the extraordinary decorum of the half-fed troopers, were remarked upon far and wide among the thrifty farmers of Frederick neighborhood. Among these farmers was Judge Prentiss. He was much pleased at the good order obtaining in what he was accustomed to denominate the "invading army!" But though obliged to admit that the spirit seemed willing in this "Rebel horde," as styled by Whittier, he feared lest the flesh might prove weak and—mindful of his bounteous crops and bursting barns—he requested that a detachment be sent to guard him and his. This request was promptly granted, and a squad of men was sent by Gen. Jackson to take post at Prentiss Hall.

The Judge was standing on the piazza in the early September morning sunlight when this squad came down the road, turned in at the gate and marched up one side the circle to stack arms on the grassy lawn before the house. At their head, very erect in his dapper, close-fitting Grey uniform, strode Capt. Philip Elliott.

"Command, halt!"

The squad of Confederates came to a standstill at the word, and brought their gunstocks to the ground with a collective thud while their leader walked up the piazza steps.

"Good morning, Judge," said Capt. Elliott, with a military salute and, it must be confessed, something resembling a grin. "On second thought I have concluded to accept your invitation to breakfast. Considering all the circumstances, I think such action of mine should cause you no special embarrassment; I certainly hope it will not, since I have been on half rations for three days past and am prepared to show full appreciation of Aunt Cindy's cooking.

"But to business first. Gen. Jackson sends his compliments and this detail of men to guard your property, as requested; more for your own peace of mind than from any thought on his part, or mine, that they will be needed."

CHAPTER XXXVI

A GRATEFUL OASIS

If the stolid troopers who followed Elliott marvelled at the Captain's manner of greeting this prosperous looking stranger, they didn't say so. As for Judge Prentiss, despite Phil's expressed hopes to the contrary, he most positively did appear embarrassed. If the truth were known, he had always wished in his heart that his stepson had not been quite so highstrung on that bright May morning, now more than a year past, but had tarried long enough to break bread with him before going forth as a virtual outcast from Prentiss Hall.

"Ah, yes; I am very glad to see you, Phil, I am sure," the Judge remarked after a moment's awkward silence: "Convey my grateful thanks to Gen. Jackson for his kindness, and I shall be most happy to have you at breakfast with us. You are in time, too, as the bell——"

While he was saying this the Judge was wondering within himself whether or not he should extend his hand to this high-spirited stepson of his who, despite his unconventional greeting of the Judge, seemed yet to maintain something of a proud reserve in his bearing. But the old gentleman was cut short, both in his spoken reply and his inward cogitation, by a sharp cry that sounded from the doorway behind him, and a swish of skirts as somebody rushed by and precipitated herself upon the young fellow before him.

Leta Elliott, about to descend from her room for the morning's meal, had chanced to glance out the window and spied the squad of troopers in Grey coming up the circle with her brother at their head. With a glad cry she flew out the room and down the steps—nearly running over the astonished Lottie on the way—and threw herself into Phil's arms. Under cover of this diversion Judge Prentiss beat a hasty retreat to his sanctum, leaving Phil with the half hysterical Leta.

Of course one of Phil's first questions was as to his mother, and he was pained to learn that Mrs. Prentiss had not been well for some time, and was now confined to her room. Thither they repaired, encountering on the way Miss Alicia Pillsbury—whose greeting to Phil was remarkably cordial, considering certain past occurrences. The truth of the matter was that the lady had been thrown into mortal fear by the approach of "those terrible Rebels," at whose hands she apparently expected all the outrages of a Milroy or a Butler, and she was immeasurably re-

lieved when she learned who was at the head of the detachment appearing at Prentiss Hall. She was thankful, for more reasons than one, that Marion Palmer was at the time visiting in Baltimore, and devoutly wished herself there also, or almost anywhere else, in fact, rather than in the vicinity of Frederick.

After half an hour spent with his mother, Phil repaired to the breakfast table, first stepping into the kitchen a minute to greet the beaming Aunt Cindy and the delighted Jerry.

Before the meal was over another guest arrived—Sergt. Chadman Prentiss. The meeting between Chad and his father was a trifle constrained; Judge Prentiss, with all his parental pleasure at again seeing his long-absent soldier son, had not yet lost all of his keen disappointment at the young man's course in "turning Rebel"—as Miss Alicia termed it. Especially did Judge Prentiss resent the manner of Chad's departure just as the father had concluded that all danger of his son's actually joining the Southern army was a thing of the past. Hence, it was not altogether jociously that the Judge received Chad with the remark that he couldn't do otherwise than welcome him to Prentiss Hall, seeing that the place was Chad's own in a double sense—being now in possession of the Confederate forces, and also being vested in Chad as absolute owner under his great-uncle's will, now that the Judge's particular estate in the same had been terminated by the boy's coming of age.

"The Governor took this means of letting himself down gracefully and saving appearances!" the youthful Dwight remarked in confidence to Borden, with more pithiness than filial respect.

Chad had come over from camp under special leave, and could tarry only a few hours. Phil remained at Prentiss Hall till the next day at noon, when he was obliged to leave in response to a summons from Gen. Jackson—who had imperative need elsewhere for this trustworthy young scout. Gen. Jackson had really sent Phil instead of a non-commissioned officer with the detachment to Prentiss Hall (all unconscious of the young Lieutenant's relationship there, and all unsolicited on Phil's part) mainly to give him a much needed, if brief, respite from the arduous duties that had been exacted of him ever since the army directed its line of march toward the upper Potomac. For Stonewall Jackson (indefatigable himself, and exacting full measure of service and exertion from all about him) was not insensible to the limits of human endurance on the part of his subordinates—though in his own case there often seemed to be no limitations. Besides, he had need of further scouting and

staff service of a particularly arduous nature, and wanted a good man with a fresh horse to do this important work.

This trip took Phil over the Potomac and into the lower Valley of Virginia, where the enemy—in the face of Lee's northward movement—had inexplicably left a strong detachment in and around Harper's Ferry, which Jackson's command was sent to capture. After his brief sojourn with the loved ones from whom he had been so long parted, the young soldier rode away—back to the weary march and the crash of battle.

It seemed to him like a rest in a grateful oasis (that day and a half spent at Prentiss Hall) before plunging once more into the trackless wastes of a burning desert. But he was troubled in mind at the change that had come over the health of his theretofore robust and bravely cheerful little mother; she now lay pale and quiet on her couch, or at best sat listlessly at the window, and her parting cry—"Oh, Philip, my boy, my boy, shall we meet on earth again?"—still rang in his ears like a forecast of evil. Besides this, a sullen weight of leaden disappointment tugged at his heartstrings: why could he not have been allowed to see once more, if only for a day, the one who had thus chosen this particular time of all times for a brief absence from Prentiss Hall?

On departing he slipped a missive into Mrs. Prentiss' hand, directed to "Miss Marion Palmer, Kindness of Mrs. Prentiss," within which were these brief lines:

Marion: This is but to tell you how unspeakably disappointed I am not to have found you here, when the movements of the armies at last brought me into this vicinity for a short time. Dare I to hope that the disappointment will not be altogether lacking in mutuality? Au revoir, or Goodbye, whichever the fortunes of war—no, the God of battles—may decree!

Till death—or, your deliberate and final choice—us do part, as ever,

PHILIP B. ELLIOTT.

Ah, Fate was needlessly cruel: surely this boon might have been vouchsafed him, ere their pathways should again part—in all likelihood forever! It was plain that a great battle was now imminent: McClellan, in this hour of extremity for the government at Washington, had again been entrusted with command, and the movements of the opposing armies portended a Titanic struggle ere Lee should recross the Potomac.

This fact of itself was not sufficient to fill young Elliott's heart with foreboding; veteran of a hundred fields, including

such armageddons as Malvern Hill and Second Manassas, he had come to view with calmness and equanimity the approaching shock of battle, and—once in the thick of it—the shriek of shells and singing of minies, cutting athwart the rattle and roar of small arms and the booming of ordnance, went to make up for him a grand, martial diapason incomparably more inspiring and sublime than the richest orchestra in the finest opera he had ever heard.

But somehow, since his first return to Prentiss Hall (and yet more so since his departure therefrom) a presentiment had descended upon him and taken possession of him, a premonition of evil in the days just ahead—those days of promised battle between the hosts of Lee and of McClellan.

Nor was this trial of strength to be long delayed. Jackson, with the advance of Lee's army, had reached Frederick on September 6th. On the morning of the 10th, acting under orders from the General commanding, he marched west toward the mouth of the Virginian Valley, proceeding by way of Middeltown, and followed a portion of the way by the rest of the army—whose general objective point, under Lee's orders to his several lieutenants, was the vicinity of Boonsboro and Hagerstown. Lee's immediate object was the capture of the detachment of the enemy posted in and around Harper's Ferry, and now separated from the main body of McClellan's forces. Stonewall Jackson executed the task assigned him, with his usual promptitude and thoroughness.

Marching northwest to Williamsport, where he crossed to the Virginian side of the river, Jackson moved south and southwest upon Martinsburg. By these tactics the outpost there under Gen. White was cut off from escape to the north and west, and forced to fall back upon the garrison at Harper's Ferry.

Having thus "bunched his convey", Jackson's next task was to bag them all together. He accordingly closed in from the south and west—with his right wing upon and even across the Shenandoah, and his left upon the Potomac. McLaws and Walker, in furtherance of Lee's orders, cooperated with Jackson by seizing and occupying, respectively, Maryland heights, commanding the town from the Maryland side of the Potomac, and Loudoun heights, overlooking from the eastern side of the Shenandoah. With these frowning crests crowned with the cannon of investing forces, and with Jackson closing in from the south like an anaconda, the garrison found themselves in a real death-trap. Verily old Joe Johnston, in the early summer of the preceding year, had well known what he was about when he cast a weather eye at the towering masses overlooking

his position, and withdrew before the advancing hosts of the enemy could man those heights and place him at their mercy. And the Colonel Jackson (that was) who had first commanded the Southern garrison at Harper's Ferry, was now about to reap his recompense for having once been obliged to leave this Thermopylae without a struggle.

On the night of the 13th the three investing detachments had come up and taken their several positions. On the 14th these positions were made sure, and Walker's and McLaws guns opened up from the heights, by way of promise to the beleaguered enemy of what was in store for them.

By the morning of the 15th Jackson had completed his preparations on the open side of the place, and arranged his own artillery as he—a former lieutenant of the artillery—knew so well how to arrange it effectively. With the coming of the day a furious cannon fire from all directions burst upon the doomed garrison. The fire-crowned heights of Walker and McLaws let forth a storm of death and destruction like unto the fire that rained down from Heaven upon the cities of the plain in the days of Lot, while the batteries of Jackson in front scorched and devoured with murderous ferocity, and searched the enemy's flank with a withering, enfilading fire. The enemy stood pluckily to their guns, actually digging holes in the ground so as to sufficiently elevate the muzzles of their guns to answer the biting blasts from the mountain crests. Perchance McClellan's mighty hosts would yet come up in time to prevent capitulation.

CHAPTER XXXVII

CROSSING THE RIVER

For fully an hour the unequal combat lasted: then, with the United States batteries silenced, the gallant A. P. Hill (under Jackson's orders making this the signal to advance) moved forward to take the place by storm, and with his devoted infantry to supplement and complete the good work of the artillery.

But, as his brigades began to move, a white flag was seen waving through the billows of smoke from an elevation in the town. The foe—caught like rats in a burning trap—had made an heroic fight, and now yielded to the inevitable. The senior officer, Miles, had just fallen mortally wounded; his successor, White, capitulated and saved further sacrifice.

Jackson granted them liberal terms, as befitted so brave a foe: honorable alike to conqueror and to conquered. Thirteen thousand stands of small arms (enough to arm a whole division of Confederates in further struggle on the field), seventy-three pieces of artillery, horses and wagons galore, supplies of every description and in vast quantities—all these fell into the hands of Stonewall Jackson. Besides, there were eleven thousand prisoners—approximately as large a force as that with which Scott took the city of Mexico, and more than Washington at times had in his whole immediate army.

This splendid achievement, great and notable as it was, formed but an incident of "Marse Robert's" Maryland campaign. There was more work just ahead, and Gen. Jackson—never one to rest upon his laurels—set out promptly to again cross the Potomac and rejoin Lee, leaving A. P. Hill to receive the surrendered troops and supplies. McClellan, through a stroke of rare good fortune having become possessed of a copy of Lee's grand orders of September 9th, had learned of his opponent's plans in detail, and had pushed forward to succor the threatened forces at Harper's Ferry. But the determined resistance offered by Longstreet and D. H. Hill in the Boonsboro gap of South mountain, held the swarming masses of the enemy in check long enough to prevent this contemplated rescue.

And now Lee was assembling his scattered forces in a defensive position to await the onslaught of McClellan's hosts. The Confederate chieftain's splendid army of 60,000 or more—with which he had set out on his aggressive campaign—had been

steadily diminished by hard fighting (and much more so by rapid and continuous marching, and the consequent straggling of his gallant but half shod troops) till he had little over 30,000 men with which to face McClellan's 90,000 on the bloody field of Sharpsburg: there were many even of these 30,000 or so, who did not come up till long after the fierce battle was under way.

Here, on the rising ground between the Antietam and the Potomac, the great commander and his matchless army received repeated assaults by the Northern hosts. Before them were the overwhelming numbers of the foe: behind them, in case of defeat and enforced retreat, rolled the Potomac.

All day long through that 17th of September the battle of Sharpsburg raged—up to that time the bloodiest of the many sanguinary combats of that bloody war. When night fell, those decimated lines in Grey held substantially the same position as at sunrise; McClellan's determined assaults had failed, and though the losses of Lee had indeed been great, McClellan's own losses were appalling—all made victims of the cruel Moloch of war, of man's inhumanity to man.

The relative situations of the two commanders were exactly reversed from what they had been after the battle of Malvern Hill two and a half months before, where Lee fought in vain to dislodge his foe from a defensive position, and McClellan was left to consummate his retreat in safety during the night. There was this important point of difference in the sequel, however: Lee did not withdraw from the assailant's front that night, but stayed and offered battle all through the next day. This offer was prudently declined, and during the second night Gen. Lee without molestation drew his little army across to the Virginian side.

Capt. Philip Elliott, on detached duty under the immediate orders of Gen. Jackson, had played an active subaltern part in the movements and fighting resulting in the capture of Harper's Ferry, and—with that task accomplished—had set out, in company with his chief, for the coming carnage at Sharpsburg.

In the rush and crush of battle on that awful 17th, Phil Elliott forgot the dark foreboding that had haunted him during the ten days prior thereto; carried away by the warrior's joy of battle, he thought only of the conflict and the work he had to do. With orders and messages he was sent here and there along Jackson's fire-swept lines, and when the sun set on that gory and glory-crowned field he found himself and Southern Lassie wearied to the verge of utter exhaustion, but

both unscathed. Gen. Jackson confided to a close friend that he had a special assurance that his life would be spared him through this day of fire and blood: his aide wondered devoutly if he also had been especially protected by the God of Battles.

Indulging in such thought as this, Capt. Elliott was sitting his horse next morning—mournfully watching a burying party at their gruesome work—when a fellow aide, riding up from behind, hailed him: "General Jackson wishes to see you, Captain," and the officer hurried on.

Repairing at once to the General's headquarters, Phil found awaiting him a ragged private—with one arm in a sling, and a bandage about his head. He had been painfully but not severely wounded in the terrific fire of the day before, but, unmindful of his sufferings, he had made his slow way over from A. P. Hill's command—through the early morning light and the horrors of that field of death—to bear a message from a comrade who had fought his last fight under "Marse Robert," and was about to "cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

"Captain Elliott," said the wounded man—rising to the full measure of his giant height, and saluting. Phil Elliott returned the salute and motioned the man to be seated.

"You are badly hurt, sir," he said, touched at the fellow's wan appearance—impulsively extending his hand, and closely regarding the visitor.

"Oh, yes, Captain," said the soldier, with the ghost of a smile; "you have seen me before, but naturally didn't just recognize me with this here brushheap my face has growed since our first meetin'. I am 'high Hiram,' what you knocked out on the 19th of April, when I thought you was a Yankee spy.

"But what I come huntin' you fer this mornin' was to tell you that Sergeant Prentiss is over here near Gen. Hill's headquarters, shot through the chest and askin' to see you before he dies. No," he added, sadly, anticipating the unspoken inquiry in Phil's clouded face, "there ain't nothin' kin save him; he's a goner for sure, and can't last the day out, noway.

"He fell, the Sergeant did, away out at the front, when we driv the Yanks back the last time yestidday, and I didn't find him till 'long towards midnight. I made him as comfortable as I could, and then set out to find you. I wasn't no good fer nothin' else, nohow, and the Cap'n said he could spare me!"

The giant had spoken only too truly; Phil found his step-brother stretched on a blanket on the shady side of a knoll away from the reach of the enemy's fire—weak and pale from the

awful flow of blood. He was fully conscious, though now plainly and rapidly sinking to his last rest.

The big Baltimore street fighter had, strangely enough, struck up a warm friendship for the young soldier from the time when Prentiss had joined the company to which he was attached, and he had, quite by accident, learned of the relationship of Chad to Phil Elliott. After the final repulse of the enemy on the evening of the 17th, Hi had missed his friend, the Sergeant, and—himself weak and suffering from wounds received in the course of the day—had gone out into the darkness toward the works of the foe, and searched diligently till he found Chad at the point of farthest advance of the Confederates, surrounded by the dead and dying of both sides.

Taking the boy on his massive shoulders, the giant had borne him up the hill and called a surgeon; then, with the approach of dawn, he had gone in search of Gen. Jackson's headquarters and Capt. Elliott.

Few and simple were the words that passed between the dying man and his friend. Chad's set, half-closed eyes opened and flashed a smile of welcome as Phil approached and threw himself on bended knees.

"Ah, I knew you would come in time, Phil," he said, by a visible effort extending his hand—which was caught in a firm though infinitely gentle grasp by his comrade. "I can go in peace, now, to my home—up there! I wanted to see you first—to tell you goodbye till we meet again—where there will be no parting."

"Oh, Chad, don't talk like that! You will stay, won't you, old man? I need you, Chad; and Marse Robert—the army—your country, they need you, too."

Phil—with one hand holding Chad's and the other smoothing back the dark, curling locks from the white brow on which a strange, clammy dampness was gathering—essayed to speak words of cheer and encouragement: but even as he began he realized the utter futility of it, and ended (weakly, as he felt it to be) with a spoken appeal that but faintly voiced the awful yearning in his heart over this friend and comrade who was leaving him.

"No use, Phil," and Chad smiled—a slow, sweet smile—as he answered. "I have to go, and leave you and the others to help Marse Robert fight the battles of our country—of Maryland, Phil, old man, it is your own and my own Maryland—my Maryland, and—the South!"

"Oh, it was glorious," with sudden animation, "the way those thin lines—that mere handful of Toombs' Georgians

—held their ground against those fearful odds—the way our line from one end to the other held them back! I can gladly die for the Cause, with such a commander as Marse Robert—with such comrades as these—and on Maryland's soil!"

Chad then lies silent and very still. Gone is the wondrously sweet smile; gone the sudden glow of martial joy, and a saddened frown has gathered as he resumes: "But my father—my own dear father, Phil—he and my people—those of the North—ah, it was hard to leave them—to draw sword against them! And yet—I could not hold aloof, an idle spectator—could not, as a young man, rejoicing in my strength, refrain from becoming an active participant in the strife, once the issue of battle was joined, and—no more could I bring myself to take up arms to invade—to conquer the people of the South—of my own adopted State. I said my people and my father, but—my father, at least, has come—will come—to respect my motives!"

"Tell him, Phil—when you see him—tell him that I died a soldier's death—in the line of duty—that I sent him my love. And—and, Phil, old man, I should so dearly love to be buried in the old graveyard—up on the hillside, under the oak trees, at Prentiss Hall: and let me be wrapped in the folds of the Flag I love—the Flag for which I die."

Another silence, more protracted than before: the breathing is slow, and the eyes—no longer looking full into those of the friend bending over him—begin to take on a dull stare.

Yet again they brighten: a new light comes into them, and with a celestial radiance they rest upon Phil's face.

"Tell Steve goodbye for me, and Hiram—Hi has been a good friend to me—he sent you to me, and I am so sorry I could not last till he got back. Say goodbye for me to all at Prentiss Hall.

"And you, Phil—you and she: I was so sorry you missed seeing her last week. But—but, you must go back there, sometime, and—and both be happy! And Phil, my dear brother, my comrade," raising his voice, and half sitting up; "Phil, when the roll is called up yonder, meet me there!"

The last two or three words die away in a whisper, the light fades from the eyes, and, without a struggle, without a sigh, Chadman Prentiss falls back into Phil's arms—dead!

CHAPTER XXXVIII

WAR'S GRIM TOLL

"For de lan's sake, Marse Phil, whar you don drap frum?"

In the uncertain light of a foggy September dawn, Jerry was at first disposed to think the figure, that appeared so noiselessly and unexpectedly before him, was an apparition—that his "young mars'er done been kilt in all dat shootin' an' fightin' what been gwine on 'reun' here, an' dat dis here he sperit what come ha'ntin' Jerry in de airly mornin' light. But ain't no sperit hoss eber gwine crap de orchard grass so keen like, an' crunch it so natu'al, likt dat 'ar Lassie—no, siree!"

"How you git here anyhow, Marse Phil, wid de Yankees jes' nacherly fillin' de country up chock full since you an' Gin'r'l Jacks'n march away from here? You sutn'ly must er flew spang ober dey halds an' drap down out de sky!"

Phil was forced to smile in spite of himself, at the picture of mingled alarm, surprise and delight which Jerry presented.

"Lassie and I know this country pretty well, Jerry," was his quiet response, "and we had little trouble in finding our way around and through the enemy's lines, under cover of the darkness."

(The young soldier said nothing of the several brushes with the Northern pickets in the course of that long, circuitous ride through the night—from Sharpsburg to the vicinity of Frederick, and around McClellan's army—nor of the flesh wound in his bridle arm, received from a sentry he had ridden past in the darkness, which wound might have been followed by something far worse if the fleet-footedness of Lassie had not carried him in a twinkling far down the road and away from the rattling volley that rang out after him and sang harmlessly around and over his head.)

"But hurry to the house, Jerry," Capt. Elliott continued. after a few minutes of talk. "Tell no one but Judge Prentiss that I am here. Tell him I have bad news for him, and am waiting here at the far end of the orchard to see him, at once. I must be off again before sunup. Hurry, for there is no time to lose."

Not ten minutes passed before Phil saw his stepfather coming toward him, his white hair streaming back from his uncovered head, a large cape thrown over his shoulders.

"No need to tell me, Philip," said the Judge, tensely, as Phil

strode forward to meet him. "My boy is killed. Where is he—where will I find the body?"

"I came to tell you, Judge. He died yesterday morning. Thanks to the kindness of a comrade, I was able to get to him before he passed away. He sent his love to you—to you and all at Prentiss Hall.

"Chad said to tell you that he died a soldier's death, in the line of duty, and he expressed the wish to be buried under the oak trees of the cemetery at Prentiss Hall. I could not tell when I should ever again have the chance to see you, so came here this morning to give you his message and to tell you where to find him. But, before I do that, Judge, I must ask you to do one thing."

The young man paused, hesitantly.

"Yes, Philip; and that is——?"

"That you carry out his dying wish to be buried even as you will find him—wrapped in the Flag he followed and for which he died."

Judge Prentiss bowed his head.

"It is hard to lose him," he said, brokenly; "doubly hard to have him go like this. But—he shall have his wish. Only tell me where I shall find him."

Phil handed the Judge a memorandum directing how to find the farmer's house just out from the hamlet of Sharpsburg, wherein young Prentiss—covered with his country's flag—awaited his father's coming to bear him away and lay him to rest under the oaks of Prentiss Hall. The farmer in question, a well known Northern sympathizer of the countryside, had been befriended by the deceased Sergeant in the matter of protecting his property rights, and had gladly promised Capt. Elliott (in case a change of positions by the armies should render it necessary) to keep the body from any Northern burying party till the father should come—or at least to carefully mark the spot of temporary interment.

Judge Prentiss was calm—terribly so; but in appearance he had suddenly aged twenty years, and the quick, sympathetic eye of the young soldier noted that he trembled as if with the palsy, and tottered as though about to fall.

"Jerry," he commanded, "help Judge Prentiss to the house. When he goes to Sharpsburg, see that you go with him. Give my love to my poor mother and Miss Leta: I must be off."

And while Judge Prentiss, leaning on the faithful Jerry's arm, made his slow way through the orchard and up the garden walk to the house, Philip Elliott was already on his way toward Virginia. But he was headed south, rather than west.

He would not essay to return by daylight the way he had come by night, but made for the nearest accessible ford of the Potomac—so as to avoid McClellan's hosts, and to rejoin Lee via the Virginian shore.

That forenoon Marion Palmer was seated, with her Aunt Alicia, on the piazza. It was a saddened household, that at Prentiss Hall: Judge Prentiss was away on his sorrowful errand, and upstairs Leta Elliott was bending over the sick bed of her mother—now no longer merely ailing, but down with the treacherous typhoid fever and at times delirious. Lottie Prentiss, too, was in the sick room, having just taken Marion's place as assistant nurse to Leta.

The road gate clicked, and a horseman came up the circle driveway at a brisk lope. Dismounting, he left his horse in the graveled space before the house and strode up the steps.

"Pardon me, ladies," was his greeting, as he bowed low, hat in hand, "but may I see Mrs. Prentiss—Capt. Elliott's mother?"

"Mrs. Prentiss is ill: can I take a message for you?"

Marion spoke calmly enough, yet with a sodden weight in her bosom; and something seemed to grip at her throat. Who was this strange horseman, and why did he wish to see "Mrs. Prentiss—Capt. Elliott's mother?"

"Oh!"

The man appeared deeply perturbed, and stood a moment in silence, as if doubtful what next to do or say: then he came directly to the point.

"Capt. Elliott is hurt—how badly we do not know. He met a party of the enemy—of the United States forces—this morning, and was shot in the course of the encounter that followed. If there are any here who can come to him, they had better not lose any time. We can only hope for the best. He has been carried to the home of Mr. John Meriwether, in Frederick, and everything that can be done has been and will be done for him."

With another bow Silent Steve, one of McClellan's paroled prisoners, turned and hurried away—to return with all possible speed to the bedside of his wounded friend and comrade. The two ladies sat in strange silence. Miss Pillsbury was the first to speak.

"This is sad," she said, softly. "What a pity it is that his mother should have been taken ill just at this time. I must break the news to Leta: we three—you, Lottie and I—can take her place at her mother's bedside for a time, at least."

Marion Palmer rose to her feet with sudden determination.

"I am going to have Cephas summoned," she said. "And Aunt Alicia, please get your things and be prepared to accompany me within the half hour!"

* * * *

Rounding a sharp bend in that same by-road down which he had turned that other morning, now a year and more ago, Capt. Elliott had found himself face to face with a squad of the enemy, mounted and coming on at a smart trot.

Quick as thought he turned Lassie and spurred her toward the fence which separated the road from the woods on his left, drawing his revolver as he did so. He emptied the foremost saddle of the oncoming squad; but almost simultaneously with the report of his own weapon a volley rang out at little more than point blank range, just as the little sorrel lifted her forefeet for the spring—and steed and rider went down together in a heap on the roadside.

"I guess we have finished the Rebel blackguard, and avenged poor Hudson's fall," sang out a lanky trooper with a pronounced "down East" twang; but just by way of making sure—and riding forward as he said the words, he leveled his revolver at the prostrate foeman.

"Not as you value your life! He once saved my life at the risk of his own, and I shall stand by him now at any cost."

Maj. Hancock, in charge of the squad of Federals—with mingled determination and compassion written in every line of his countenance—spurred forward and struck up the muzzle of the fellow's weapon just as he pressed the trigger, and the bullet went singing on its course over the treetops.

CHAPTER XXXIX

AFTER MANY DAYS

At a word from Maj. Hancock the men dismounted, and while several looked after the fallen Hudson—whom Elliott's bullet had unhorsed but had not fatally hurt—the two others, with the Major, turned their attention to the Confederate.

Elliott, his eyes closed and his face deathly white, was bleeding profusely. He was, moreover, stunned from Lassie's having fallen partially upon him, and his bridle arm hung limp at his side. The little sorrel was done for, shot through in half a dozen places. With some difficulty they extricated the wounded man from beneath his horse, and Hancock was asking if any of the company had a bottle of brandy when a countryman drove up in a spring wagon. Mr. John Meriwether, out on his grocery route, was prompt to take a hand.

"Major," he cried, stopping his horse and alighting with such agility as his avoirdupois would permit, "I know that poor boy—he is a friend of mine. We'll make him as easy as possible in my wagon, and I will take him straight to my house in the village: I'll guarantee him as good nursing as can be found anywhere in the State of Maryland till, please God, he is well and strong again, and ready for another Yankee hunt—saving your presence, of course, sir! You seem to be doing what you can for him: I thank you for this, sir, and shall be glad to give your wounded pard a lift to the inn."

"I most gladly accept your offer," said the Major. "Capt. Elliott—your friend—at great peril to himself saved my life in the Baltimore riot, and I was only attempting to repay him the debt as far as I might. As your place is near, you had better take him there, as you suggest. But you will, of course, get word to his mother and folks at Prentiss Hall as early as possible. I must be off with my command, on an urgent matter."

These arrangements were promptly put into execution. As they lifted Phil into the wagon he opened his eyes.

"Hancock—Mr. Meriwether," he said, faintly, "don't take me away without giving me a lock from Lassie's mane. Ah, Lassie, Lassie; faithful comrade, of march and camp and hard-fought field, we have had our last ride together! Goodbye, my Southern Lassie—my poor little girl," and he turned his head and hid his face on his arm.

"Faith!" quoth the grocer, under his breath, "he had better be thinking less about the little mare—she is a beauty,

though—and more about them streaks of daylight that have just been punched through his own anatomy.”

Maj. Hancock stepped back and with his penknife snipped off the long forelock of the dead filly—the forelock still crimped from the careful braiding given it by her master's hand the evening before Sharpsburg. The Major patted the glossy neck—no longer proudly arched, but limp in the dust and spattered with blood.

“For your master, Lassie!” he said, softly.

Turning, he laid the lock in the hand of the wounded man; the fingers closed upon it, though Phil lay again quiet and motionless, and with eyes shut.

Hudson, the wounded Federal, was turned over to some friends at the Frederick hostelry: Phil was lifted tenderly from the grocer's wagon, and into Mr. Meriwether's house he was carried in the strong arms of Steve—who met his uncle at the gate. The big fellow—who had now won a captain's bars by sheer worth and valor—handled his wounded comrade as if he had been a mere child, and very, very gently and tenderly laid him down on his (Steve's) own snowy bed. Under the influence of the stimulant administered in the first place by Maj. Hancock and Mr. Meriwether, Phil speedily rallied from the deathly faintness that had come over him. A surgeon was promptly called in, who—ably seconded by Mr. Meriwether and Steve, and most of all by sweet Jennie Truesdell—soon had the flow of blood staunched and the broken arm set. Phil, very weak and white, suffered untold agonies during and after the operation—until utter exhaustion came to his aid and to the sufferer brought grateful sleep.

“Doctor, you have set his arm: does that mean that my friend is not in immediate danger—that he will recover?”

Steve asked the question with terrible earnestness, and looked the surgeon in the eye with a compelling directness that precluded all professional evasion.

“He has a fighting chance, my friend—that is all I can say. Stand by him and by me as you have started out to do, and we will hope for the best!”

The doctor hurried away to his next patient, and Steve sped on his way to Prentiss Hall. After his return he had been sent out again to procure needed items for the sick room, and Mr. Meriwether was busy in the store, when Jennie was summoned by a knock at the front door. She found two ladies standing there, and at the gate was Judge Prentiss' familiar coach in the charge of his colored driver.

“How is he? Are we in time to—” The younger of the

two ladies paused with her sentence unfinished, while her dark eyes searched the face of the girl before her, to read what tidings might be there—whether good or bad.

"He is sleeping quietly," Jennie answered. "Though he is badly hurt, let us all hope for the best. I will take you in to see him."

She led the way, and Marion followed her into the house, while Miss Alicia paused for parting instructions to Cephas: Miss Alicia had accompanied her niece, as requested, though she came protesting to the end.

"You are his sister?" said Jennie, interrogatively. "I have heard him speak of you."

"No; his sister is nursing their mother, who is ill with typhoid fever. I am a cousin of Judge Prentiss', and his ward."

Marion looked her interlocutor in the eye as she answered thus—and Jennie knew.

"Oh, I believe, even as I hope and pray, that all will be well," she said softly. Marion Palmer said not a word, but impulsively kissed her.

From that moment the two young women—utter strangers just five minutes before—understood each other, and were fast friends. Jennie opened the door of the sick room and stood aside as Marion passed in; then, leaving the door ajar, she turned back and waited in the hall for Miss Pillsbury—now retracing her steps to the porch from the yard gate, as the carriage rolled away.

They found the patient sleeping calmly, and by the bedside sat Marion—softly wielding a palm-leaf fan.

In compliance with Jennie's invitation the girl took off her cloak and gloves, but her hostess noted that—in the abstraction of the moment, as she thought—Marion failed to remove her hat. All through that afternoon Marion Palmer sat in the shaded room, beside the unconscious form of the wounded soldier—Miss Pillsbury most of the time sitting in the parlor adjoining, calmly resigned and occupied with her own thoughts—while Jennie flitted in and out, and Steve came and went in helpful service.

Once only did the silent watcher leave the sick room, and then it was but to step out into the hall for brief conference—first with Jennie, then with Jennie and her affianced. And when Marion Palmer—her cheeks aflame, but her glorious eyes proudly radiant—went back into the sick room, Silent Steve, also radiant, followed her with admiring gaze. Stooping, he kissed his sweetheart on the forehead—then turned and strode

out of the house without a word, making his way past the courthouse green and over to Pastor Perkins.'

Long, and for the most part peacefully, slept Phil Elliott; when he once or twice stirred uneasily and uttered a smothered moan, a soft hand sought his, or smoothed back his hair in a gentle, loving caress, a kiss was imprinted upon his pale brow, and he became instantly quiet.

When he awoke, the level rays of the fast-sinking September sun were struggling through the half-closed blinds. For a moment he lay quite still, while his eyes sought to acquaint themselves with his surroundings.

"Where am I?" he began. "Oh, yes; I remember! Is anyone here—Steve, Mother, Leta—who is it?"

The person in the chair beside his couch arose and stood before him. The figure was that of a woman; in the dusk of the room her countenance was hidden beneath the wide brim of her hat, and this hat it was that caught and riveted his gaze. He could distinctly discern its outline, with its pair of spreading, well matched bird wings—black and sombre; but, athwart their feathers—full in the light of a stray sunbeam that fell upon it—flamed a band of orange-colored ribbon.

"Who is it, Philip?" And at the sound of that voice, whose cadence had lingered fondly in his memory through all the weary months (the roar of a hundred battlefields had not sufficed to drown its constant, sweet insistence), every drop of his blood was sent surging and bounding through his veins. "It is I—Marion. The fortunes of war—no, the God of battles—has been very good to us; it was *au revoir*, and not goodbye. I have come to wed you, Philip, ere this evening has sped—that as your wife I may nurse you back to life, and love, and me!

"These two carefully kept and long-cherished roses, red and white, not only typify to me your love and your purity—my knight without fear and without reproach—but they also fitly symbolize the Red and White for which you have fought and bled.

"And, see—the Raven has become the Oriole!"

CHAPTER XL

"GENERAL LEE TO THE REAR!"

It was a bright day in late November--when the chill of fall in the air was mellowed by the almost balmy mildness of Indian summer, and a blue haze hung over the distant hills--that Philip Elliott and his bride together visited the grave of Chadman Prentiss. Chad had been buried, as he wished, wrapped in the folds of the star studded, Crucial Banner of Dixie, for which he died, and in the oak-shaded burying-ground on the hillside overlooking the broad acres of Prentiss Hall.

The young officer was still somewhat pale, and his usually well fitting uniform hung a trifle loosely on his figure. His step, too, though firm and elastic, had not quite its wonted briskness; so it was deliberately, almost slowly, that he walked with Marion up the hill, and approached the last resting place of his loved friend and comrade. But, "Philip is really almost, if not quite, himself again!" he assured her, and with the arrangements for his exchange just consummated, the paroled soldier must in a few days rejoin 'Marse Robert' and the Maryland Line.

As they neared the crest of the rise, where the cluster of gravestones shone out beneath the now leafless branches of the sentinel oaks, they saw that another was there before them. The figure of an old man was discerned--kneeling on the ground, his back toward them, his hat off, his white hair falling down upon his shoulders. Judge Prentiss was praying at the tomb of his son! They paused at the base of the outmost oak, and looked off and away in silence over the autumn landscape of the Maryland hill country, that they might not intrude upon the sorrowing father in his holy devotions.

Presently the old man arose to his feet, and--seeing the pair standing there--bade them approach. A large bunch of white chrysanthemums was placed by Phil and Marion on Chad's grave, but others of the same flower--large, and fresh, and snowy pure--were there before them.

Little was said by anyone, and a quarter of an hour later the three started down the hill together--in absolute silence departing from the tomb of the soldier boy. Through winter's snows and summer's heat must he rest in the bosom of his adopted mother State, for which he had risked and given his all--rest calm and undisturbed till the last trump should sound and the roll be called up yonder! And it was not unguarded,

but royally honored, that the young warrior lay in his last, long sleep. Nature herself would pay fitting tribute to the brave: for,

*The sun would smile on him, the heavens would weep,
The oaks would guard proudly the soldier's last sleep,
The thunder's salutes would resound overhead,
The winds would sound fitly the dirge for the dead.*

Just inside the orchard bars Judge Prentiss stopped and stood for a minute in silence, his head bowed upon the arm that rested on the topmost fence-rail. Presently he cleared his throat and looked up, as if with sudden determination.

"Marion, Philip," said the Judge, "there is a matter which I have forborne to mention to you, but which must be considered. I could earnestly wish that your marriage had been delayed one day—for we should then have been saved something which, as it is, I fear cannot be avoided. You already know, Marion—probably you both know—the provisions of your father's will regarding your marriage, in the event it should be before your majority and without my consent. But you do not know, I believe, that said provisions are as binding on me as on you; that they are clothed in absolutely mandatory terms, requiring that my express consent should be given prior to your marriage—to avoid the estate, otherwise yours, going for the specified charitable purposes. My subsequent ratification, no matter how freely given, or under what circumstances soever, would avail nothing.

"You both know that—notwithstanding any contrary attitude I may once have held—I am more than pleased and gratified with this marriage and would most gladly and freely ratify my ward's choice, if it were optional with me. As it is, however, you were married, Marion, just one day before you reached the legal age of discretion.

"But there is one consolation which is vouchsafed me in the matter," and the proud old Judge spoke with the utmost humility. "By the terms of Chadman's will—as made out in Baltimore on the day he was twenty-one, and recently probated in Frederick by Mr. Price, his executor—Prentiss Hall goes to you, Marion, in case you should be deprived of your father's estate under the clause of his will which I have just explained, instead of to me or my estate, as he otherwise devises it. I am glad my boy made this disposition of his realty: Prentiss Hall will at least furnish you a comfortable home, even if it does not compensate you, dollar for dollar, for the property left by your father. And pray don't feel badly over this on my account, for my holdings in the North are sufficient to keep the wolf from my door.

"There is this, moreover, to be added: it is to my mind probable, in case anyone should be disposed to contest your father's will, that the provisions referred to would be set aside in law, as constituting what is known as a devise conditioned upon a double contingency."

Marion threw her arms about the Judge's neck.

"Don't you worry on my account, dear Uncle Herbert," she said. "The loss of my father's inheritance is nothing to me—nothing, when I have Philip; yes, and I have you, too—my dear father's friend, and my own kind foster father!" She fervently kissed the old man's troubled brow.

"Nor need either of you worry," said Phil, a half smile showing about the corners of his mouth. "Judge," he continued, quizzically, "I have gotten no further than my second year in the study of law; you have for many years been upon the bench, and have forgotten more legal lore than I ever knew; yet I venture to take issue with you on an assertion you have just made. It is true that we were married the day before Marion was twenty-one, but I remember how I was struck when reading Blackstone during my first year—"

At this point the Judge broke in: "Of course, Philip, my boy, you are entirely right. I have had that very point up before me in the course of my career, and little thought I could ever make such a slip as this. But," sadly, "my memory—or perhaps I should say, my hold on the plainest, most elementary principles and propositions of law—is not near what it was even a year or two ago.

"What we refer to, Marion," turning to his former ward, "is the fact that a person attains legal majority on the day of completing his or her twenty-first year; that is to say, on the day preceding the twenty-first birthday. Hence, you see, you *were* of age when you were married, and your father's estate is legally yours!"

"Of course I am glad that my father's old homestead is to be mine," said Marion, a look of sweet happiness and melting tenderness in her dark eyes: "and I am also very glad, Uncle Herbert, that you are to have Prentiss Hall—as Chad would prefer it."

It had been at once a happy and a sad homecoming—that of Phil Elliott to his mother's roof: happy in the restoration to health and to each other of Mrs. Prentiss and her son; sad in the thought of that other young wearer of the Grey, who had been brought home by his sorrowing father and was now sleeping out on the hillside.

None was more glad than faithful Jerry at the return and

recovery of his "Marse Phil," and because of his wedding Miss Marion. "Didn' I tol' you 'twarn't no use foh nobody else to try to git in my young mars'er's way when he wunst set he haid to sump'n? An' Miss Maryun, she jes' a-foolin' them other gen'lm'ns, an' ev'ybody else, too, 'cep'n' me an' Marse Phil! She know she gwine take 'im all 'long: no suh, you can't fool Jerry!"

"And, Jerry, how about you and Eliza? Haven't you two made up your minds to bury the hatchet and follow our example?"

Phil knew a thing or two—both from his own observation and from information furnished by Marion—regarding the long standing attachment of Jerry for the dusky belle: also, of the coolness not yet worn away, even though the shadow of Senseney DeFoe had long since faded from the horizon.

"Go 'way, Marse Phil," Jerry replied, with an inscrutable grin. "You don' s'pose I'm still pestered 'bout dat 'ar sassy yaller gal, do you? She done tol' me long 'go dat she *done* wid me, an' dar ain' no 'oman eber gwine git de chance to say dat to Jerry de secon' time. An' good riddance, too, I say! Not dat I'm holdin' anything agin huh, for 'Liza's all right; we jes' don' gee no mo'—dat's all!"

Much to the same effect spoke Eliza, when approached on the subject by her mistress. "Is me an' Jerry gwine hitch up togedder, Miss Palmer? Lawsee! Jerry didn' never hab no serious intentions, noway—dat wuthless nigger didn't. Didn' neither ob us ever keer any mo'n to pass de time. Jerry's a good 'nough boy when he don' git too uppity, but him an' me marry? No suhree!" and Eliza tossed her head as in a gesture of final dismissal.

Whatever it was that had caused so radical a change in Jerry, he seemed sincere in his profession of indifference and continued to show as little inclination as did Eliza to get back to the old footing.

In the long days of Phil's convalescence and the delightful conversations he had with Marion—his faithful nurse and tireless attendant—it was not alone of their past and its mingled sunshine and shadow for them, of the future and their mutual hopes and plans therefor when the cruel war should be over (if they should be spared each other), that they discoursed. The war itself, its causes, its course and progress, its developments, its possibilities and probabilities, formed, naturally enough, a frequent topic.

Marion, a staunch New Englander as ever (though now an adopted Marylander), was still, in principle, an uncom-

promising opponent of slavery; and so also was Phil, for that matter—even as Thomas Jefferson and many another good Southron had been—genuinely anxious for a solution of the vexing race problem; a solution at once just and fair, and free from all cant, hypocrisy and sectional or demagogic scheming. On this point she freely expressed her views, as also regarding Mr. Lincoln's declaration subordinating the slavery question to that of a forcible union—just as she had already done to her Aunt Alicia when first seeing the news in print.

"Yes, but what of this proclamation of September 22nd, threatening a general, if not a universal, emancipation—if the South does not lay down her arms and come back to the union by the first of next year? Doesn't that put Mr. Lincoln and the Republican administration right again?"

Phil asked the question half quizzically, yet he was genuinely interested in awaiting Marion's reply.

The brown eyes flashed in scorn as Marion answered with spirit: "Put them right? Oh, Phil! What a miserable, humiliating document that is, anyway you view it. What a wretched denouement to the long crusade of agitation and moral discourse by the abolitionists and all our liberty leaguers!

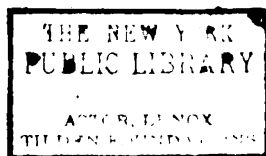
"They based their actions professedly on principle; they opposed slavery because it was wrong; they advocated its abolition because that would be right! And now their chosen leader (our 'honest Abe' we called him) first tells us that the question of slavery or freedom is purely a secondary one to that of 'union,' and then issues this tentative proclamation of emancipation—on what ground? On the ground of *military necessity*! That is to say, he threatens (if the South does not yield by a specified time) to free all the slaves in designated States and parts of States, leaving those in remaining States or portions not affected by the decree!

"He does not resort to this extraordinary power (which is without the authority of that Constitution he has sworn to obey) for the purpose of freeing the African; he does not extend its operation to all the slaves! Oh, no; he assumes to adopt such a course only as to some of the Negro slaves, and only as a means to an entirely independent end—that end, from his own viewpoint, being the triumph of his own section over another section of his country!

"Oh, the humiliation and shame of it all! I am now, as ever, heart and soul opposed to this iniquitous system of human bondage, this terrible legacy bequeathed to us by our foolish, avaricious, and self-deceiving, piety-professing ancestors! But since coming South and dwelling among you, I have learned



She turned to read again the tribute cut in stone. (Page 229)



that you of the South are right when you say that it is a condition—an awful condition!—rather than a theory, that confronts you; that those at a distance should not assume to tell you how to meet and solve the problem. I can see that you are right, too, when you charge that it is more of a political and economic question with the North, than one of right and conscience.

"And I believe—yes, I know—that it is at once inconsistent, humiliating and wicked to round off this record of pious professions by resorting to a partial emancipation of the blacks, on paper, merely as a means of effecting the subjugation and conquest of freemen of our own race!"

As once before remarked, Marion was young, and an idealist. She had honestly supposed—in all her own ardent devotion to the political principles she had espoused—that a great nation or section would shape its political course of aggressive agitation with an eye single to the great question of right and wrong, and not make use of such professions as a shrewd subterfuge to further its own selfish ends as reducible to cold dollars and cents. And now the awakening from that dream had made her sick at heart.

"When this cruel war is over!" That was the burden of the young couple's thoughts, as the time of Phil's departure for the front drew near—that was their constant theme. When the cruel war was over! Ah, then—with partings, and the heartache of absence, things of the past—they would live and love together. Thus it was they parted; and with the young soldier went the prayer of this woman of his heart—that the God of battles who had hitherto watched over him and brought him back to her and out of the valley of the shadow, would extend His almighty arm and continue His protecting care even to the end of the Titanic struggle, and then restore to her her lover-husband in safety again! And thus was praying many and many a brave, loving woman over the length and breadth of the sunny South, in behalf of those who followed Lee. To some the prayer was answered, to some it was denied. The life-and-death grapple of the Southland raged on in unabated fury, an inscrutable Providence reigned over all, and the end was not yet!

* * * *

May of 1864! Just one year before, the great Jackson had gone down into the valley of the shadows—had then crossed over the river and rested under the shade of the trees. Lee was deprived of his "right arm," as the grand old chieftain expressed it, and the struggling Southland lost a veritable

Stonewall of defense. Now, in this same wilderness country of north-eastern Virginia, where Jackson had met his death, the little army of Lee was engaged in a desperate struggle with the mighty hosts of Grant.

Very watchful of the safety of their beloved commander were the devoted followers of "Marse Robert"—doubly so, now that Jackson was no more. And so, as the ballad records:

We of Virginia's army, then, with death on every hand,
Must guard one man above all men, our leader from our land;

Whate'er the cost, whate'er the stake, with resolution grim
Must guard him for his country's sake, and for our love to him.

And so it was, in those dread days of battle's ceaseless roar,

We did what we, his loyal Greys, had never done before:
Once, hard-pressed by the swarms in blue, by this stern impulse swayed,

For love of land and leader true, his word we disobeyed.
To stem that torrent's tossing tide and save our threatened ranks,

A counter charge upon our side was ordered on the Yanks.
A paltry force for such a deed against that body large,
But—Lee himself was at our head and "he would lead the charge!"

No joyous shout burst from the men. One ragged soldier's voice

Was raised in opposition: then, above the battle's noise,
From one and all the cry arose, "To the rear with General Lee;

Leave us to meet our swarming foes, but *this thing must not be!*"

Our leader seized Lee's bridle rein and turned his charger back:

He yielded, and with might and main we rushed to the attack.

Right gallantly the charge was made; our promise we fulfilled!

Our chief's command we disobeyed, but "*he must not be killed!*"

When Caesar led, his men were cheered; the Old Guard followed Ney;

Our chieftain's death o'er all we feared—we could not charge with Lee!

Full many a Southern soldier fell as that fierce fire we
braved,

But we the gladdening news could tell: "Our chief, our
Lee, is saved."

Among those who fell on that sad but glorious day, in that
splendid charge, was Maj. Philip B. Elliott, of Maryland. He
fell even as he and the others of the Maryland Line had ever
fought, "Where the fire was hottest." And in a Maryland home
there watched, and prayed, and waited, a little brown-eyed wom-
an, on her knee an infant, which even then she was teach-
ing to lisp the name, "Papa."

CHAPTER XLI

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

On the outskirts of the historic old town of Winchester, in the smiling Valley of Virginia, lies the Mt. Hebron Cemetery, whose long lines of tombstones—interspersed here and there with a shaft of larger proportions—gleam brightly in the sunshine and shadow of the grass-grown, tree-dotted “city of the dead.” The high and low, the obscure and renowned of many generations, sleep here their last sleep.

A large space known as Stonewall Cemetery is given up entirely to the graves of the Confederate soldiers, who lie, rank on rank, beneath the modest marble head-stones which attest the deathless constancy and devotion of the daughters of Dixie to the Cause and the brave men who fought and died for it and them. Very peacefully sleep the soldiers of the Grey—till that last grand reveille shall sound, and the silent warriors shall be summoned forth to meet their great Captain of the Skies.

Besides the army of uniform headstones, there are many special monuments and statues that from time to time have been erected. Here we see a tablet commemorating the heroic Patton Brothers; there is the monument to the lamented Dick and Turner Ashby; over yonder, and towering above all, is the stone column surmounted by a figure representing the typical Confederate soldier, “Erected 1879 by the people of the South” to the memory of 829 unknown Confederate dead buried beneath it.

Not so lofty or imposing, but well calculated to attract and hold the visitor's attention, is another effigy—intended, like the preceding, not to commemorate any one brave soldier or leader, but to represent a class.

Upon a marble pedestal stands the stone figure of an infantry soldier. Very gallant he looks to be, a trooper in the prime of life, his mustached, determined face surmounted by a cadet cap, the letters C. S. standing out proudly upon his cartridge box, his musket, at parade rest, grasped in both hands.

Hither approached, one bright May morning, a lady clad in widow's garb, and a stalwart young man on whose arm she leaned. She had barely passed the meridian of life; but though silver was fast mingling with the gold of her still luxuriant locks, her step was firm, her eyes—large and brown and beautiful—were as bright as in those days of a generation gone, when

the sleeping hosts about her today were yet marching beneath the folds of the Crucial Banner or falling fast before the pitiless scythe of the grim reaper. Only, now the brightness was hallowed and glorified by the presence of the something that dwells only in the eyes of those who have experienced a deep and abiding sorrow, and have thereby been made better men and women.

Anon she withdrew her gaze from the peaceful scene around her, and let her eyes rest fondly upon the well-knit figure and firm, steadfast young face of the one beside her. And as she did so, there mingled with her mother love and pride the memory of just such another as he, in those bygone days: of one with just such determined yet gentle features; of just such squarely chiseled chin, and honest, fearless eyes of blue; of just such wavy, thick-clustered locks of brown, over broad white brow—of her soldier lover, her husband of a few short months, who had yielded up his young life on the field of battle as one of the vast army in Grey that fell in defense of Constitutional liberty and of their sunny Southern homes.

The two stopped before the statue of the young infantryman, and long and earnestly did the little woman in black—still leaning on the strong arm of her escort—look upon it. Slowly and reverently the young man read aloud the inscription on the pedestal of the monument.

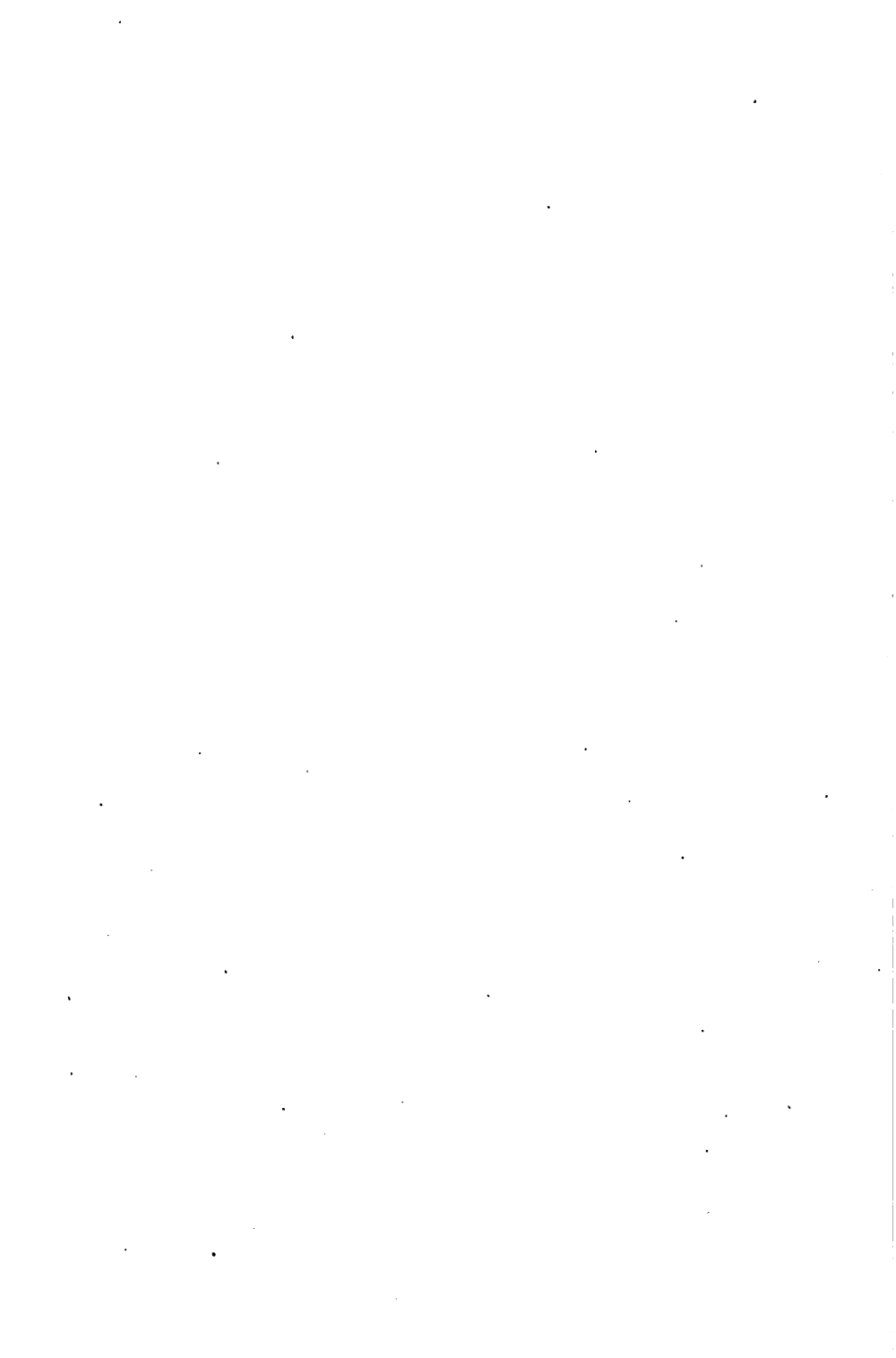
"And Philip, my son," said the little mother as he concluded the reading: "remember always that your own father, who fell just thirty years ago today, was one of them."

Ere leaving the spot, she turned to read again the tribute cut in stone:

TO
THE MEMORY OF
HER SONS
WHO FELL ON
VIRGINIA'S SOIL.
—
MARYLAND.

UNHERALDED,
UNORGANIZED,
UNARMED,
THEY CAME FOR
CONSCIENCE SAKE
AND DIED FOR RIGHT.

(THE END.)



OTHER BOOKS

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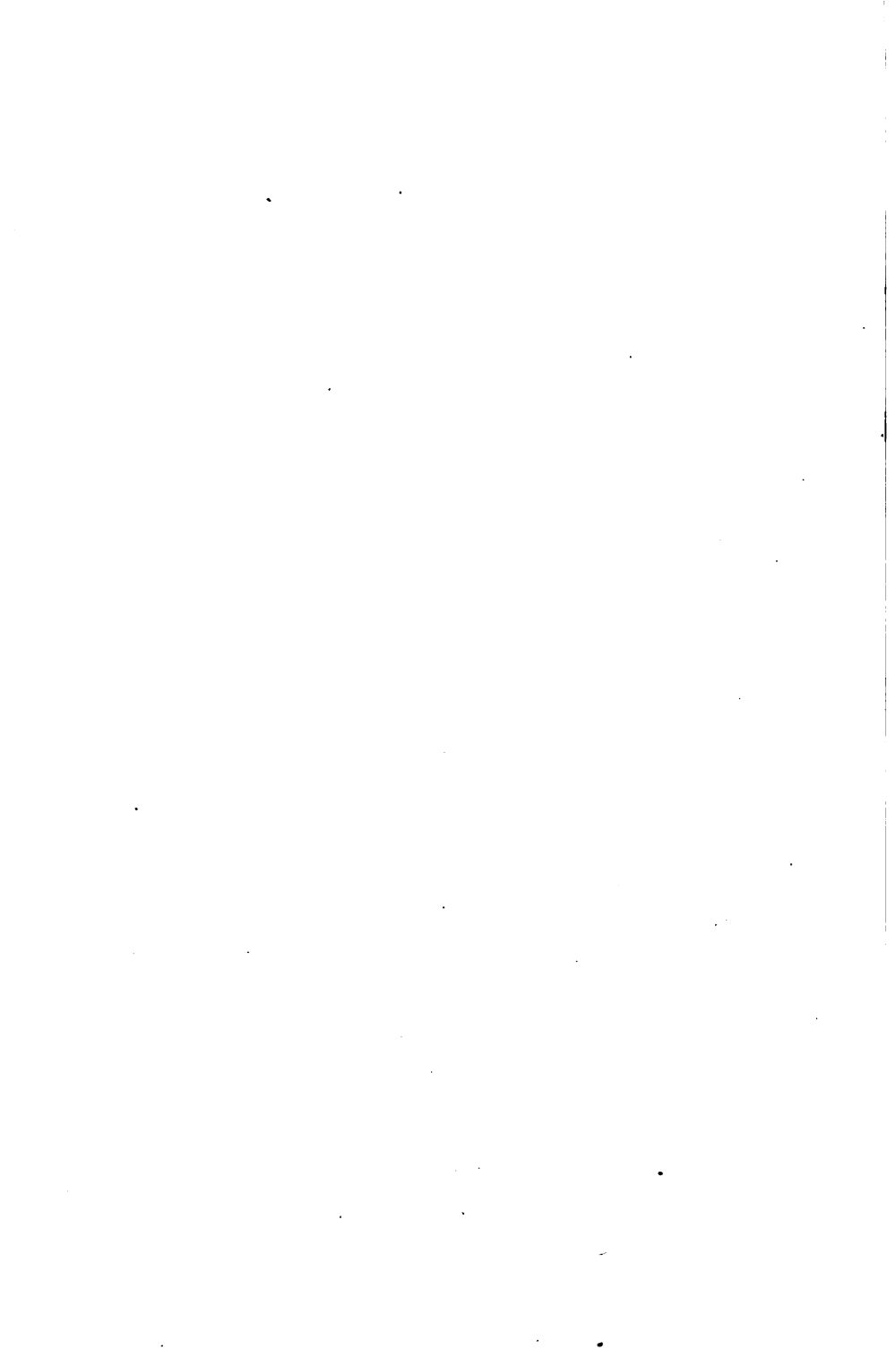
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**This book is under no circumstances to be
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